VANITY FAIR

OCTOBER 1930

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. PRICE 35 CENTS

The Colonial Baby Grand, $2220, in an interior designed by the American artist, Walter Buehr. There are Steinway models inspired by all the notable periods of decoration

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Rachmaninoff says of the STEINWAY: *"I consider it to be perfect in every way."*

IT IS DIFFICULT to find anywhere in the civilized world a family of importance . . . a family of informed good taste as well as of authentic tradition . . . that does not treasure the gracefully significant work of art, a fine piano. The great masters of music, of course, from Wagner to Rachmaninoff, found in the Steinway the adequate instrument of genius. But there is more behind the fact of Steinway's presence in the most cultured homes than its magnificent history.

The Steinway brings a sure inspiration to the children's instruction, leaving their talents unhandicapped from the beginning by the distortive influences of less perfect instruments. The Steinway, with equal readiness, adapts its magic responsiveness and brilliance of tone to the needs of genius or to the inconsequential gaieties of the most light-hearted gathering. . . . And this almost human instrument charmingly surrenders to the private, brooding moments of life . . . those moments when the sensitive temperament, reckless of talent or the excluded world, dissolves itself for a rare interlude in the beguiling anodyne of some personal melody.

Because this finest of all musical instruments, the Steinway, ranks so high in the world of excellent things, it long has been looked upon as the exclusive possession of genius or families of wealth. This has kept many of those who most would enjoy the Steinway from considering its acquirement. But the fact is, that every family may obtain the Instrument of the Immortals on terms that will not overburden even the modest income.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as **$875**

Used pianos will be accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL, 109 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs

10% DOWN *balance in two years*

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

JEWELED BRACELETS

A Large Selection
Within a Wide Range of Price

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
October, 1930

Vanity Fair is published every month by the Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $3.00 a year in advance.

Vol. No. 35. No. 2

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

•

TOPCOATS

of the more formal varieties all show the trim lines and exact tailoring which is so well exemplified in this Altman double-breasted model. For wear in town at this season, no coat could be more correct. $75.

MEN'S CLOTHING
SIXTH FLOOR

A Sport Coat . . . for Autumn by Revillon Frères

•

For these keen, exhilarating Autumn days—out in the open . . . alive to the sportsmanship of style, the distinction of quality . . . you'll be forever grateful for the soft, snug warmth, the classic line, the ultra touch, Paris-styled, of a Sport Coat by Revillon Frères » » » Exquisite furs from our own far-North trading stations . . . they are fashioned and manufactured in our own Fifth Avenue establishment by Paris-minded tailors.

English tweed coats that will stand rough usage and look the better for it . . . trimmed with Nutria that makes it chic . . . adaptation of Premet » » » Black and red heavy wool cloth coat with graceful flare . . . magnificent black-Persian collar with cuffs to match . . . adaptation of Lucile Paray.

Revillon Frères

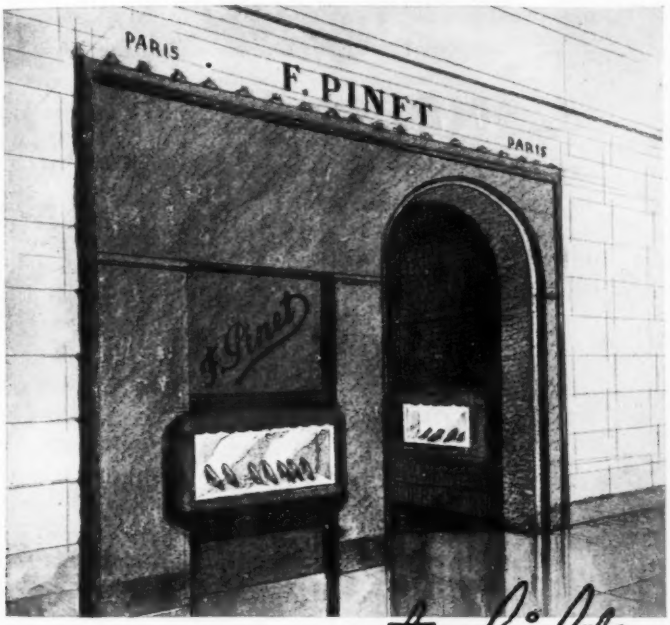
FIFTH AVENUE AT 54th STREET, NEW YORK

Paris *Chicago* *London*

919 NO. MICHIGAN AVE.

DORLAND

F. PINET
OF PARIS



announces the opening of his new fifth avenue shop at fifty fourth street

F. Pinet offers exclusive shoes for smart "Americaines". Only 36 pairs are made from each model. And each pair is numbered, like fine first editions.

These patrician shoes are designed and made in the Pinet ateliers in Paris, according to the latest Fashion edicts. But are built on **American lasts especially for American women.**

F. Pinet opened an establishment in New York in response to repeated requests of American clients. His shop at 5th Avenue and 54th Street is in the heart of the chic shopping centre. Here his representative, Monsieur André Rouchaud, stylist in footwear, will advise as to the absolute correct model for each different ensemble. Every Pinet creation is shown simultaneously in Paris and New York.

All works of art are made by hand. The skilled fingers of the old craftsman above make shoes for you that are a symphony in footwear.

PARISIAN MODELS

AMERICAN LASTS

PARIS-LONDON-BERLIN-VIENNA

That INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

•

IN the rose, living within its loveliness, dwells the essence of its soul—a delightful, enthralling something that words cannot describe.

And in Schrafft's candies lies a captivating goodness equally beyond words. We are asked to describe their deliciousness—to paint word-pictures of their tempting tastiness. But this we cannot do.

We can tell only that into them we blend the purest ingredients, with the artistry of skill and the patience of care. But their deliciousness, their incomparable goodness—this we cannot recreate in type. It is that *indescribable something* that is Schrafft's.

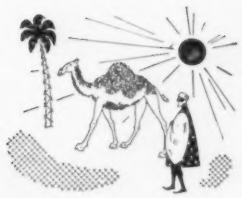
SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

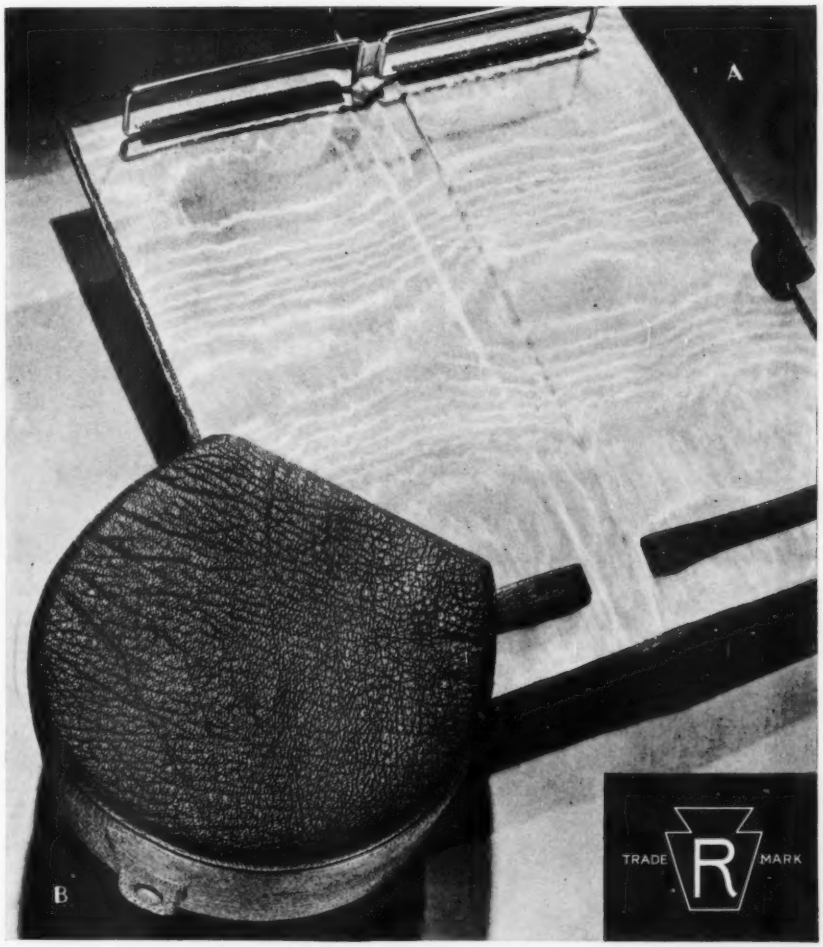
W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

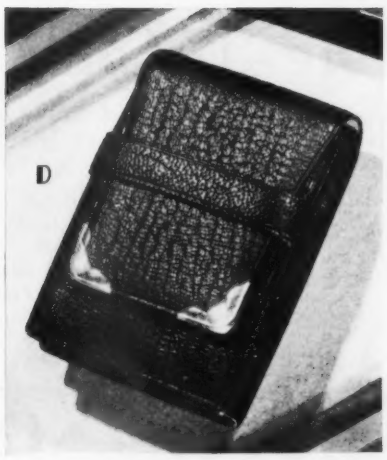
Camel Hide



a rare new leather from India, of singular strength and beauty

ACROSS the desert, churning the hot sand, a caravan moves. Grumbling camels sway with their precious burdens, picking a way through the sharp stones of dried water-courses . . . loitering in the shade of the thornbush . . . halting at the shrill call of the leaders, to sink on calloused knees. • It is not generally known that the patient ship of the desert, so much a part of our conception of the Orient, supplies a hide remarkable both for toughness and for charm. Camel-hide is relatively scarce. Indeed, C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is the first, and it is believed the only, establishment to manufacture fine articles of this material, just as it was the first to introduce genuine ostrich leather. • And there is little possibility that the subtly grained, stubborn leather will come into common usage. The one source is much too restricted and uncertain. Yet to those who are fortunate enough to possess some article made of it, camel-hide promises generous years of service . . . a measure of delight and satisfaction far greater than one might ordinarily expect. • It will be a simple matter for you to identify articles of this new leather, or of any other leather made by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc. Upon each piece is to be found a tiny golden keystone R. That imprint is your infallible assurance, as it has been the assurance of people of taste and judgment for eighty years, that the gift is good. • C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, haberdashers, and stationers.





A . . . A necktie case, in brown camel-hide, ecru lined, with a hanger which is gold-plated over non-tarnishable metal. Though especially desirable for traveling, the case always is acceptable in a man's dresser.

B . . . A collar box, in brown camel-hide, with ecru silk lining.

C . . . A billfold, in brown camel-hide, with or without 14-carat gold corners. There is space for license and identification cards. The case comes also in a wide variety of leathers.

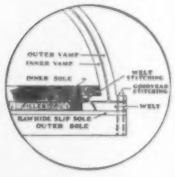
D . . . A cigarette case, in brown camel-hide, with or without 14-carat gold corners. The case also is available in a wide variety of leathers and colors.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC. By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

For Men Who Hate Rubbers

Sectional view illustrating patented double construction feature



Distinguished in appearance, easy on the feet and "bone dry"—that's the Abbott Mufti. It is literally a civilian edition of a preferred trench boot which made the duck boards of France somewhat more bearable. A trace of its military descent lingers in the restrained dignity of line, its comfortable "feel" and ability to "take it" long after ordinary shoes have succumbed to heavy weather.

And why not, since it embodies the same superlative qualities of craftmanship and leathers found in the ABBOTT SPORTOCASIN?

Inner and outer shoe of finest imported Brown Scotch Grain leather. Soles, best quality oak tanned, waterproof inner and slip sole. Workmanship, the best. Superior to and lower in price than imported styles of similar construction

The Abbott Mufti

Really a shoe within a shoe as can be seen from the sectional diagram at the left above. It is this patented double construction feature that makes the MUFTI impervious to water—"*bone dry*." A gentleman's shoe from the ground up. Sturdy, handsome, watertight.

The Mufti is just one of the many superior Abbott models. Ask us to send you Style booklet and name of nearest dealer.

THE ABBOTT COMPANY

200 Elm Street

Yarmouth Maine

BODY BY FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

FISHER is widely credited with the dominant influence in making the body the determining factor in motor car choice today. Through a quarter-century of jealous guardianship of every high ideal in the art of body-building, Fisher has sought to bring about this regard for the body. Sought it by constantly building better bodies, by devoting vaster resources to advanced design and finer body engineering, by producing for quality cars in every price field bodies that have more attractive style, provide more conveniences and luxuries in motoring, last through a longer and more serviceable life and offer greater value. It is because Body by Fisher represents in the highest degree these body qualities and values which are most sought for today, that increasing numbers of people choose General Motors cars — the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.

In thousands of families all over the United States, ambitious boys are members of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, competing for valuable awards. Encourage your boy to enroll today at a General Motors dealer's showroom.

CADILLAC · LA SALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET
GENERAL MOTORS

Like Youth . . . those who bought the first cars are buying the Buick Straight Eight now!

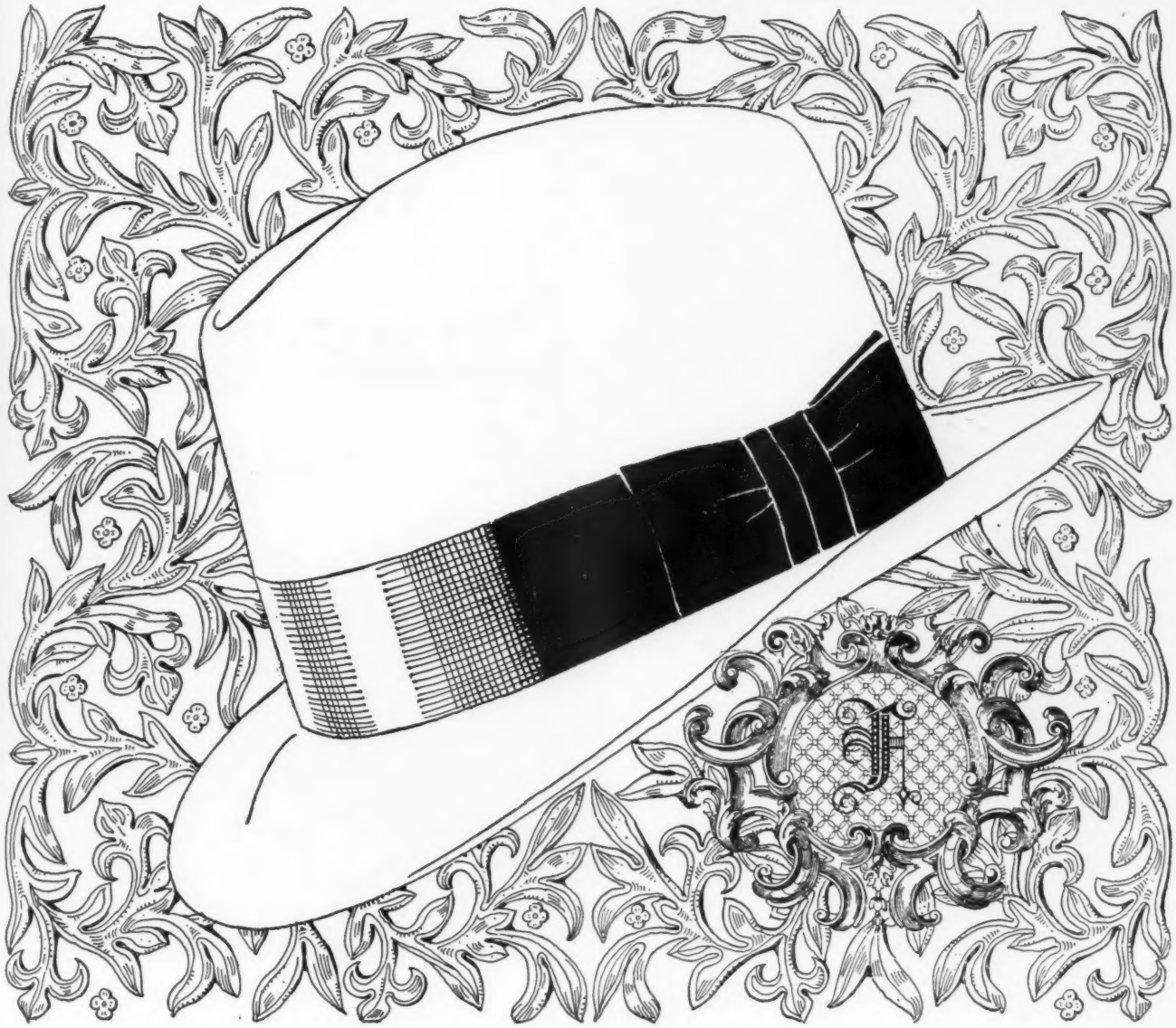
Fashionable Youth and discerning Age agree whole-heartedly on the extra goodness of the new Buick Straight Eights. With their new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engines, new Syncro-Mesh Transmissions and new Insulated Bodies by Fisher, these new Buicks combine beauty, performance and dollar-value which appeal to old and young, to men and women alike. It is difficult to imagine a car that could perform so smoothly and powerfully—shift so silently—and hold the road so perfectly as The Eight as Buick Builds It. This is the verdict of the elder generation and of the new. And they are confirming it by purchasing more Buick Straight Eights than any other car in Buick's wide price range!

FOUR SERIES		
$1025 to $1095	STRAIGHT 8	$1535 to $1565
$1285 to $1355		$1610 to $2035
ALL VALVE-IN-HEAD		

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

THE EIGHT AS **BUICK** BUILDS IT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Finchley Hat

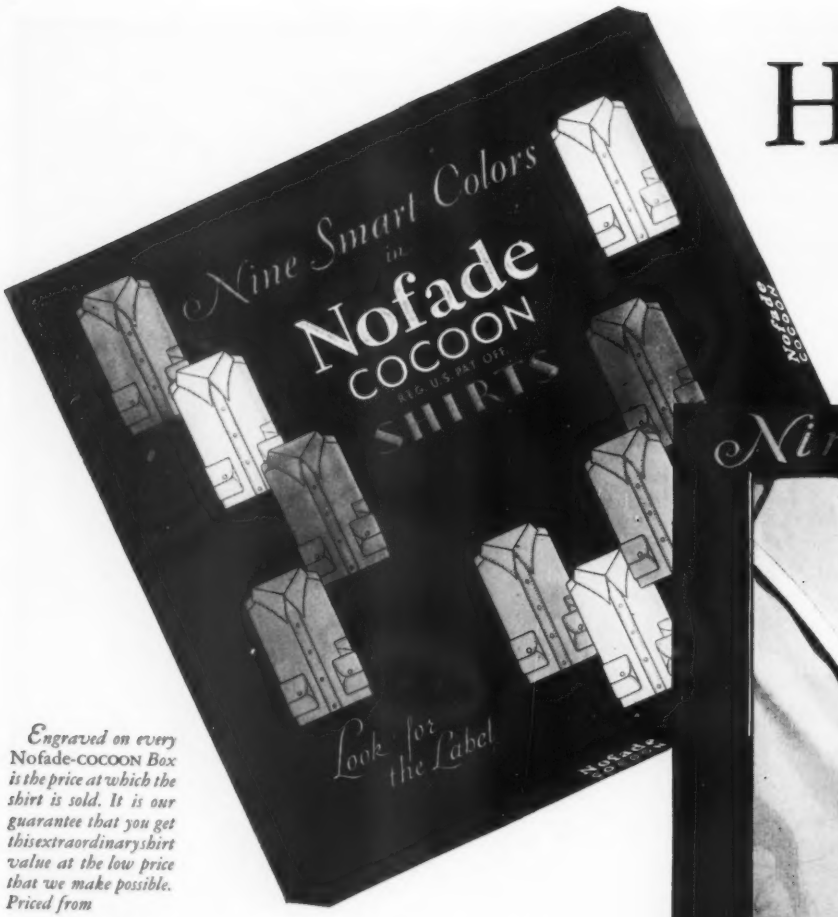
THE ACCEPTED HAT AMONG GENTLEMEN OF UNERRING TASTE AND JUDGEMENT.

TEN DOLLARS

OTHERS SEVEN TO TWENTY

AGENTS IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES

Here's *real* shirt news



Engraved on every Nofade-COCOON *Box is the price at which the shirt is sold. It is our guarantee that you get this extraordinary shirt value at the low price that we make possible. Priced from*

$1.65 *to* $4.95

WELL DRESSED MEN COME OUT OF THIS BOX

WE have created a man's shirt so fine that we have packed each shirt in an individual box to protect its supreme quality from all handling. Expert needlecraft assembles a Nofade-COCOON Shirt from 30 carefully-cut pieces of a finely-loomed and exclusive shirting —Cocoon Cloth. Every inch of its stitching is measured by scientific gauge. Twelve hours of intense pressure are devoted to pre-shrinking its collar, so that when you buy your size, it *stays* your size. Laboratory tests stand behind the guaranteed fastness of nine smart colors. *It assures you the right sleeve length, no matter what neck size you require.* In custom finish and smart styling, it is a shirt to delight the most particular of men. See it wherever fine shirts are sold —clean, fresh, unhandled, in its individual box.

Nofade
COCOON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHIRTS

Manufactured by The NOFADE-COCOON CORPORATION, *1239 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

OUR CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE

and informal day-time wear

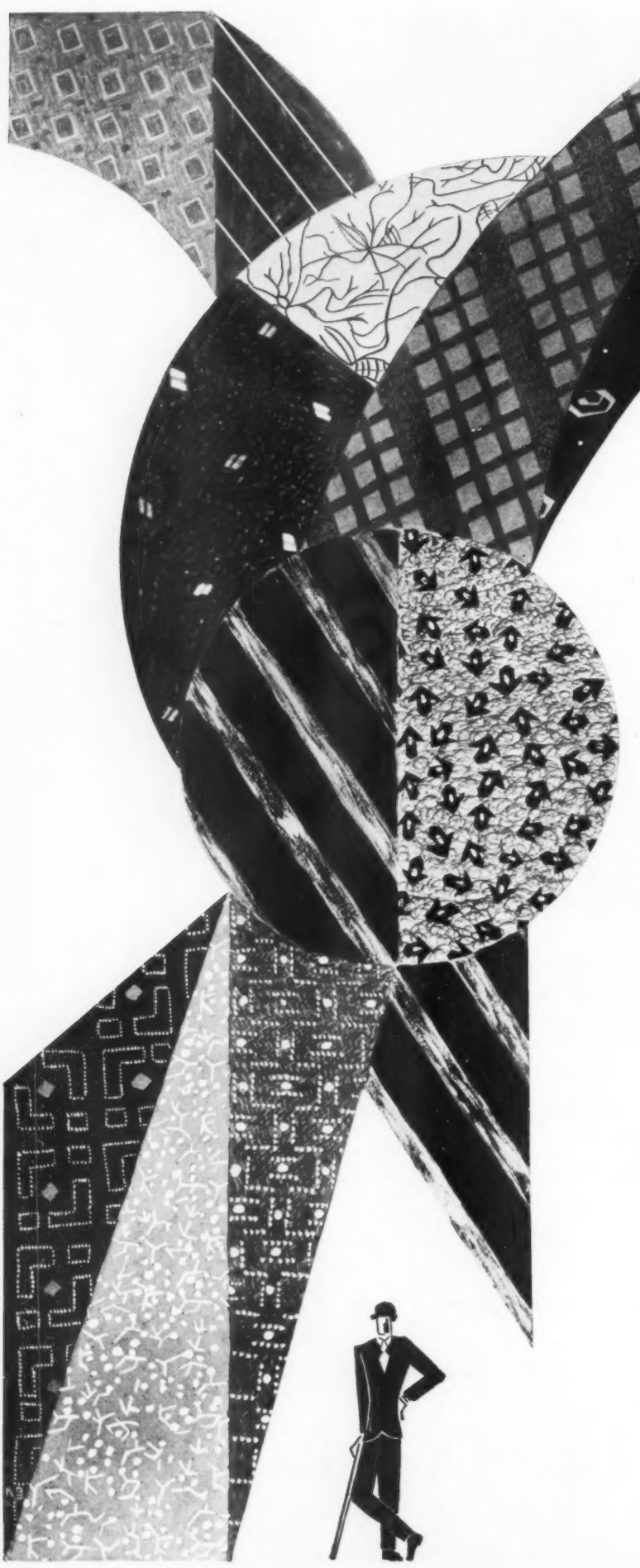
The Norseman

An early poll of our leading citizens shows that the NORSEMAN is definitely among the elect. Of stout Norwegian stock and influenced by the best traditions of British bootmaking, this pair of semi-brogues has that briskness of line and manner unmistakably American.

In the office, out at the game, wherever the occasion permits informality, the NORSEMAN is properly popular. Built high over the instep it effects a close-coupled fitting around the ankle that is both new and comfortable. Russet brown Norwegian calf. Colfax last. Priced at $10.

WALK-OVER SHOES

SHOES OF FINE QUALITY FOR MEN • • • MADE BY THE GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.



LADIES—it's up to you!

—you, who buy more than half of all the neckties men wear.

—you, who can make or mar the masculine outfit.

—it's up to you to remove the cause of the perennial necktie joke.

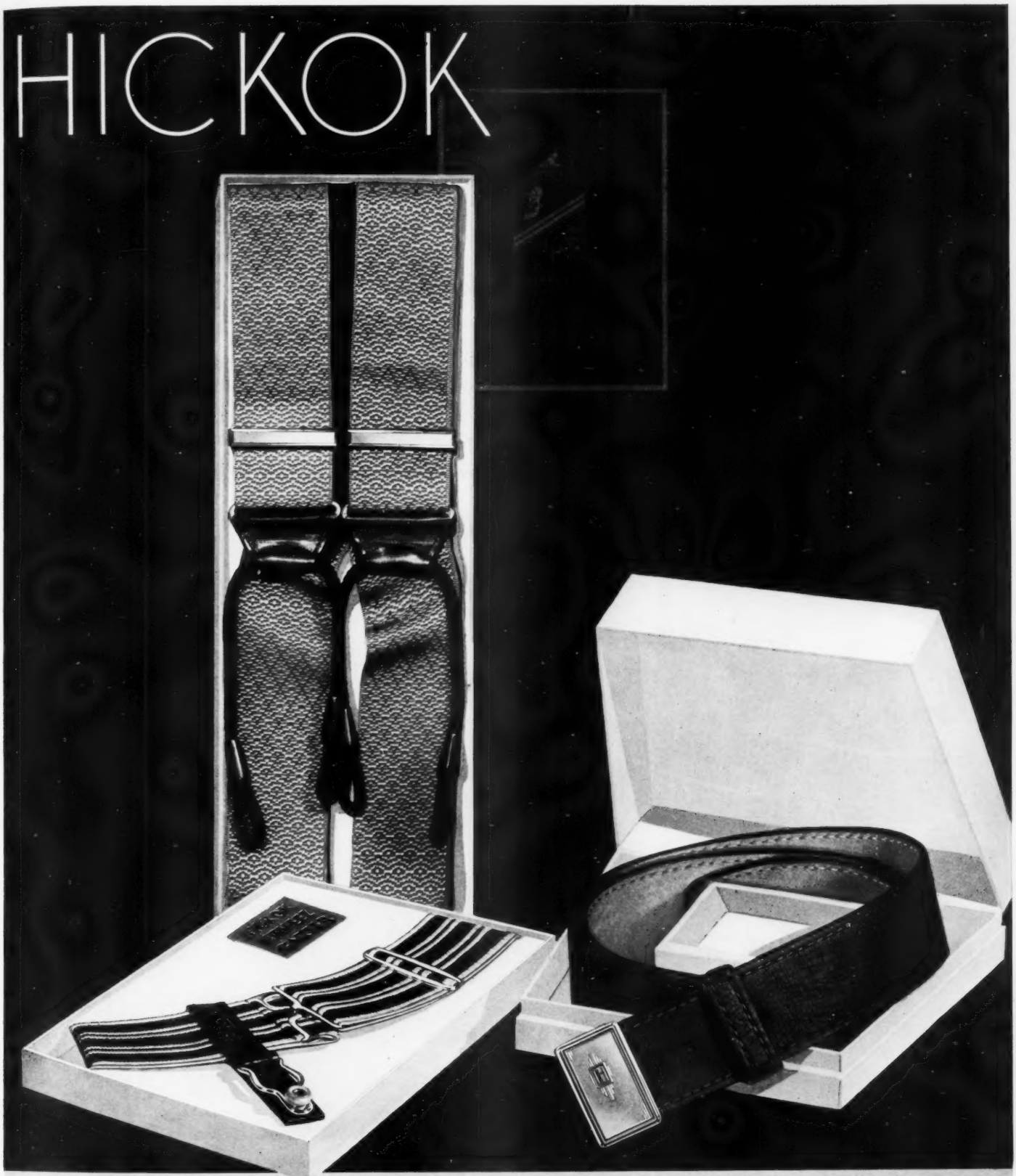
—by selecting *Cheney Cravats* for him next time.

—his favorite shop carries them—your favorite store, too.

CHENEY
CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS

HICKOK



In texture, in richness of colour, in delicate blending of tone, HICKOK Braces for Fall and Winter establish a new standard of beauty. The illustration shows Cambridge Cord Tips, one of the many HICKOK creations now on view at the better shops.

A *new* HICKOK achievement—the KURVEEZ Garter—woven on a curve to fit the leg—the final step in the march toward comfort. KURVEEZ stays where your garter belongs—without strain, without binding, without discomfort.

A belt that is a credit to any ensemble. The smart, more distinctive initial buckle, in sterling silver—of the new narrow style—modern in design. And a beautifully hand tailored belt of calfskin lined with cowhide—truly a gentleman's belt.

BRACES GARTERS BELTS

WHY MEN ARE MAKING IT A POINT TO AFFORD A STETSON HAT

More hats are sold carrying the Stetson name than any other in the world. There are many hats slightly lower in original cost, but none is better economy than a Stetson.

Continued leadership in sales proves definitely that men make it a point to afford a Stetson. They know that when they pay eight dollars or more for a Stetson hat they are making a good investment in personal appearance.

They get the authentic style which is accepted by the kind of people who set fashions—style that may be imitated but never quite equaled; they get unmatched quality of materials and better workmanship; they get a hat which holds its shape and *continues* to look well—and they get the comfortable feeling of rightness which has come to be universally associated with the word "Stetson."

This new Stetson Homburg, known as the "Stetsonian," has caught the fancy of Wall Street. The jaunty curve and brim-to-crown proportion are so right that we won't even bother to feel flattered when copies appear. Suitable for the more formal occasions, its dressiness is accented by the welt-edge brim with three rows of stitching. $10. *Stetsons now start at* $8.

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON CO., PHILADELPHIA

Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, panamas, leghorns, silk top hats, opera hats, caps. Sold at the better stores.

LOOK AT YOUR HAT—EVERYONE ELSE DOES

LOW SHOES —AND SPATS

For men, Fashion says "low shoes". But wintry winds have no regard for Fashion. So common sense adds—"Spats". Fortunately Spats are both practical and fashionable. When you purchase Spats you must have the assurance that they fit properly—that they will keep their shape—that they will preserve their hard smooth finish. There is only one safeguard—ask for "Standard" Spats—and look for that name. Since 1872 "Standard" Spats have been worn throughout the world by men who demand the best. The better grades of "Standard" Spats are made of imported English box-cloth, prepared in the time-honored, slow process that imparts the richness and ruggedness to the material.

"Standard"
REG U S PAT OFF
SPATS

S. RAUH & COMPANY, 650 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Town & Country
LEATHER
SPORTSWEAR

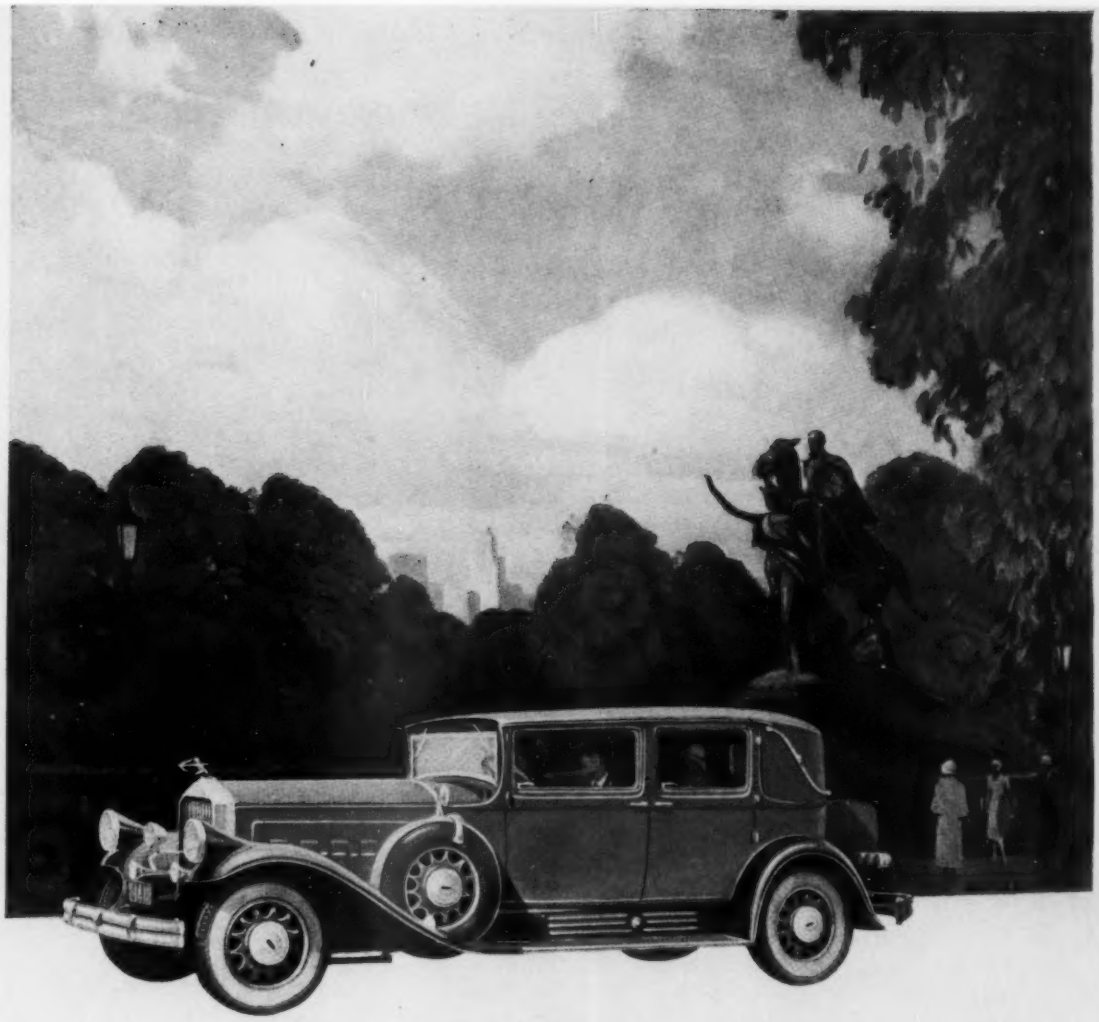
On the course—in the play, or in the gallery

Where smart sportsmen and sportswomen foregather, good-looking, aristocratic Town & Country leather is the vogue—markedly in keeping with the highest type of sportsmanship.

Town & Country leather windbreakers, slipovers and coats are the final word in correct sportswear. Beautifully tailored from choicest imported and domestic leathers of marvelous texture and beauty. Done into models appropriate for every sport. At the best stores. Our booklet will be sent on request.

GUITERMAN BROS., INC., SAINT PAUL, MINN.

Originators of Out o'Door Leather Clothing

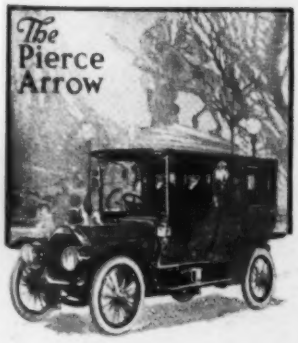


A new Pierce-Arrow Salon Model . . . the Club Sedan . . . and, below, a distinguished predecessor

PIERCE-ARROW PRESENTS

A NEW LINE OF EXQUISITELY APPOINTED

Salon Models



America's Finest Motor Car of 1908

ADVANCE CUSTOM MODES FOR 1931

Twenty-two years have wrought remarkable development in automobiles of quality, as evidenced by the two Pierce-Arrow portraits on this page. But scarcely less striking is the contrast between Pierce-Arrow's new Salon creations and even modern-day conceptions of beauty and elegance and distinction in fine motor cars.

Pierce-Arrow has anticipated, in these new models, the ultra-modern demand for a certain studied elegance — with interiors so richly appointed as to suggest distinguished drawing rooms — with colorings and equipment in the custom manner of tomorrow.

And beyond these lovely externals is the performance that is so reassuringly Pierce-Arrow — expressing, as always, every latest engineering development proved worthy of adoption by America's finest motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW

THREE NEW GROUPS OF STRAIGHT EIGHTS • • 132 TO 144-INCH WHEELBASES • • $2695 TO $6250 AT BUFFALO

(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

From your

SALT SHAKER *learn the secret of*

"DRY" TEXACO-ETHYL GASOLINE

TIP your salt shaker! If the salt is wet it hesitates, flows haltingly, spreads unevenly. But if it is dry it flows instantly, freely and evenly . . .

That illustrates perfectly the superiority of Texaco-Ethyl—the "dry" Ethyl Gasoline—over all other premiums. The Texaco in Texaco-Ethyl vaporizes instantly and completely because it's dry.

This dryness means more dependable, smoother action. It keeps cars running quietly without the sacrifice of power. No wonder drivers, both men and women, prefer this "dry" Ethyl Gasoline to premiums and specials of every kind. It's a better premium because it's a "dry" Ethyl Gasoline.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

TEXACO-ETHYL

THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

Women Drivers are Safe Drivers

Statistics indicate—21% of licensed drivers in the U. S. A. are women. Yet they are involved in only 6% of all automobile accidents.

© 1930, The Texas Company

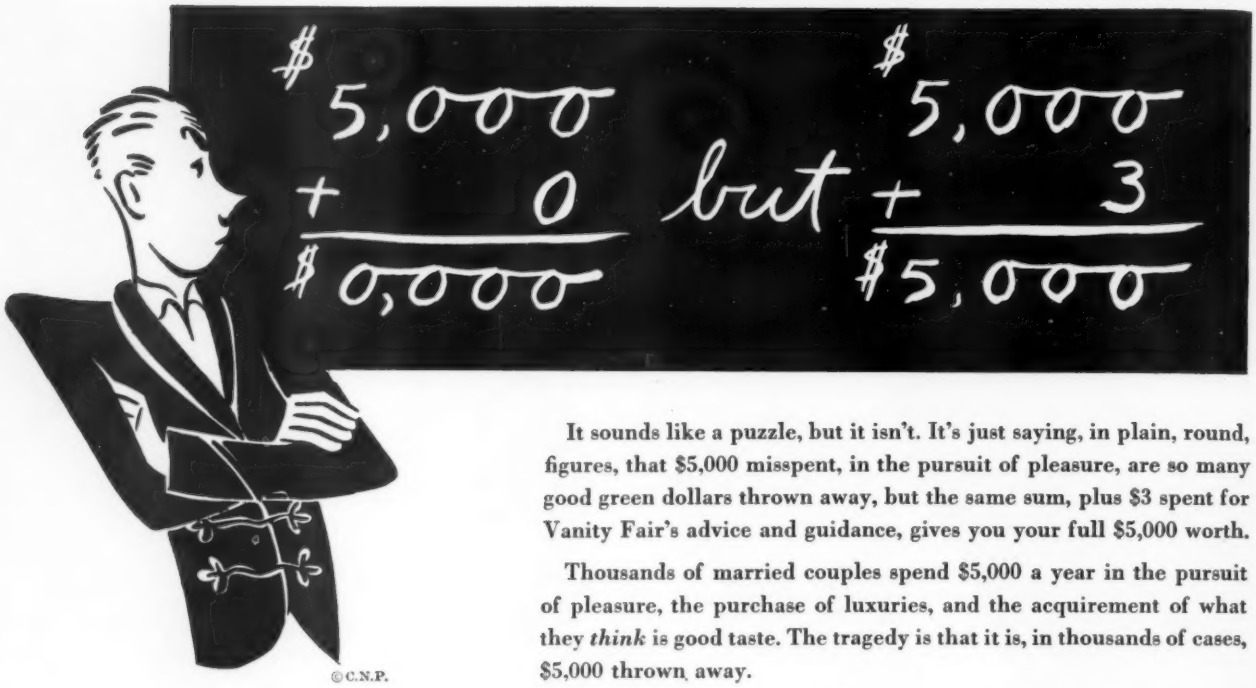
Tommy Lipton's at it again! He certainly is a game one. They have spirit, these sportsmen from overseas—and mighty good ideas about clothes too! You'll see what we mean when you inspect the patterns and shades in the new RESILIO CRAVATS . . . London styled neckwear . . . non-wrinkling . . . shape holding . . . With that patented resilient construction. Ask about them at your haberdashers or any smart shop . . . and look for the little loose thread inside!

RESILIO CRAVATS

Made by FRANC-STROHMENGER & COWAN, INC. • 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

VANITY FAIR OFFERS

This Timely Lesson in Arithmetic Which You Didn't Learn in School



©C.N.P.

It sounds like a puzzle, but it isn't. It's just saying, in plain, round, figures, that $5,000 misspent, in the pursuit of pleasure, are so many good green dollars thrown away, but the same sum, plus $3 spent for Vanity Fair's advice and guidance, gives you your full $5,000 worth.

Thousands of married couples spend $5,000 a year in the pursuit of pleasure, the purchase of luxuries, and the acquirement of what they *think* is good taste. The tragedy is that it is, in thousands of cases, $5,000 thrown away.

Most people pour out their money on the wrong things—buy the wrong clothing . . . the wrong pictures . . . see the wrong shows . . . get the wrong books . . . hear the wrong music . . . travel to the wrong places—and at the wrong time. Their money might just as well have been thrown in the waste-basket.

Vanity Fair tells you, every month, the right theatres—shops—art—books—music—resorts—night clubs—sports—fashions—motors.

Why not safeguard your $5,000? Invest in Vanity Fair!

Special Autumn Offer

2 YEARS OF VANITY FAIR FOR $4

(that extra year for just one dollar)

The price of Vanity Fair has just been reduced from $4 to $3 a year.

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VANITY FAIR : ONE OF THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS

Clothing lined with EARL-GLO

stands the modern pace!

EVERY step you take . . . every move you make . . . rubs and pulls the lining of your suit, overcoat and topcoat. But, if the lining is Earl-Glo, you need not worry. This modern lining is guaranteed to last as long as the garment it lines. Look for the Earl-Glo label in the clothing you buy. It is inside information on the garment's quality . . . assuring you that your apparel will stand the modern pace.

THIS LINING GUARANTEED
EARL-GLO
FOR THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

RAYON & CELANESE LINING FABRICS

Superior in texture, appearance and durability to more expensive fabrics — fast to perspiration — in a variety of smart colors and patterns — the modern lining material—guaranteed for the life of the garment.

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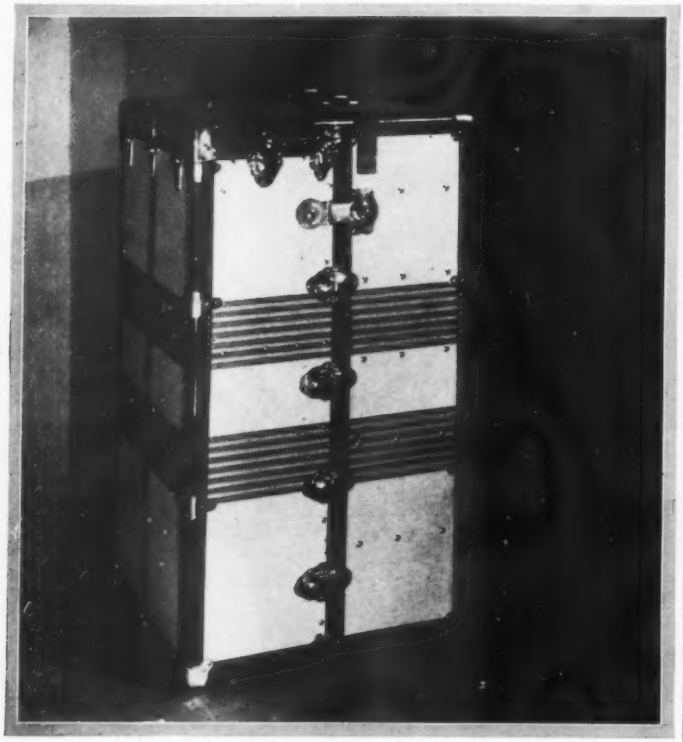
OSHKOSH TRUNKS



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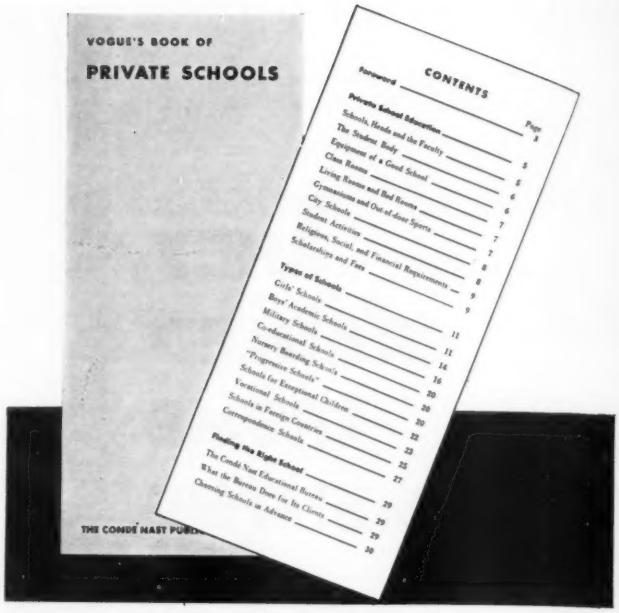

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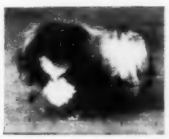

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I CAN HEAR THEM STILL ... THOSE GAMELAN BELLS AT SUNSET

Landing Day in Java—Batavia is such a surprise! A Dutch city of canals, clean streets and palms overhead. Brown natives in Batik sarongs bespeak the tropics. Very different—this country—from any other in the Orient. Thoroughly cosmopolitan. An education just to be here. This noon we tried a Dutch "Rijsttafel" luncheon. Looked like an Arabian Night's procession of waiters! 24 boys. Roasted "sautes" (lamb) on skewers, rice, browned peanuts, shredded cocoanut . . . topped with condiments galore! And the tall mug that properly accompanies it. O, we'll never be the same again!

Wednesday—Took the early morning train to Djokja. This is the center of native art. Young women making *Batik*. A complicated process. Drawing in the design in beeswax with a *jantung* (copper tool). And then dipping the fabric in many dye baths. You can tell the real Batik by its soft silky feel. Went through the Sultan's Palace. And saw a strange procession. Attendants carrying a yellow umbrella over a tiny tot arrayed only in a string of beads. *He's* a royal baby! Visited native shops. Saw them making beaten copper things, snakeskin bags (O, ridiculously cheap!) and wooden puppet dolls. We're keen on their puppet shows here. A one-man circus played in the flicker of torch-lights. The old showman sits cross-legged on the ground working the puppets with clever hands. Reciting the story in dramatic fashion; and playing the gongs and bells with his toes! The natives weep and shout as the hero rescues the pretty maid and slays the villain. A show as old as the world itself. And as strange. A high point of our world trip is this visit to Java. And we still have time to rejoin our friends on the S. S. President Wilson in Singapore. We've already planned a party in Colombo.

Later—Last night left Djokja at twilight. Drove out to the Borobudur; a colossal Buddhist temple built by a fervent Hindu race in the 6th century. Only recently uncovered under a hill, with over two solid miles of carvings and bas-reliefs. We walked along the ghostly passages by moonlight, entranced.

Our old native interpreter sat and told stories. And we decided to stay up all night and watch the sunrise—from the top stupa. The sort of thing you do once in a lifetime.

Friday—Am writing this on a lazy little boat like a yacht. On the way to that mysterious, medieval island of Bali. The water is the color of an aquamarine. So clear that we can watch the sea gardens. Porpoises and flying fish race with the ship. *Singaradja*. Stars! We were met by a Balinese princess. *Patimah*. She took us to visit her native house. A proud red cock strutted in the courtyard, (for they're dotty on cock-fighting down here). At a handloom her two daughters were weaving silver threads through a *salendang* (scarf). This is the Garden of Eden isle. The women wear no clothing above the waist. Just their colorful sarongs swathed round their slender hips. They're so bronzed and beautiful. Bali is a Woman's Paradise. They choose their mates and handle the shekels, as far as I can see. And it's the most peaceful spot on earth. Every night, at sunset the Gamelan bells call the natives to prayer. They drop down on their knees wherever they are, and face toward Mecca (Balinese are Mohammedans). It's like that picture—The Reapers. Only more intense. Last night the moon was too gorgeous for sleeping. We walked down a forest lane just to smell the Cambodia blossoms. And happened in on a native temple offering. We held our breath so that the exotic scene might not vanish like a dream. An old priest chanted a Hindu prayer. Little children bowed down, holding flowers high in their right hands. Heaps of temple offerings banked the altar. Child dancers in gold cloth did a swaying dance. Swinging incense pots made the air heady with perfume. . . And far off, those strange bells resounded again—I can hear them still . . . O, lovely Bali —Enchanted Isle.

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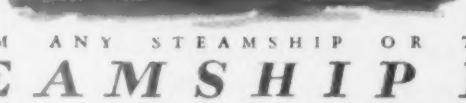

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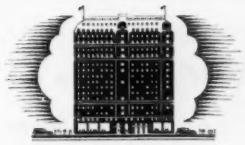

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in

VANITY FAIR

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Critic unafraid

George Jean Nathan has recently returned from Europe where he has been spending the summer in his ancient château near Tours, France. He has actively taken up his duties as dramatic critic of *Vanity Fair* and

his first piece on the New York theatre will appear in the November issue.

Mr. Nathan was for many years an editor of *Smart Set* and was also a founder of *The American Mercury* in association with H. L. Mencken. He is, perhaps, the only dramatic critic who enjoys the admiration and esteem of international authorities on the drama, and his reputation for fearlessness and direct, ruthless, yet always justified attack on all that is cheap and trivial in the theatre is of long standing. There is no critic of the drama today whose knowledge of its history in every time is more complete, nor is there a critic of such erudition with a style so clear, terse, witty and wholly readable. *Vanity Fair* takes pleasure in presenting Mr. Nathan to its readers as its official critic of the drama.

No moaning at the bar

Gilbert Miller, the noted theatrical producer recently wrote to *Vanity Fair* and presented the editors with the following problem:

He and Mrs. Miller were constructing a bar in their London house which they wished to contain the most unique library in existence. They planned that this library should consist of book-titles suggested by the works of noted writers in England and America, and that all the titles should have to do with liquor, the art of drinking, eminent topers of history and literature, and allied themes. Each title with the author's name, would be embossed on the binding of a thick, handsome but otherwise wordless tome, and added to the (cellarette) shelves of his distinguished library.

Among the suggested titles which *Vanity Fair* sent to Mr. and Mrs. Miller were:

Home of Lost Spirits, Oliver Lodge; *John Drinkwater*, a Reminiscence; *Deep Sea Dividends*, William Beebe; *Listening for Heel Taps*, Alexander Woollcott; *The Bootlegger's Bride*, Anna Catherine Green; *Many a Sip*, Channing Pollock; *More Gin Through Georgia*, George S. Kaufman; *Gentlemen Prefer to be Blind*, Anita Loos; *Journey's End*, R. C. Sherriff; *Many Waters*, Monckton Hoffe; *Bar Room Ballads*, Rudyard Kipling; *Young Wood Alcohol*, John Van Druten; *Old Soak*, Don Marquis.

Unlucky star

Dear Sirs:—This is to inquire whether or not you buy the story of a person's life, to publish in your magazine. I can give you the story of my life, which consists of how my wife had two illegitimate children, and won a divorce, and alimony, and also how I was framed and robbed of fifteen hundred dollars by the lawyers, because one of the accused has a political job. If you can use such a story will you kindly correspond with me? W. E. F.

Although the editors are unable to use Mr. W. E. F.'s true story, they earnestly recommend it as a model of starkness and brevity to other authors of the realistic school of fiction who seem not to be able to relate a tragedy in less than 100,000 words.

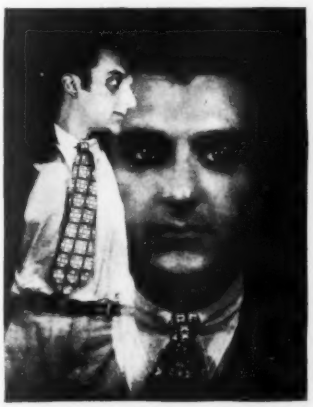
Lively topic

In a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*, the editors printed a story by Charles MacArthur, whose subject was the embalming of a corpse. The story returns to haunt us, for since then we have received many letters, the majority of which were from people who never seemed to have had occasion to come into contact with the higher literature until their outraged attention was drawn to the roistering *Elégie*. Such a one was the mortician to whom the following letter refers:

Dear Sirs:—I notice a mortician wrote to you that he is offended at the story *Elégie*. An undertaker is a little shy on marbles or he wouldn't be a mortician. I liked the story, thought it was rich, it was my kind of stuff, I could understand it, it's the kind of stuff I can understand, the Mrs. called my attention to it, we both like that kinda stuff, you know —no Einstein stuff, and we don't get it much higher than *Elégie*. . . . You surely must have a lot more folks who delight in fine comedy so don't let the undertaker bury any future gems by the duck who wrote *Elégie*. Yours for phunny phunerals, C. F.

Russian humour

Constantin Alajálov was born in Russia twenty-nine years ago. He escaped during the Revolution and took refuge in Persia as the court painter to a Persian potentate.



Constantinople then became his home until six years ago when he came to New York City, after having passed, one might say, through several centuries of civilization and artistic culture: from Persia, still brooding in the Middle Ages, to a nineteenth century Turkey, arriving at length in the mad middle of the twentieth century in New York. Mr. Alajálov's witty, versatile and spirited drawings (so remote from the traditional Russian mysticism and pessimism in art) will appear henceforth in every issue of *Vanity Fair*.

Lady on the Staff

JULEY

Clare Boothe Brokaw, author of *Ananias Preferred*, which appears in this issue, is an associate editor of *Vanity Fair* to which she has contributed a number of popular satirical essays on modern society. Mrs. Brokaw was a member of the staff of *Vogue*, until she joined *Vanity Fair* in her present capacity. An able **editor,** she speaks four languages, likes Backgammon, swimming, Persian cats, collecting first editions, ping-pong, and Proust.

Diagnosis

James Montgomery Flagg, in a recent talk over the radio, in which he discussed modern art as exemplified by the slightly distorted ladies of Pascin, Picasso and their disciples, quoted to his great unseen audience the following bit of verse:

There, little tumor,
Don't you cry—
You'll be in *Vanity Fair*
Bye and bye!

It reached the ears of *Vanity Fair*'s staff (if Mr. Flagg would like to know) through the new super-hetrodyne radio set recently presented to the *Vanity Fair* office by loving friends.

PORTRAIT OF LYONS WICKLAND
OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN

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VANITY FAIR

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—Editor DONALD FREEMAN—Managing Editor

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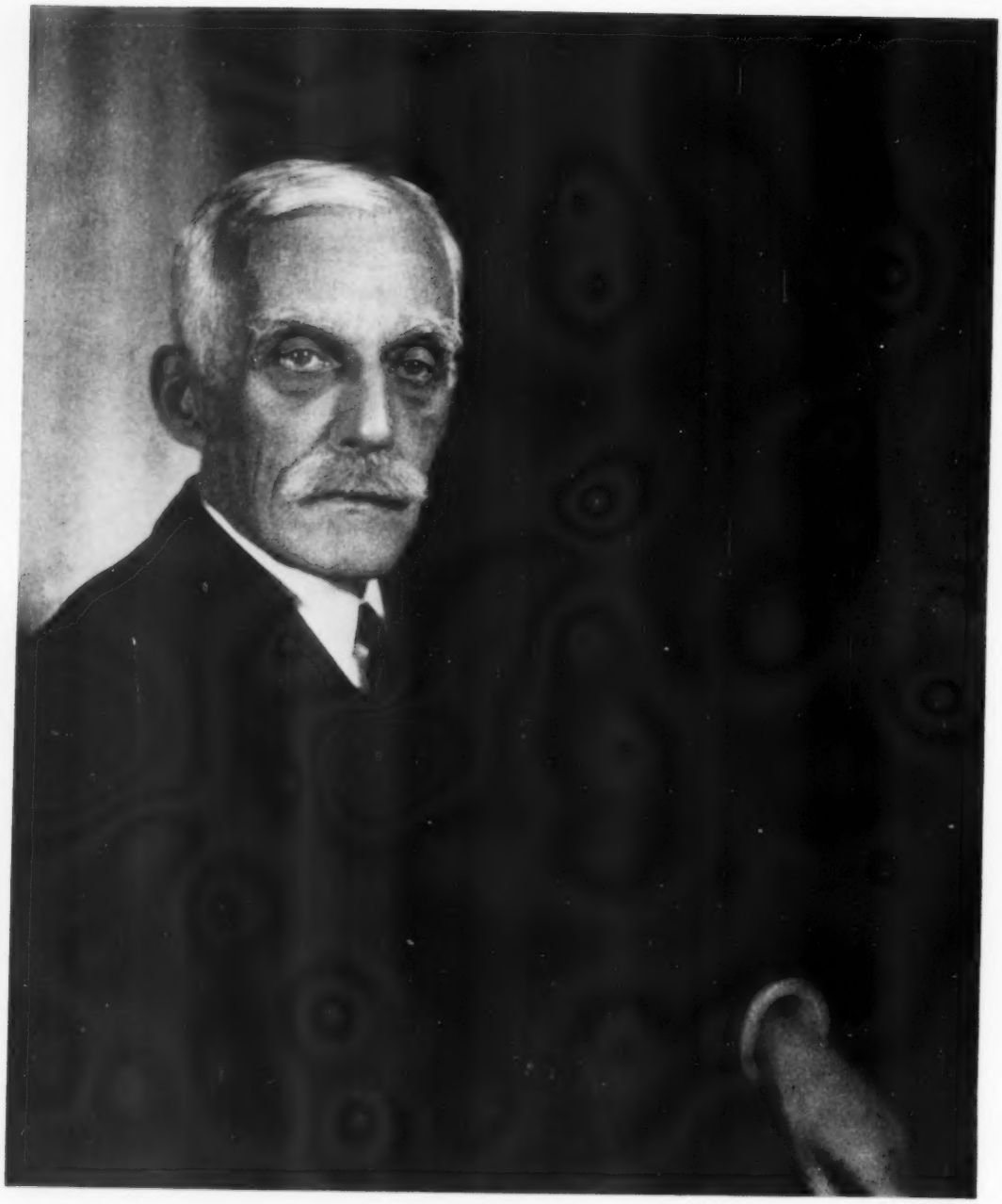


BLANK—STOLLER

Andrew Mellon

The Secretary of the Treasury of the United States who has held his important post under three Presidents

■ Back in 1920 when we selected an imaginary point in the center of the Republican Party to succeed Woodrow Wilson, Andrew Mellon was one of the strongest planks in the Cabinet of all the Talents (including some that were better buried) selected by Warren Gamaliel Harding. Since March 4, 1921, Mr. Mellon has been Secretary of the Treasury, "the greatest since Alexander Hamilton" or since McAdoo, depending on your politics. He has held the post for more years than any Secretary since Gallatin, under three Presidents. In it he has funded the War Debts (and how!), reduced the National Debt so rapidly that it should be extinct in another decade, cut the income tax repeatedly and created an unexpected surplus in the Treasury.

Aloof, reticent and a little ethereal in the political sense, at the age of seventy-five, he is regarded as the high priest of American finance and prosperity, even with prosperity vanished. As one of the world's richest men, he has helped change aluminum from a rare and precious metal to a household article. A native of Pittsburgh, his name is spelled there in steel, coke, oil, gas and public utilities.

VANITY FAIR

UNDER THE BIG TOP AT WASHINGTON • BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ From April, 1929, until July, 1930, the inmates of America have been privileged to witness a continuous political circus at Washington. Under the new Hoover management, politics have been louder and funnier than at any time since the Torch Light Parade joined the soup-strainer mustache in the limbo of lost Yankee folkways. Not since Theodore Roosevelt was described as a man with as many facets as a diamond—and each one turned on—has there been an Administration which has supplied the public with as much good, clean fun as has the Hoover experiment in political engineering. Naturally, there is a reason for this, just as there is a box office attached to the latest super-Ringling amalgamation. But before we get at the where's and why's of the "gate" we might as well take a look at the show.

Step right up, ladies and gents, step right up. Get your peanuts and popcorn and crowd in under the big top. The conflicting strains of political calliopes rend the air with their rival theme-songs: the Republican instrument plays *Have a little faith in me, dear* with piercing sweetness; the Democratic national anthem is something about stocks being way down on the Swanee River. Out strides the ringmaster, Herbert Clark Hoover, with a double-breasted blue serge frock coat, a glossy silk hat, lily-white riding breeches, cracking a whip to which nobody pays the slightest attention, while the band thumps out *Give yourself a slap on the back!* His face is intensely serious and from time to time he cracks his whip at a large committee of private secretaries riding tame newspapermen, who lope gracefully around the White House, while he consults the Party platform and announces the next event to the amplifiers.

■ Yip! Yip! Whoopee! Here come the cowboys and Indians, dashing round and round the tent, lariats cracking, bodies flashing from one stirrup to the other. Charlie Curtis and Dolly Gann lead the redskins, mounted on extremely powerful white horses. Close behind them pound the pursuing rough-riders, Nick and Alice Longworth, swinging lassoes, daringly trying to drag Dolly Gann from her seat. Round and round they go, Dolly maintaining her precedence by half a neck, slipping from side to side in her saddle, but eluding with skill the swirling, swishing loops of social etiquette which Alice casts at her. . . .

Next number on the programme. Signor Melloni, the World Famous Juggler. He can keep discount rates, tax rates and interest rates in the air simultaneously and juggle aluminum ware and tax refunds on the side. Now and then he tosses the discount rate so high that it breaks into a shower of falling stocks. Then with unparalleled dexterity he keeps the income tax just above his shoe-tops and announces that if someone will dig a hole he'll put it even lower. He is too skilful, too urbane, too sure of himself to catch the crowd, though here and there a financial athlete catches his breath with sheer admiration at the exhibition of supple skill

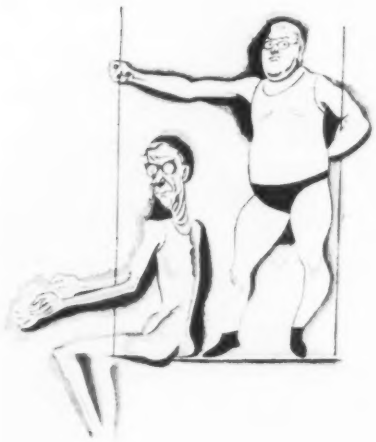
■ Wawrrr! Wawrrr! Wawrrr! Here come the lions. Six tawny Admirals roaring in unison at their trainer, Enrico Stimson, who, with his deep-blue water boy, Charlie Adams, tries to make them jump through the hoops. Something is wrong. The lions are hungry, starved, ravening for parity, and they refuse to jump through the six-inch cruisers. Enrico frowns and holds a lump of sugar in front of the smaller hoop. The Admirals pretend to misunderstand and jump again and again through the eight-inch cruiser schedule, but become furious when they discover that there are only eighteen instead of twenty-one such hoops. Only one, Admiral Pratt, squeezes through the six-inch schedule, purrs, is given a lump of sugar and a pat on the head. The ringmaster cracks his whip. Pratt opens his mouth, Stimson sticks his head in it and removes it hastily, amid frenzied cheers. The whip cracks again and the lions slink off, still snarling for parity. Signor Enrico bows and smiles and the ringmaster announces that this act costs a billion dollars. The cheers subside instantly.

Next number. The daring aerial acrobatic artists—the Tariff Quartette, Senators Smoot and Grundy, aided by Representatives Tilson and Hawley, do a little harmless tumbling with the rates, form human pyramids and turn cart-wheels. Suddenly the house grows deathly quiet. "Ladies and gentlemen!" the ringmaster proclaims, "The Tariff Quartette is now about to perform the most dangerous, desperate and death-defying feat ever witnessed in America. They will perform a triple revision at the top of the tent, *without a net*!" Up the ladders scamper the acrobats. Now they are mere human flies at the giddy level of the Fordney Tariff. Higher and higher they climb. God! Will they never stop? They have reached the top of the tent and can climb no higher. They are heard asking for a larger tent and are told they can't have it. There they go, swinging from sugar schedule to wool schedule in great sickening arcs, higher and higher. The snare-drums in Wall Street start their ominous rumble. Whew! Did you see that? Smoot is now swinging head-down, held at arm's length by Grundy. Fifty schedules away, Hawley and Tilson are duplicating the feat. Faster and faster they swing. Now they are in conference. Higher and higher creep the rates. A foreign manufacturer faints and has to be carried out. A consumer screams. *Watch it!* Across the gulf of space the spangled bodies twirl in one-two-three summersaults. Then, just as they are about to fall, a swinging trapeze flashes up. The toes catch and they're safe! The band bursts triumphantly into the national anthem. But the applause is scattering. Nerves have been too badly shattered. The ringmaster senses the situation. He hastily announces that the condition of the trapeze is fundamentally sound but that in the future, nets will be installed and the Tariff Commission will lower the rates by 50%. . . .

■ Now for the comic relief. Here come the clowns. What would we do without our political funny men? There's Senator Brookhart, chasing a dummy labeled "The Century Club" and belaboring it with a stuffed club labeled "Fish House Punch", turning every now and then to the peanut gallery for applause. The dress circle regard him as a little vulgar but the hicks like it. And here's Senator Heflin, madly shrieking every time he presses a button and lets the Pope-in-the-Box pop out at him. And here is Senator Wesley Jones, one of those sad-faced comedians who reduce the crowd to hysterics. He brandishes a whiskey bottle, which he claims he got at the Five-and-Ten, full of good old-fashioned pre-Volstead fanaticism. He takes a swig, looks gloomily around and starts hunting for imaginary leaks in the Eighteenth Amendment. The crowd shrieks and holds its sides, not to mention its hip-pockets.

Quick change! Here come the specialists. Senators Borah, Johnson and Moses in their famous sword-swallowing, fire-eating act. The ringmaster watches Borah swallow a porcupine marked "Prohibition" and then begs him to swallow a pick-axe labeled "Farm Relief". Borah balks, but manages to gulp down a large anchor labeled "London Treaty". Johnson and Moses shy at the anchor and start eating fire. Did you ever see anything like it? Showers of incandescent oratory and red-hot similes cast a murky glow over the entire tent. Between spasms Johnson crunches broken glass and Moses blows reservations. There! it's too hot for them. They collapse

The nation's governing body provides an all-year-round circus featuring a sideshow and peanuts for the voters



Senators Smoot and Grundy trapeze artists in a hair-raising, high tariff exhibit

Senators Johnson and Borah world famous fire eaters and daring sword-swallowers

from speech-prostration and are carried out to the political pulmotors.

Now for the tight-rope walkers—Dave Reed of Pennsylvania and Joe Robinson of Arkansas—balancing superbly between the gulf of partisan politics on the one hand and the abyss of subservience to the Executive on the other, while they shuffle along the slackening rope of popular approval. They teeter, they clap their hands, rub their feet in the rosin and grimace. Good Lord! they've done it. They have trundled the ringmaster and his treaty in a wheel-barrow from submission to ratification, with no aid to balance but a palm leaf fan and a sense of proportion. Isn't that a breath-taking accomplishment?

Aha! This is fun. Performing seals. Carter Glass and Claude Swanson of Virginia flob out, uttering hoarse barks of excitement, climb on their little stands and balance gaily tinted balls on their noses, while the ringmaster tosses them minnows between tricks. Here come the chariot racers, Garner and Pat Harrison, in a low-slung chariot pulled by Charley Michelson and Jonett Shouse. They tear around the ring and claim that they have beaten the Republican Committee. They are rapturously applauded, although the ringmaster points out that the Republicans were not entered for chariot-racing and are far too busy doing other things to act like *Ben-Hur* or other famous charioteers.

What's that? Intermission? All right, let's stroll down and take a look at the side-shows and listen to the band. Mighty fine band, isn't it? and it plays beautifully. There's the bandmaster, F. Scott McBride, who thinks he's leading *How Dry I Am!* There are Bishop Cannon and Clarence True Wilson, just two piccolo players. The first is tootling *Margin through Georgia* while the second is working away to prove that "It ain't gonna rain no more". Walsh and Wheeler, the cowboy saxophone duo from Montana, are too busy investigating their saxophones to start up their famous rendition of *Tell Me!* Claudius Huston is busy thumping away on a base drum to the tempo of the *Resignation from 'Thais'*, while Dwight Morrow puts his whole soul into the *Maine Stein Song* on the Jersey flats and Franklin Fort accompanies him on the holding-the-bagpipes. It's difficult to enjoy the music, however, as Senators Copeland and Caraway crowd the lobby, peddling very small packets of political peanuts, while Representative Fish attempts to get us excited about red lemonade, a commodity very much in evidence under the tent.

Ah! here are the exhibits. Only a nickel a look. Here's "Prosperity, the Fattest Lady in the World". Good heavens, where did she get all those wrinkles? "Honest, pa, she ain't so big." "Hush, my son, the poor girl's been taking an eighteen-month diet." Here's the Tariff, "Tallest Man on Earth". "Land's sakes, he *is* tall!" "Yeah, but he don't look healthy. Something wrong with his glands, I guess." Now for the Naval Treaty, the Strong Man who can raise the United States to naval parity with Great Britain in six years, when, as and if. Well, let's see him do it. What's that sign? Says we'll have to pay him a billion before he does his stuff. There doesn't seem to be as much of a crowd here as there is at that Peace-at-any-Price Tent where Zuleika Phoole, the world's loveliest and most elastic nautch dancer, fresh from the Harems of the Orient, gentlemen, will dance before the world absolutely without a battleship on if the police don't interfere. Watch her squirm and twist and wriggle. See her undulate and writhe. Absolutely defenseless and it doesn't cost a cent. Disarming? I'll say. And here's the last one, Prohibition, the Dog-Faced Boy. He knows only one word and that word is "No!" Is he human? Can't say, gents. Judge for yourself. Last week he got at the Coast Guard and he nearly wrecked the Treasury before we dragged him off with promises of bigger prisons and no juries. There! Wait just a minute. He's going to speak. "No! No! No!" "Disgusting, I call it!" "They oughta put the poor guy in an asylum or something." "Oh, isn't he *perfectly* sweet?"

There goes the bell. The show's about to begin again. The Presidential committees and commissions are crowding back through the exits. Mr. Hoover is cracking his whip. What's next? Dunno, I lost my programme, but I suppose it's elephants. They never start on time, so let's slip into the box-office and ask for the Manager. Maybe he can tell us what it's all about.

Fanciful and unfair? Not particularly. There *is* an especial reason for the recent outburst of Congressional antics. It wasn't just an accident or just party politics. The old Romans had the idea. They gave 'em "*panem et circenses*" whenever things weren't going particularly well. Why go back to the Romans? It's an old family custom. Baby has a pain in the tum-tum, has he? Well, while we wait for the doctor to come or for the castor-oil to take care of those green apples, let's shake a rattle at him, sing to him, keep him interested and maybe he won't yell so loudly or so often. That is the simplest remedy and it always works.

We have eaten a lot of economic and political green apples in the last decade. We now have a severe cramp in the financial district and a high fever in the Farm Belt. And, naturally, we'd like to yell our heads off and kick the bed-clothes across the room. It's quite true that John across the way lost a leg in the war, and Otto is just recovering from financial prostration, while Ivan is still delirious from scarlet fever, and they aren't howling the way we are. On the other hand, if they had eaten as many green apples as we did, they would probably be making a row about it, too. We've had to swallow a very nasty dose of deflation and we've been put on a stiff diet of low prices and unemployment. It's primitive medicine but it's the only handy remedy we know for our complaint.

It makes us cranky. We want to kick something or somebody, the Communists, the Republicans, Wall Street or Hoover. We've got to be distracted or we may even cause trouble to the political apple-dealers who sold us the sinful pippin of unripened prosperity. That would never do! So the Congress has yielded to a profound, if unconscious, political instinct in staging the greatest show on earth beneath the Big Top on Capitol Hill. They've given us Prohibition, Peace and the Tariff to play with and have distracted us with Senatorial dumb-crambo and Executive charades. They have even improved on the old Roman formula. They have given us the circus, but they haven't bothered to see that we get the bread.

DRAWINGS BY NIKOLAS REMISOFF

Who's who in the Washington circus:

Ringmaster Hoover; Signor Melloni, a juggler; bandmaster F. Scott McBride; Enrico Stimson, a lion tamer; the Freaks: Prosperity, the fat lady (on a diet), Tariff, tallest man in the world, Prohibition, the dog-faced boy, Naval Treaty, the Strong Man lifting the United States to parity; Indians and cowboys, Charlie Curtis and Dolly Gann being pursued by Nick and Alice Longworth

The ghosts of my friends

BY PERCY HAMMOND

What actually happened, one night, to a dramatic critic in search of forbidden thrills at a spiritualistic meeting

■ It was with reluctance that my friend invited me to a private séance, since she had heard that I was a trivial person, not given to reflection about the hereafter. But she needed a man to fill in for an ailing convert and I was her last chance. "I am not afraid that you will be derisive," said she by telephone, "for you will have experiences that will restrain your *penchant* for sneering. I know that you will be amazed, and nothing is more pitiable than a drama critic, amazed. I shall have a cocktail for you after the séance is over. You will want it."

Nevertheless I arrived, not long ago, in her Long Island château at 9 p.m., prepared to view the ghostly services with the amused tolerance of one who knows and doubts it all. At the early age of eleven years I came to the precocious conclusion that there was no such thing as a soul; that the Lord God "formed us of the dust of the ground" and left us soon thereafter relatively unimproved. Immortality was but a cowardly superstition established by men afraid of death. It was as if Life were tilting against the knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave, armed but with the straw of imagination.

Mr. Hanson, the medium, beckoned me into a corner of the living room soon after I reached the scene. He was a diffident fellow, obstructed in his speech by a slightly cleft palate and an accent redolent of the Scandinavian fjords. "When I tell you," he said, "that like Glendower, I can call spirits from the vasty deep, you may reply, in the words of *Hotspur:*

Why so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

I believe that they will come for me tonight, and among them there will probably be friends of yours of whose identity I have no idea at this moment. Until an hour ago I had never heard of you. You know that your hostess cannot be suspected of collusion. It doesn't matter much to me whether you become a believer in ghosts or not. And if you are still unmoved at the end of the evening you have my permission to make fun of it all."

■ He told me that he had found it usual for those who attend spiritualistic séances to exaggerate the things that happen. That adventures of the kind seem to evoke the toxic fumes of fancy, causing participants, in their accounts of séances, to distend and amplify the simplest of phenomena. He requested me, in case I had occasion to refer to the night's events, to report them just as they occurred. "Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate," he quoted. "What you will see and hear will be enough."

The rendezvous with the dead finally took place in an upper bed-chamber of the cottage, a normal habitation hard by the Main Street of the village. Six of us were in the party (not counting the spirits) two of whom, a Wall Street financier and myself, were scoffers. It was a warm night and I was in summer's flannels, but my hostess brought me a coat, explaining that there might be a chill in the astral air. I put it on as a part of the prank and went gaily upstairs, trying politely to be serious. The room was a pleasant apartment, containing no spectral furniture. Mr. Hanson disdained the apparatus of an ordinary exorcist, and, instead of cabinets and curtains there were two megaphones and a vase of American Beauty roses. It was not in the least a setting for a reunion of the quick and the dead. The wind did not sough in the trees outside, no musty odors and no doleful sounds came from the graveyard across the street and there were none of the appurtenances of a haunted house.

■ Faithful to my promise to the medium not to amplify the details of my contact with the ghosts, I now set down a few of them exactly as they happened. The lights were dimmed and the six of us engaged ourselves in casual conversation about the downward trend of the Drama and the stock market. We talked, as the soldiers did in *Journey's End*, of cabbages and kings. Of Hoover and Briand, the abolition of the liquor habit; Carl Van Vechten's Hemingway epic of insobriety, *Parties;* Mr. Mencken's marriage and the effect of the Smoot-Grundy tariff act on the shares of General Motors. The medium, who was in tweeds, boasted of a par four he had made on the difficult sixth hole at the Cypress Country Club, and I was about to begin my travelogue describing a recent trip around the world. "The Pyramids", I started to say—when suddenly an icy wind blew into the room, chilling all within it.

At once I forgot about Egypt and the Passion Play, the Louvre, Napoleon's tomb, the Tower of London and the Taj Mahal. Frozen upon my lips was the anecdote I proposed to tell on the tourist who, visiting Greece, inquired of his courier, "Where are the Four Horsemen of the Acropolis?" For the semi-darkness was lighted by flitting purple flambeaus, that changed to green, blue or yellow and back again. I could hear gibbering whispers and hisses about me as if there were a revolt of imprisoned angels fluttering their wings in an effort to escape. The overcoat was snatched from my shoulders by what is known as unseen hands, and shadowy fingers fixed a wet rose in the lapel of my jacket.

I grasped for the wires of a prestidigitator, but they were not there. In the dimness I could discern Mr. Hanson sitting in the circle with his arms folded, seemingly oblivious to my consternation. The frigid air was full of frightening noises, among them the brassy voice of Little Elsie, the medium's control. She was an impudent urchin, Mr. Hanson's deceased cousin, it was said, and her manners were odiously terrestrial. "Be calm, Perce," said she. "I could scare you to death if I wanted to, but I'll let you off if you promise to give me a good notice when I go upon the stage." An illuminated megaphone then arose from the floor and floated over to my chair. "This is your mother," said Little Elsie. "It is the first time she has come through, so make her welcome." I was so nonplussed that I was inarticulate, and Little Elsie offered to be an interpreter.

The conversation that followed between me and the megaphone is of no consequence except to those who are mystified by the ways and means of the conjurers. "She wants to talk to you about a church and a fire," said Little Elsie. "Do you know anything about a fire in a church?" I did not, but if I may be forgiven an intimacy essential to this tale I recalled that when I was a boy-soprano my mother and I sang together in a church choir. She spoke to me of other long, far-off and happy things, of the day when in knickerbockers I led a Total Abstinence parade, bearing a banner inscribed "Tremble, King Alcohol—I Shall Grow Up!" And of the time when, thrown by my horse, I was dragged bleeding and broken through the School House woods, much to the gratification of the community. "Your brother died in Mexico," she said. I never had a brother, but my sister fell fatally ill in Cuernavaca.

■ What should be the intelligent reaction of a hardboiled materialist to phenomena of this kind? In the course of the séance my father, a devout Presbyterian, said he was sorry that I no longer went to Sunday school; and he even asked me about a pair of boots for which I had been measured that day, a fact unknown to anyone on earth except me and my shoemaker. Others in the party underwent like visitations, some of them more baffling than mine. An alarm clock, wound up and set off before the séance began, jumped from a table, affixed itself to the ceiling and, after a while, floated through the room ringing its punctual bells. Four voices could be heard at once, one of them in German, a feat beyond anything known to modern ventriloquism. The contents of the medium's communications exceeded his knowledge of the circumstances and there were no facilities whatsoever for fraud.

Since that evening I have read Houdini, Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle, Richet, Schiaparelli and Joseph Maxwell of Bordeaux, and have concluded that (*Continued on page* 88)

VON HORN

Lenore Ulric

The gifted dramatic actress returns to the stage this season in "Pagan Lady," a new play by William du Bois

■ When a play called *The Bird of Paradise* with Laurette Taylor as its star, was the talk of New York some seasons ago, its cast included an obscure but ambitious young actress named Lenore Ulrich. (It was spelled that way then.) With an eye to the future, Miss Ulric wrote to David Belasco, asking him to come and see her performance in *The Bird of Paradise*. Mr. Belasco was out of town at the time, but sent his assistant, who returned with such an enthusiastic report of the girl from New Ulm, Minnesota, that the august producer granted her an interview and eventually engaged her for the leading rôle in *The Son-Daughter*. Under Belasco management Miss Ulric became, in *Tiger Rose, Kiki, Lulu Belle, The Harem,* and *Mima,* one of America's foremost actresses. She has returned from a venture into talking pictures in Hollywood to appear in a play, *Pagan Lady,* produced by Lewis Gensler and Morris Green in association with the Erlanger office

Mr. Blight and his upper

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

A gentleman of the theatre receives the wrong end of a boomerang from the wrong kind of ticket speculators

■ Arrived at the Grand Central Station, Mr. Blight alighted from his taxi still clutching the telegram that had ruined his luncheon at the Astor. It was from Chicago, and it announced that Mr. Blight's musical comedy, *The Mortal Sin*, which had opened so auspiciously at the La Salle three weeks before, was going badly; so badly, in fact, that unless Mr. Blight could think of something drastic, it must close on Saturday night. And here it was Wednesday.

Mr. Blight waddled to the ticket window as fast as his girth and his luncheon would permit. "Lower on the Century 'safternoon," he gasped.

The ticket-seller removed his cigar and blew a reflective ring.

"No lowers."

"All right. An upper. Or a drawing-room."

"No uppers. Nothing at all on the Century."

"How about the Lake Shore?"

"Nothing on the Lake Shore."

"Is there any good train," Mr. Blight demanded in desperation, "that will get me to Chicago before tomorrow night?"

The man behind the window stifled a yawn. "Nothing to Chicago. All sold out for the next six weeks."

"But I gotta get to Chicago!" wailed Mr. Blight. "What'll I do?"

The other gave a very, very slight shrug. "Might try the Pennsylvania."

Mr. Blight took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station.

"I'd like a lower to Chicago, this afternoon. Or an upper," he added.

The man at the ticket window was telephoning, however, and had no ears for Mr. Blight.

"Hello. That you, Bill? What'll you have? Drawing-room for Chicago, today? Sure I can. Name of Ginsberg. Right. They'll pick 'em up? Right. S'long."

He put down the receiver and looked, not exactly at Mr. Blight, but in his general direction.

"I'd like a lower for Chicago—" that gentleman began, unhappily.

"Nothing for Chicago."

"Well, an upper, then."

"Nothing at all for Chicago. All sold out for the next six weeks."

"But I gotta get to Chicago—" Mr. Blight's voice trailed off. The other had turned his back, and was sorting tickets in the rack.

■ Mr. Blight took a taxi to the Lackawanna station. He found the ticket-seller absorbed in a newspaper.

"I wonder if I could get a lower—or an upper—for Chicago, the first train out this afternoon?"

The student continued to pore over his newspaper.

Mr. Blight lost his temper. "Hey, you!" he shouted, "I want a ticket for Chicago, and I want it quick."

The bookworm put down his paper.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah! I gotta get to Chicago right away, and I want a ticket."

"You'll have to wait, buddy, if you want to go on this road. All sold out for the next six weeks." The newspaper went up again.

Mr. Blight took a taxi to the Erie station, where he found the ticket-seller chatting with two friends.

Mr. Blight coughed. The chat continued. He coughed again, louder, and tapped upon the window. The ticket-seller looked around, saw that it was only a customer, and resumed his chat. Mr. Blight tapped again.

"I was wondering if I could get some sort of ticket that would get me to Chicago by—" he began, timidly.

One of the three arose, gave Mr. Blight a dirty look, and closed the window with a bang.

Mr. Blight, for no particular reason, took a taxi back to the Grand Central Station. There he noticed something. Something peculiar. The United Cigar Store was gone from the corner of Vanderbilt Avenue, just across from the station. The shop-windows, instead of displaying their wonted boxes of cigars, pipes, razor blades, and tubes of tooth-paste, showed pictures of trains, close-ups of locomotives, seating diagrams of Pullman cars, portraits of smiling Pullman porters. A large sign in front announced: CHOICE SEATS FOR ALL TRAINS—SLEEPERS FOR CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND LOS ANGELES.

Mr. Blight went in.

When he emerged, he was the possessor of a ticket entitling him to an upper berth on an accommodation train of the N. Y. C., St. L. & O. Railroad. The train left Jersey City at 2:30 A.M. Thursday, and was due to reach Chicago at 2:13 P.M., Friday. It had cost him $235.16.

He stood on the corner, staring listlessly at the long lines of motionless taxis and surface cars that so typify the rush and bustle of our great metropolis. Then a glint of resolution shone in his eye. Straightening his shoulders, he marched into the Grand Central Building and demanded to see the president of the railroad.

The president glanced at the card that Mr. Blight had sent in.

■ "Not Mr. Isaac Blight, the theatrical producer?" Mr. Blight bowed. "And what can I do for you, Mr. Blight?"

Mr. Blight cleared his throat. "I tried to get a lower berth on the Twentieth Century this afternoon, and the ticket agent said you were all sold out for the next six weeks."

The president's expression was a striking mixture of regret and gratification. "Yes," he murmured, "our road does seem to be very popular this season. A real hit."

"And when I tried to get a ticket at the agency," continued Mr. Blight, "they wanted three hundred and twenty-five for an upper, and four hundred for a lower."

The president made the noise that all writers transcribe as "tchk, *(Continued on page 106)*

PRESS AGENT, TO ACTRESS:
AND WHEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE BORN?

THE FIRST SCANDAL • GOYA'S PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF ALBA

THE SECOND SCANDAL • THE STAMP COMMEMORATING GOYA-WEEK

The stamp of disapproval

Goya's famous Maja Desnuda

▪ To commemorate Goya-week of the Ibero-American Exposition in Seville, the Spanish government recently issued a set of postage stamps depicting the better known works of Francisco de Goya, the great Spanish artist. His most celebrated work, *La Maja Desnuda*, was reproduced on 29,800 of these stamps. This graceful compliment to a great Latin genius was met by a flood of protests (for the most part Nordic) which held that what was art in a museum was obscenity on a postage stamp. But in spite of shocked complaints from all parts of the world and threats of official proceedings against the Spanish government for sending obscene matter through the mails, the postal authorities of other countries decided that what Spain considered a proper design for a postage stamp was none of their concern.

This is the second scandal that the famous Goya picture has caused. The first occurred when Goya was completing this portrait, the subject of which was the beautiful and reckless Doña Maria Theresa, Duchess of Alba. The Duke of Alba, informed that his wife was posing for the artist in the nude, swore angrily that he would paint Goya's picture in Goya's own blood. Goya was immediately warned by his friends. When the choleric Duke burst into Goya's studio on the following day he found his wife posing fully dressed before a properly clad portrait which Goya had painted during the night. This second portrait *La Maja Vestida* hangs beside *La Maja Desnuda* in the Prado

Whoopee in the age of whiskers or

MISS ELIZA ROSSELL—
JOY-RIDER OF THE 1840'S

THE SINGULARLY GIFTED
MADAME FORTUNÉ CLOFULLIA

● Miss Eliza Rossell was the joy-rider *par excellence* of the 1840's. On a fine spring morning we see the sprightly girl, her lover, their proud-stepping horse, and the sky-larks overhead. Here are no dim and sinister motor-car; no shades of night; no pocket flask; and no enforced return on foot.

After riding several miles, says our author, through a part of the country where the fields were covered with beauty and the birds warbled their sweet notes to encourage the peasant as he toiled, they came back safely to Eliza's home. As Sheldon waited upon Eliza into the parlour, his countenance wore a smile as usual. After a few trivial remarks about their ride, he bade the family good morning and retired. Eliza, after putting away her bonnet and shawl, addressed the assembled Rossell family:

"What a beautiful ride! delightful! to take an airing with a handsome, genteel young man on such a lovely morning."

But her family were still sour. "All present united in giving her good advice." The drive had been taken in defiance of a great deal of good advice, already imparted that morning.

Mr. Rossell had been especially severe about young Sheldon.

"His principles," said Eliza's father, "I completely detest. He regards not the rights of man or the principles of morality. He does not regard the teachings of Scripture as being more binding than fables. All that he cares for is to make a great show in the world and spend his evenings in scenes where vice reigns triumphant."

Nevertheless, it would appear that the scenes where vice reigned triumphant must have closed early, or how could young Sheldon have been up so promptly in the morning, managed his spirited horse so easily, and worn his high hat with such consummate swank?

Despite her father's warning, the headstrong girl had gone on her joy-ride just the same. Moreover, she made the mistake of telling Sheldon that her family were not exactly keen about him. This caused him such indignation that he determined upon revenge. Why he should do this will be mysterious to all who are unfamiliar with the dastards of old romance. The more experienced reader understands that with such as he, rascality is its own excuse for being. Any proper dastard will endorse the platform of the villain in *Stage-Land:*

"Better far be poor and villainous, than possess all the wealth of the Indies, with a clear conscience. I will, at great expense and inconvenience to myself, murder the good old man, get the hero accused of the crime, and make love to his wife while he is in prison. . . . Everybody will see through my villainy and I shall be nabbed in the end. I always am. But it is no matter, I will be a villain, ha, ha!"

● In the case of Miss Rossell, the schemer's method was to enter the honourable estate of matrimony. Soon, John Sheldon and Eliza Rossell were "published for marriage." They lived in good style, and their house "was well supplied with the most costly furniture." For a while the tide of their affairs seemed to run smoothly.

Meanwhile, Eliza's sister, the gentle Sarah, who was only eighteen, found a young man who "solicited her company." One evening, when her family were all assembled in the parlour, she laid the facts before them,—presented a complete *dossier* of her aspiring suitor, and asked their advice. They discussed the gentleman judicially, and announced their disapproval. Sarah thereupon dismissed her

A SCENE FROM "THE DRUNKARD'S LOOKING-GLASS"

AN EVENING PARTY IN NEW YORK, 1848

gay times with our forefathers

BY EDMUND PEARSON

admirer, "in as kind a manner as possible."

In less than three months, she received another offer. This suit was also laid before the family Sanhedrin. "The young man's character was canvassed pro and con, his principles scrutinized." In the end, they marked him O. K. Sarah was married to him by the Rev. Mr. Jones, and lived in felicity forevermore.

● In the meanwhile, what had happened to Eliza? When Mr. Jones, the family pastor, returned from a long mission to the heathen, he found out why she is known to history as "The Unfortunate Female." She was living alone, in sickness and poverty, and her children were destitute. Sheldon, at great personal inconvenience, and merely to revenge himself on the Rossells, had deserted her, gone to St. Louis, got himself shot as a highwayman, and on his death-bed, had despatched a letter to his wife, which was simply one long and bitter "Ha, ha!" He did not even address her at the opening of the letter with any affection, but formally, as "Mrs. Eliza Sheldon." He added that he expected to be in Hell next morning.

From this it seems clear that a girl does well to consult her parents before marrying. But this lesson is directly contradicted by the next pamphlet in my collection: *The Blasted Flower; or, Sad Effects of Parental Coercion.* The heroine of this melancholy tale was a young lady from Halifax, who is left in a fearful situation in New York because she has done exactly what the author of *The Unfortunate Female* advises. She was forced by her parents into "a loveless marriage". The author of *The Blasted Flower* concludes sadly:

"And what has that parent done who has compelled his child to marry where the heart has no interest? He has called down a weight of guilt upon his own head, by subjecting his child to a legal prostitution so long as they remain together."

Another of my text-books upon this difficult theme is *The Burglar's Companion, or, Fatal Elopement of Sarah Williamson, the Misguided Victim of Awful Depravity.* Here the moral is clearer, and we are left in no doubt that "a young and interesting Female" is ill-advised if she weds a burglar—or even if she merely becomes the burglar's companion.

Turning from this painful subject to the matter of wine-bibbing, we find more agreement. The author of *Confessions of a Female Inebriate; or, Intemperance in High Life,* is "A Lady." She comes out for total abstinence, and bases her argument upon the experiences of a Female who poisoned her baby and alienated her husband as a result of "drinking wine in the closet."

Even more outspoken is the Rev. Mason L. Weems, author of *The Drunkard's Looking-Glass,* as well as that life of Washington in which was first told the cherry-tree story. Mr. Weems had the same uncompromising attitude toward sin as Mr. Coolidge's pastor; he was against it. In addition to his life of Washington he wrote books in which he denounced murder, adultery and drunkenness.

This illustration from *The Drunkard's Looking-Glass* gives a pretty clear idea of what happens to the tippler. Mr. Weems, a genuine wag, knows the value of humour as an argument, so he includes many of the slang terms for being drunk. Thus we learn that in 1818 it was considered smart to refer to a drunkard as: Boozy; Groggy; Blue; Damp; Fuddled; Tipsy; Haily Gaily; How Came You So; Half Shaved; Swipy; Has Got a Drop in His Eye; Cut; Has His Wet Sheet Aboard; Cut in the Craw; and High up to Picking Cotton.

● There is a note of cheer in *Fostina Woodman; or, The Wonderful Adventurer.* At least, Miss Woodman met her tribulations with a brave heart, and kept absolutely clear of wine and burglars. Living in a beautiful place in northern Massachusetts, near the Connecticut River, she was rather depressed when her suitor, Lewis Mortimer, insisted on joining the gold-rush to California. With Fostina's brothers he sailed away on the ship *Essex.*

Promptly appeared evil incarnate in the form of a cousin—one Rineldo Aubrey. Probably one of the old northern Massachusetts Aubreys. He not only got a false announcement of the death of Lewis Mortimer printed in the papers, but also seized Fostina and locked her up in a castle. Here, he announced, she would stay, until she agreed to marry him.

"Fair girl," he added, "make no denial!"

"Never!" replied the heroic Fostina.

"Until then," he retorted, "this room shall be your prison, and nought shall set you free."

A BOOK-JACKET OF 1854

But he neglected to lock the door, and that night she escaped—wearing a suit of clothes belonging to her brother. This bold act, I suppose, caused her to be known as *The Wonderful Adventurer.* The author permits no portrait of the young female in this daring attire, and it is emphasized that she resumed the proper habiliments of a lady at the earliest moment consistent with safety, or as soon as she reached Schenectady.

It was not long after this that she beheld "the pale and emaciated countenance of Lewis Mortimer, who now clasped her to his bosom."

● *The Housebreaker; or, The Mysteries of Crime* appeared in Boston in 1848, in order to give its readers a true picture of goings-on in New York. It begins in *Murderer's Alley* and dwells upon life in the Tombs and other places where criminals congregate. The author delighted in such chapter headings as *Revelling and Midnight Abominations among Harlots* and *Voluptuousness en Deshabille.*

One of these gatherings was introduced by this note:

Leonard Street
Thursday evening

Dear S., The ladies of our house have arranged to have a little party tonight, to which only a select few have been invited, as it is to be 'en deshabille,' Your lady, Miss Anna, is also expected; and we anticipate a season of delightful enjoyment.

Yours,
Julia Brown.

The hero and his lady duly attended, and were astonished to find the place full of eminent citizens, including the famous Lawyer Roberts. The dance which followed supper is portrayed in the illustration, and the author severely remarks that "Such 'parties' are known to have taken place in New York, frequently."

From these scenes of debauchery it is agreeable to turn to the happier career of Josephine Boisdechene, better known under her married name of Mme. Fortuné Clofullia. Born in Switzerland, Mlle. *(Continued on page 100)*

THE RETURN OF THE HOUSEBREAKER

STEICHEN—LAKE HOPATCONG

Joe Cook

The star of "Fine and Dandy" poses for an informal portrait in the grounds of his summer estate at Lake Hopatcong

■ When he was five years old little Joe Lopez, the orphan son of an Irish mother and a Spanish father, was adopted by a family named Cook, in Evansville, Indiana, and legally acquired their name. At thirteen, Joe Cook ran away with a medicine-show that came to town, as acrobat and barker. Drifting eventually to New York, he appeared in a juggling act at an obscure vaudeville theatre, gradually developing the one-man vaudeville show, which included his celebrated non-imitation of four Hawaiians, and was to make him famous. In 1923, he was featured in the first edition of Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, and appeared in Carroll productions until last season, when he was starred in *Rain or Shine*. His new show, *Fine and Dandy*, is by Donald Ogden Stewart, with music and lyrics by Kay Swift and Paul James. The photograph on the opposite page shows Mr. Cook with his three children, Leo, Doris and Joe, Junior and (second from the ground) Hermann, his stage assistant and an important member of the Cook ménage

How to solve the traffic situation

BY COREY FORD

SCORE CARD

Sample Timetable of a Sunday Drive Along the Merrick Road

Time, 9:00 A.M. Distance 0. Our family has set out early to avoid other cars, which have set out early for the same reason. They soon find themselves in an interminable queue of similar vehicles, all moving forward by inches. All filled with pleasure-mad families, all staring rigidly ahead.

Time, 10:47 A.M. Distance 11 feet, 7⅛ inches. Gained when Father circles a small Ford and dodges back into line in the nick of time. Total gain, 11 feet 7½ inches.

Time, 12:03 P.M. Distance 6 inches. Gained when Father accidentally steps on the accelerator instead of the brake and shoots forward like a bullet, telescoping the rear end of the car ahead. Total gain, 12 feet, 1½ inches.

Time, 1:29 P.M. Distance 16 feet, 4 inches. Lost when Father turns around to eat a sandwich. When this is consumed, two other cars have sneaked ahead of him in line, and he is back where he started. Total loss, 4 feet, 3 inches.

Time, 4:37 P.M. Distance 13 feet, 9 inches. Gained when father steps on his starter and starts with such a jolt that Sister is dropped over the side. Net loss: 6 feet, 3 inches. Grand total loss since morning, 10 feet, 6 inches.

Time 6:00 P.M. Distance the rest of the trip. Gained when Father climbs out of the car in grim silence, removes the engine and hands it to Mother, hangs the four tires around Grandma's neck, and disappears down the rest of the road with the tonneau on his back. Total loss during Sunday: entire Sunday.

■ The scene is practically any well-traveled Motor Highway in America. It is Sunday afternoon.

And what a pleasant scene it is, to be sure! The broad highway, lined with the gay autumn colors of red and yellow! The smooth concrete road, unwinding like a magic carpet, who knows whither? The hum of myriad bees, the lowing of contented cattle, the gentle Sabbath breezes! The long line of pleasure cars, extending up and down the road as far as the eye can reach, filled with fortunate American families who have left the hot stuffy city behind them and driven out here into the peaceful countryside for a breath of fresh air.

Let us draw nearer. Let us examine this pleasant scene a little more closely. Things, it appears, are not quite as they seemed. The gay autumn colors of red and yellow still line the broad highway, it is true; but they are contributed by the red and yellow gasoline pumps in front of Ye Olde Hotte Dog Fyllynge Statione. The smooth concrete road unwinds like a magic carpet for five hundred feet, and then terminates abruptly in a deep morass of muddy ruts, red lanterns, steam-shovels and a gloating sign: "Construction Ahead: Proceed at Your Own Risk." What we took for the hum of bees is the grinding of myriad gears; the lowing of cattle is the honk of discontented horns; and the gentle breezes are laden with our standard Sabbath mixture of two parts gasoline, one part burning brakes, and the rest fresh tar.

And what of the long line of pleasure cars, extending up and down the road as far as the eye can reach? Here, too, something appears to be wrong. The cars extend up and down the road, to be sure; but they are not moving. They are, in fact, standing perfectly still. They have been standing still for the past three-quarters of an hour; and they are filled with as sour a lot of American families as ever deserted their comfortable rocking-chairs and paper-strewn sofas to spend their Sunday afternoon sitting out here in the broiling sun, waiting for the line to start forward again.

But stay! A ray of hope! Something is moving at last along the interminable file of halted cars. It is a motorcycle; and on the motorcycle, my pet, is seated a curious individual in a blue uniform with brass buttons, whose heart apparently was removed when he was very, very young. And what word of cheer does this lone messenger bring? His greeting is brief, but to the point; to each car in turn, as he chugs past, he tosses over his shoulder a single sunny message, squeezed out between his clenched teeth like sausage-meat through a grinder: "Keep in line! Keep in line! Keep in line!"

And the driver of each car sinks a little lower behind the wheel, his eyes glazed, his cigar drooping despondently, his gaze fixed stolidly ahead. He is humming to himself. He is humming a forgotten refrain. It is the Song of the Open Road. . . .

As matters stand, he hasn't got a prayer. On every thoroughfare and country lane, on highway and byway, up and down the length and breadth of our native land, America is spending its Sabbath Day on wheels. If all the automobiles purchased in 1930 were placed end to end along the Boston Post Road on a single Sunday afternoon, experts state, it would be just like any other Sunday. Bumper to bumper, fender to fender, they edge forward patiently three feet at a time, radiators pressed to spare tires like an interminable file of circus elephants with their tails in their trunks. Roadsters and sedans, touring-cars and trucks, limousines and coupés extend from horizon to horizon in a solid and immovable queue, hour after hour, *(Continued on page 98)*

Joe Cook—the head of his family

Tashamira—in "The Second Little Show"

■ Tashamira, the dancer, was born in Croatia, Jugoslavia. She studied ballet-dancing in Europe, later becoming a pupil of Laben, and appeared in Hamburg and many other European cities with the original *Tanz Bühne*, a company of dancers. Since her arrival in America two years ago, Tashamira has taught interpretive dancing, and has given series of recitals. *The Second Little Show*—a new version of the very successful *Little Show* of last season—is her first venture into the comparatively frivolous activities of musical comedy

Ananias preferred

BY CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW

. . . But the pleasure felt in these
Is as chalk to cheddar cheese
When it comes to a well-made Lie:
To a quite unwreckable Lie,
To a most impeccable Lie!
To a water-tight, fire-proof,
Angle-iron, sunk-hinge, time-lock,
steel-face Lie!

Kipling

■ Of all the social virtues, the least neglected, the most useful and ornamental, the easiest to practice and the loveliest is lying. In all its delicate shades and gradations, under all its guises,—evasion, exaggeration, understatement, hypocrisy, fiction, romance, tact and diplomacy, it is the constant handmaiden to our thoughts and words. Without it governments would fall, social structures collapse, high finance, dinner parties, marriages and disarmament treaties be scrapped. It is the *sine qua non* of diplomats, headwaiters, authors, real-estate agents, dressmakers, lovers, stock brokers, politicians and parents. The Bogey-Man and the Eighteenth Amendment, Santa Claus and the League of Nations, the Stork and the Divorce Courts are all taken in its smooth stride. Lying increases the creative faculties, expands the ego, lessens the friction of social contacts, and cultivates the memory; for without a good memory no man can hope to become an accomplished liar—which is why all successful prevaricators are invariably people of intelligence.

It has been said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lies, and it is this ignorance and intolerance of living falsehood which is responsible for much of the unrest in the world today. (One has only to consider how the whole face of Europe might be changed overnight if, for instance, M. Briand and Signor Mussolini could each be certain to what point the other was telling the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.)

■ One should learn early to lie and to let lie. The trouble arises when the average man who cherishes his own, resents his neighbour's mendacity.

In ordinary society lying may easily be divided into four types—social lying, business lying, domestic or love lying, and creative lying. The latter is known as the Lie for the lie's sake.

Social lying, the best-known form, is universally called tact. It is too familiar to all of us to need much elaboration. Society is a great fabrication, a tangled net which we willingly weave of bright little fibs, white lies, colourful evasions of drab truths. Mark Twain called them half-breed, mulatto, or quadroon truths. The most banal and simple example of this sort of prevarication is when you look your hostess unflinchingly in the eye, after the dreariest of evenings, and say in a firm voice, "Thank you for a delightful time. . . . You entertain charmingly."

How many times a week do you send the maid to the telephone to tell your broker you are "out," when you have just been "in" to your bootlegger! If you are that enviable thing, a "social success," you cozen your hostesses about their clothes, the decorations of their homes, their liqueurs, and how many times you have seen the plays they take you to. You say, "It really doesn't matter" to the partner who takes you down a thousand points at bridge; you brush up your golf score a bit to save your friends the humiliation of playing with a duffer; you politely lie your way in and out of invitations, appointments, flirtations and accusations which may have been rightfully but meanly brought against you. And of course, if you have any rich relatives, you lie in a fashion guaranteed to give them the greatest amount of pleasure and you a comfortable mention in their wills. The truth, then, socially speaking, is something to be reserved for discussing the weather and for the private ears of your doctor, your ex-husband or wife, and in certain unavoidable instances, the income-tax collector. . . .

■ Of course, business is so bad today that even liars are complaining. Since the recent crash in the stock market, and the resultant industrial depression, it is no longer possible to claim with the gusto necessary to a good, competitive lie, that your particular field of endeavour is entering upon a period of prosperity unprecedented, etc., or that you have augmented your sales-force, etc., or that your stock-market advice has made all your customers so rich that even their wives are satisfied. One is faced with the indecent necessity of telling the naked truth about business to creditors and prospective clients alike. The art of avoiding a "touch," of putting over a big deal with a winning lie as well-timed as a Bobby Jones golf swing has fallen into disuse, because since it is as plain as the nose on a money-lender's face that nobody has much of anything left, there is nothing to lie about —unless it is the amount of one's losses. And even here the average man must compete with such staggering figures among his own associates that all the joy has gone out of it. However, it is to be hoped that prosperous times will return, that the presently silent business man may once again begin the pleasant little game of equivocation, casuistry and guile which has made American business the tremendous thing that it was until yesterday.

Lying to one's sweetheart, husband or wife, and the children, makes up the great body of domestic lying.

No lover was ever successful who did not feed his mistress on the sweet pap of falsehood; and no home was ever kept intact without the aid of good, wholesome doses of mendacity. When you tell the girl of your choice that she has the breast of a dove, the eyes of a doe, the throat of a swan and the disposition of an angel, it is conceivable that you mean every word of it . . . it is also barely possible that you are lying, but you instinctively realize that the poetic, if fanciful, means are justified by the delightful ends. Moreover, if your flights of fancy are to achieve noteworthy heights of romanticism, it is important that you should not believe in what you are saying too firmly, for nothing so hampers a man's imaginative faculties as a strict adherence to fact. Casanova and Don Juan wooed and won more women with polished lies than all the simple swains in the world have ever done with unvarnished truths. For truth is flat and unadorned, is salty and hard to swallow even in its mildest forms. Therefore, the ambitious lover is one who fills his inamorata with the veriest nonsense about herself, himself, and everything he hopes to do for her and with her. He swears (all liars habitually hold one hand over the heart) that he is his employer's white hope, that they will spend long vacations every year in foreign lands, that her hair is like ripe corn, and that he is all in all quite an extraordinary fellow.

A woman, on the contrary, never needs to be instructed in the principles of lying, for being of the practical sex, it comes quite naturally to her. She therefore responds that of course he is the finest, noblest, cleverest, and handsomest of God's creatures, which is merely a way of saying that all she wants is a quite ordinary husband and children who will not too closely resemble his side of the family.

■ Once married, a loving, lying couple will continue, if they are wise, to build their home on this mendacious foundation. It is one of the tragic things about marriage that it so often predisposes two people to tell each other the truth. Flattery, cajolery, all the nice prevarications and euphemisms that make social life endurable are too often discarded in the home. A good wife is one who lies to her husband about the market bills, the clothes bills, her mother's opinion of him, and her own violent reactions to a closer association with his immediate person and personality. And a good husband nobly responds with untruthful statements concerning what he feels about her new hat, his mother-in-law, his income, and where he was the night before.

Moreover, honest parents lie assiduously and systematically to their offspring. If you doubt this, think back upon your own childhood. The first six or seven years of your life were probably spent in assimilating a ceaseless trickle of disingenuous tales about life from the lips of your father and mother. You were taught that the stork brings babies, and Santa Claus your Christmas presents, that fairies, goblins, bogies, honest policemen and patriotic statesmen were the order of the nursery day; and that your parents were a race apart, a grown-up, infallible people who never told anything but the *(Continued on page 84)*

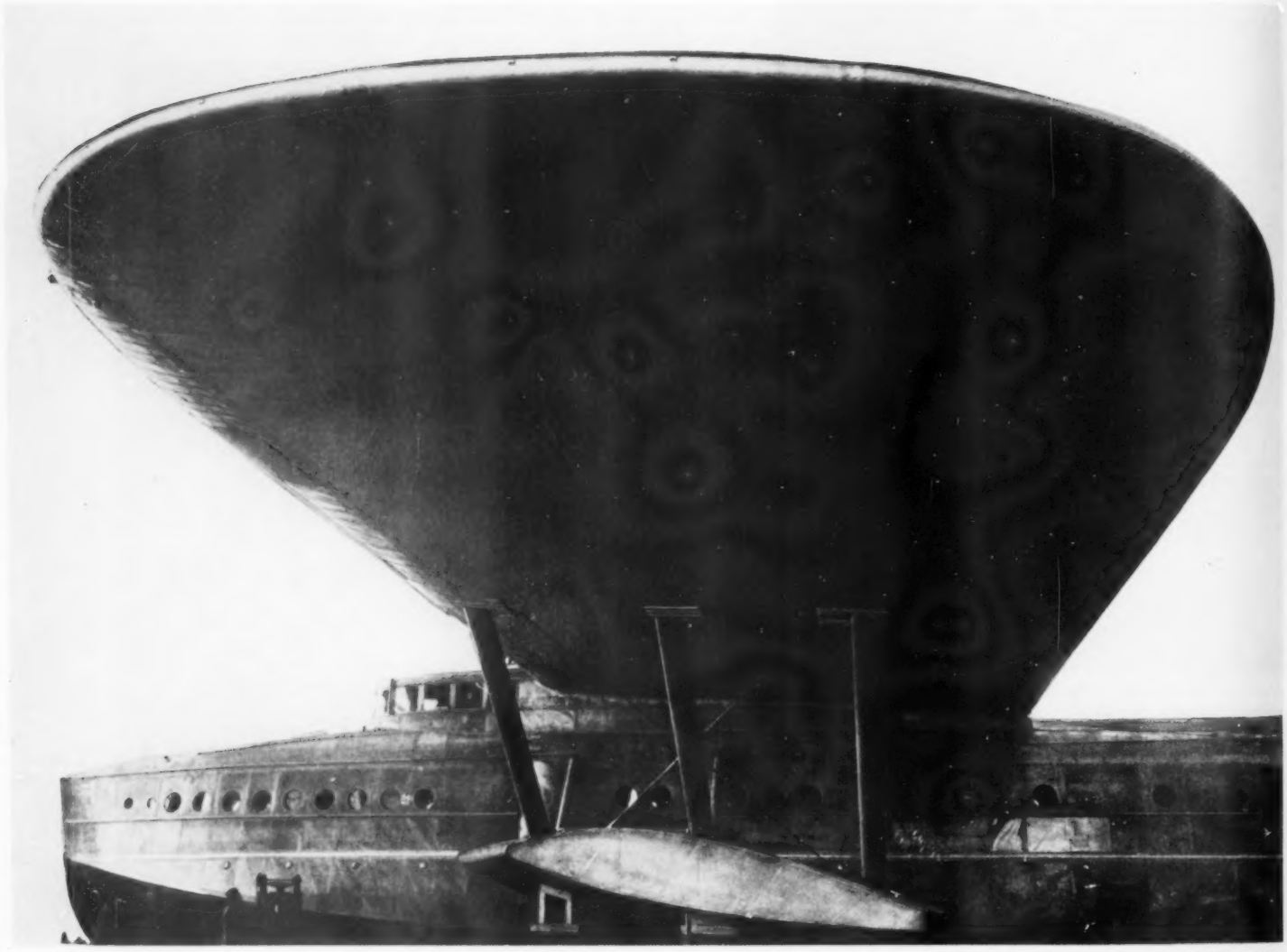


PHOTO UNION—BERLIN

The new ocean traveller

A photograph of the "DO-X" sea-plane, in preparation for its flight to America—at Friedrichshafen, Germany

■ The giant sea-plane "DO-X" is the largest heavier-than-air machine in the world. It has a wing spread of 162 feet and a length of 92 feet. In the tests, previous to its trans-Atlantic flight, piloted by Friedrich Christiansen, this plane, manufactured by the Dornier Company, lifted 95,000 pounds, taking off at a speed of 80 miles an hour. 69 people can be comfortably carried in the ship, although this includes the crew of 15 necessary for its operation. The Dornier Company spent over $150,000 in preparing the sea-plane for its American flight installing, at the last minute, 12 Curtis Conqueror motors of 650 HP, replacing the original engines. The "DO-X" has long been considered a triumph of aeronautical engineering. Despite its great size it has a top speed of 144 miles an hour

Amuse me, dear

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

Dispassionately showing that a great many things are funnier than the home life of a professional humourist

■ All of their friends admitted that the Bannings were a happily married couple—that is, they admitted it when they spoke of the Bannings in the plural at all. When you considered Eliot Banning, it was difficult to think of Florence, his wife; for Eliot was a famous man. His third volume of humourous essays was in its eleventh edition; the play on which he had collaborated was running into its eighth month on Broadway; the current magazines were gaudy with his wit. Eliot Banning was a celebrity. He was, with Ring Lardner, Irvin Cobb and Bob Benchley, one of the leading humourists of his time.

He was a leading humourist everywhere except at home. His humour was instinctive—but the words in which he clothed it had the pure, authentic quality that does not spring easily from the brain. He worked hard at it—and often, at the end of a day, he was tired. At home, with Florence, he did not have to sparkle; there, he could rest. And there he rested so completely that sometimes he sat in the room with her for a long time without saying anything at all.

Florence Banning was a small, pleasant woman with brown hair and pretty hands and feet. She was always busy, in an apologetic sort of way, with things that seemed not to matter very much to anyone else. She moved quietly through her life as a comfortable background for Eliot, doing the right things at the right time, saying what everyone expected her to say. She was a woman with no surprises in her.

The things that Banning briskly caricatured in every word that he wrote were, to his wife, the realities of life. Domestic virtues, comments on the weather, the bright sayings of children (the Bannings had none)—these were what interested Florence. She never really understood or enjoyed her husband's humour; and although she smiled adequately when she read his books and when she went to the opening night of one of his plays, secretly she preferred the simpler antics of *Bringing Up Father* in the comic strip, or of *Mickey Mouse* on the screen. She always laughed when a fat man fell down in the moving pictures, and cried when lovers were parted.

■ It was perhaps her instinctive simplicity that had helped her to maintain her hero-worship of Eliot. She was the perfect audience for him. When he said, "Did I tell you what Benchley said at the poker-game last Thursday night?" she never answered, "Yes, dear, you did." Invariably her pleasant face lighted with anticipation, and she listened with little murmurs of encouragement to the story—sometimes for a third or fourth time. She was the kind of wife who, at dinner parties, said to her husband, "Tell them that story about the taxi-driver, Eliot—the one that everyone thought was so funny the other night." And Eliot, his audience thus delicately prepared, would tell the story superbly while Florence contrived to listen and at the same time to watch the effect of her husband's wit upon the other people at the table with as complacent a pleasure as though he were something she had recently, herself, invented.

Of course, she spoiled him. But it was on these occasions that everybody agreed that the Bannings were a happy couple. The women said that Florence managed Eliot beautifully. The men said that she appreciated him.

On a cold, blue afternoon in February, Florence was arranging flowers in their living-room, just off Park Avenue. Eliot sat silently in the window, doing nothing, his attractive and rather rigid profile dark against the deep light of dusk. For a while he watched, distrustfully, his wife's efficient gestures among the tulips and roses and vases of clear water on the table. Then he spoke.

"I hope to God," said Eliot, "that nobody's coming to see us this afternoon."

Florence looked distressed. "I asked a few people in for cocktails, dear," she explained. "They needn't bother you, if you don't want to see them. You can go up to your study if you like, until they're gone. They won't stay very long. It's only the Robinsons and the Colts and Maisie Jeffer. . . ." She turned hopefully, a yellow tulip clinging to her wet fingers. But Eliot was halfway up the stairs.

He stayed upstairs throughout the warm clatter of arriving guests and the dim murmur of what they called conversation that ensued. He stayed there until what seemed to him to be an uncouth noise rose painfully to his ears. Eliot was not musical. Annoyed, then, he got up and went down to the living-room.

A woman whom he knew slightly and disliked vehemently came to him through the fragrant cloud of smoke and diluted alcohol, and waved her hands in his face. This was Maisie Jeffer.

"Why, it's *Mr.* Banning!" she cried, rattling her great bracelets of brass and jade and putting her face so close to Eliot's that he could see himself in the pupils of her eyes. "I just *know* that he's going to tell us all a *screamingly* funny story—aren't you, Mr. Banning?"

Eliot reached for a cocktail. "No," he said.

Mrs. Jeffer looked at him sharply, suspecting wit. She went on talking, vivaciously. "Mr. Banning, I want you to meet a very *great* celebrity whom I have taken the liberty of bringing to your party. But perhaps you know him? You *must* have met Harry Sellers . . . *you* know, the famous blues singer?"

She was dragging him across the room as she talked, and Eliot became reluctantly conscious of a young man leaning against the piano, who now passed a hand lightly over shining hair and came forward. Anyone could have told at a glance that he was a ballad-singer . . . one of those boys who live in front of the Palace Theatre but are generally pretty confident of being somewhere else when the dogwood blossom blooms.

"How do you do?" said Eliot.

Harry Sellers greeted him with a warm handclasp and a firm grip on the shoulder. "I'm just giving the boys and girls a little treat, Mr. Banning, with the aid of your little woman. No, no!" he protested comically, "don't thank me—never refer to it. I give my all for Art, don't I, Mrs. Jeffer? Some fonn, some fonn, hah, keed?"

■ Eliot had the impression that he had been poked jovially in the ribs. Mr. Sellers laughed easily through perfect teeth, and Mrs. Jeffer clasped her hands romantically.

The first meeting thus had been accomplished between the leading humourist of his time and the man who had achieved fame through singing songs of sorrow.

Eliot sat down and noticed with some surprise that Florence was seated at the piano. He had almost forgotten that she liked to play. She was looking at Harry Sellers, and now she struck a soft, minor chord. The room settled to a waiting hush, and the blues singer lifted up his voice once more, and sang.

He sang softly, plaintively, and always he sang of one who had *(Continued on page 98)*

HERMANN POST

"Pithecanthropos Erectus and some skirt he picked up in a gravel pit"

CATHERINE DALE OWEN

LOIS WILSON

EDDIE CANTOR

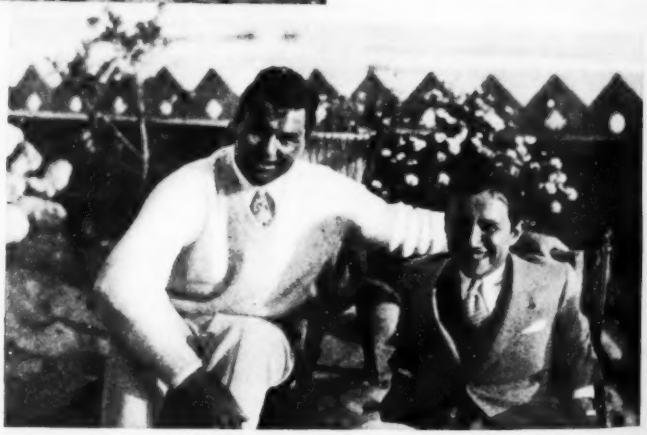
AND JOBYNA HOWLAND

VIVIENNE SEGAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORTIMER OFFNER

ANN PENNINGTON

At Malibu Beach



JACK DEMPSEY AND CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

CLARA BOW AT MALIBU

Malibu—the stars' playground

BY PAMELA POYNTER

■ Malibu Beach, twenty miles from Hollywood, California, on the Pacific Ocean, is the summer resort of nearly all the celebrated moving picture stars in America. Here Clara Bow has a beach cottage from which the bright monotony of phonograph music incessantly drifts, and where Mr. Bow, her father, plays a continuous and rather plaintive game of darts against himself on the occasions of his visits there. Gloria Swanson leased, this summer, the house next door, and further up the beach live Ruth Chatterton, Vivienne Segal, Dolores del Rio, Lupe Velez, Eddie Cantor and others in spectacular profusion.

Malibu beach is enclosed by a rail fence and guarded by a watchman. Four years ago, when the colony first began, the watchman was a broad-brimmed cowboy mounted on a Western pony. Now the dark wing of efficiency has brushed a little of the bloom from Malibu, and the cowboy rides in a Ford . . . but his vigil is unbroken.

■ Four years ago, Malibu was a deserted stretch of sea and sand ranging eighteen miles along the Pacific, and known as the Ringe Ranch. It belonged to Mrs. May Ringe, the widow of a cattle rancher.

It was Anna Q. Nilsson who, wandering up the beach one day, found this enchanted shore where the dark irregularity of seals at play crested the waves far out, and pelicans poised themselves on the great rocks jutting out into the Pacific. Miss Nilsson, learning that Mrs. Ringe would not sell any of her property, but would surrender a few feet of it on a seven-year lease, rented a plot and built a one-story beach cottage on it. She was followed almost immediately by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence and Raoul Walsh, and so the glittering colony at Malibu began. Now the line of cottages is more than a mile long, and the ground on which they stand is leased from Mrs. Ringe under such conditions that all of the leases will expire three years from now, or seven years from the time that the first one was signed. At the expiration of each lease the house and all improvements on each plot of land revert to Mrs. Ringe, unless they are removable, and removed, by the tenants. Nobody knows whether the landlady will renew the leases at the end of the seven years. Mrs. Ringe is a business woman, although not otherwise connected with the moving pictures.

Most of the houses at Malibu were one-story shacks until the fire last season, which destroyed many of them. They have since been rebuilt, and in some cases, more elaborately.

There were no telephones until this year. The entrance to the beach colony is a narrow dirt road—almost an alley—running back of the cottages; but on a Sunday it glitters to the heavens with the Rolls Royces, Minervas and Hispano Suizas of the resident stars and their guests. There are tennis courts, and there is talk of making a polo-field next year.

Here, on the beach, is the spot where Harry Richman (wearing a scarlet beach-robe, so the story goes) first announced his engagement to Clara Bow. There, in the sand, the prancing footprints of Eddie Cantor are engulfed by the greater ones of Jack Dempsey. Here, at Malibu, are all the idols of the film fans—eating, drinking, getting salt water in their eyes like anyone else.

It is pronounced Mali-BOO. But no offence is implied.

A paradise for sailors

BY PAUL MORAND

■ About 1904, shortly before the Entente Cordiale, the German Kaiser had the intention of forming an alliance with France. He sent the German imperial yacht for the French Prime Minister, M. Waldeck Rousseau, showed him Kiel and Hamburg, and explained to him that Germany henceforth had to be considered a world power.

"What did you think of the Kaiser?" the Prime Minister was asked on his return to France.

"A very astute man," he answered, "really quite amiable, but a little . . . provincial."

The same is true of Hamburg. This port imagines that it is another New York, but it is not. It is provincial, and that is its charm. Hamburg has all the characteristics of a good bourgeois of the North. Its low-lying Hanseatic sea-front is flattened between a Flemish sky and a Holland sea. Its pleasures are coarse, its manners plebian and industrious. Moreover, New York has prospered while the prosperity of Hamburg was swallowed up in the great cataclysm of the war.

Hamburg no longer wears its handsome gold admiral's uniform, cut by a smart London tailor. It is dressed in mufti, like a captain disembarked from a long voyage, who is a little older, a little more corpulent, but nevertheless still in robust health.

The war ruined, drained, crushed Hamburg. Today it is coming back. It is no longer the artificial forcing-house of that vain and impatient gardener, the Kaiser. It is a normal, solid, organic growth. The inflation which enriched the German state, permitted it to enrich in turn its municipalities and commonalties.

Hamburg in two years has been able to reconstruct all its tramway lines, renovate its autobuses, transform its lighting system. Everything is new: the magnificent gift that Germany, sole beneficiary of the war, (now that she is freed of the burden of a fleet and an army) made to her children. The port is as tidy as a house-wife's cupboard. Asiatic Wharf, African Wharf, American Wharf. Lumber port, coal port, glittering in the sun; port for petroleum, refined almost on the docks. Grain elevators, like temple pillars, threaded by electric cables. Extended arms of cranes. Full warehouses. Smoking factories. Maritime docks. The *Bremen* is at sea on the Atlantic, where she smashed the old record of the *Mauretania*. Her sister-ship the *Europa*, 46,000 tons, lies in dock. The stern is round, scooped out. The *Hamburg-Amerika* rides anchor in three colours: black hulls, white superstructure, yellow smokestacks. The *Kaiser*, a white boat for Heligoland, the *Hansa-Linie*, with the iron cross on its smokestacks. I spent an hour and a half reviewing them in a fast motor boat. From here first sailed the *Leviathan* and the *Majestic*, the two largest ships afloat.

At the Atlantic Hotel, everything invites departure, if only on a wharf pacquet-boat. Through the stained windows of the dining room one sees the Alster, the Nautical Club, the sails, a landscape of bricks, dotted with emerald green bell-towers, varnished by the morning light like a little Dutch Master of the seventeenth century. One hears all languages spoken, noticeably Spanish. On the other side of the bridge, the Ethno- *(Continued on page 94)*

First night—entr'acte

A cross, but not bitterly cross-section of a smart play's opening night in New York—by Covarrubias

Venturing from left to right, we have Heywood Broun, lonely in a top hat, Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman straining at the leash for a break in Alexander Woollcott's narrative of what he said at a party the night before in order that they, in turn, may tell *him* what *they* said at a party the night before. Behind them, Carl Van Vechten turns his back poutingly on whatever detestable draught of fresh air may assault him from the street (Mr. Van Vechten has not been out-of-doors for seven years, barring excursions to Harlem in an air-tight taxi); while his wife, Fania Marinoff, seems oddly to have fallen silent for a moment. To the right, under the portrait of Mrs. Fiske, Gloria Swanson is a little away from Otto Kahn while Katharine Cornell lingers, lullingly dynamic, in the background. The other first-nighters, who are being pointed out variously as Ronald Colman, Mae West and Buddy ("Sweetheart") Rogers, are really ticket speculators, dressmakers and wholesale woolen merchants

Spies and the spy system

BY JEFFERSON CHASE

■ . . . . . The Countess leaned forward laughingly and puffed her perfumed cigarette. *"Eh bien, mon ami?"* she enquired casually. "You have the papers?"

Muffham's eyes narrowed. Unconsciously he pressed his arm against the right side of his perfectly tailored dinner jacket, to reassure himself that the packet was still there. The whirr and click of the roulette tables, the monotonous *"Faites vos jeux!"* of the croupiers, blended magically with the moonlight on the terrace of the Casino and the ridinglights of the yachts in the little harbor of Monaco.

"I've got them," he murmured, "thanks no end to you, Vera."

"And Radematsky?" she shrugged.

Muffham grinned boyishly. "He'll recover consciousness in a couple of hours," he said, "and by that time the *Amphytryte*, Lord Berwick's yacht, should be well outside the three-mile limit."

Although he spoke banteringly it was a great moment for the Foreign Office spy. He had just filched from the most dangerous man in Europe the most dangerous document in Europe—the jealously guarded plan for the invasion of Ruritania by the Greatest Power in Europe.

■ We have all read that sort of thing so often, in our moments of lighter reading, that we have unconsciously come to assume that it is all fiction. On the contrary, minus a couple of yachts, and without the Countesses, it is fact, fact repeated every year in nearly every nation. Campaign plans are bought or stolen. Spies creep into munitions factories or aboard battleships. Secret agents beset the footsteps of unwary officials and the trinity of treason—wine, woman and debt—continue the best recruiting agents for the world's spy systems. Propaganda, the twin brother of espionage, has been working overtime since the Armistice and all authorities are agreed that there are more spies at large today than there were before the war.

In every country of the world they are at work, seeking to ferret out significant bits of military, naval, commercial and political information. Occasionally they are men of prominence, who have been reduced by debt or fear of exposure to betray their trust. More frequently they are army and navy officers operating in mufti. Most often they are women, who play espionage as Bobby Jones plays golf, for love of the sport, and who pit their wits and their beauty against the brains of others in the endless game of "Who dropped the document?" Scarcely a month goes by without some spy-scare—a Fish Communist barbecue in America, an economic espionage alarm in Germany, a "capitalistic sabotage" fever in Russia. It happens in Europe, in Asia, in Central America, in fact wherever the game of politics is worth the scandal. Maps are stolen and blueprints are photostated. Letters are opened and cheques traced. Spies creep aboard dreadnaughts at battle-practice or watch the testing of a new tank or anti-aircraft gun. Formulae for new gases and explosives are made and stolen. Here and there a spy is caught and sent to prison or, in less gentle countries, "shot while trying to escape". Reports come and go and the dossiers swell ponderously in official files against the coming of the next war. For espionage is, like war, the greatest game in the world, and like all such games, its greatness lasts only so long as you do not weaken. In an otherwise vaguely uninteresting world, the spy survives as a picturesque reminder of the fact that international protestations are not all that they might be and that the threat of war still hangs like a thunder-cloud over us.

Espionage remains today the most dangerous of all professions in a dull and seemingly unromantic age

■ In the last year of the Great Peace, no less than 346 cases of espionage were tried in German Courts and twenty-one convictions were secured. In May, 1913, it became known that Colonel Alfred Redl, chief of staff of the Prague Army Corps and in charge of Austro-Hungarian secret service in Russia, was himself a Russian spy. The French operated in Germany, th- gh the Wagons-Lits and from a spy center at Geneva, under the charge of Lieutenant Colonel Parschet, with ninety subordinates. The British worked from Brussels under Captain Renguart, and had to their credit the planting of a spy at Wilhelmshaven who corrupted the local police and obtained plans of the defenses and of the Von der Thann.

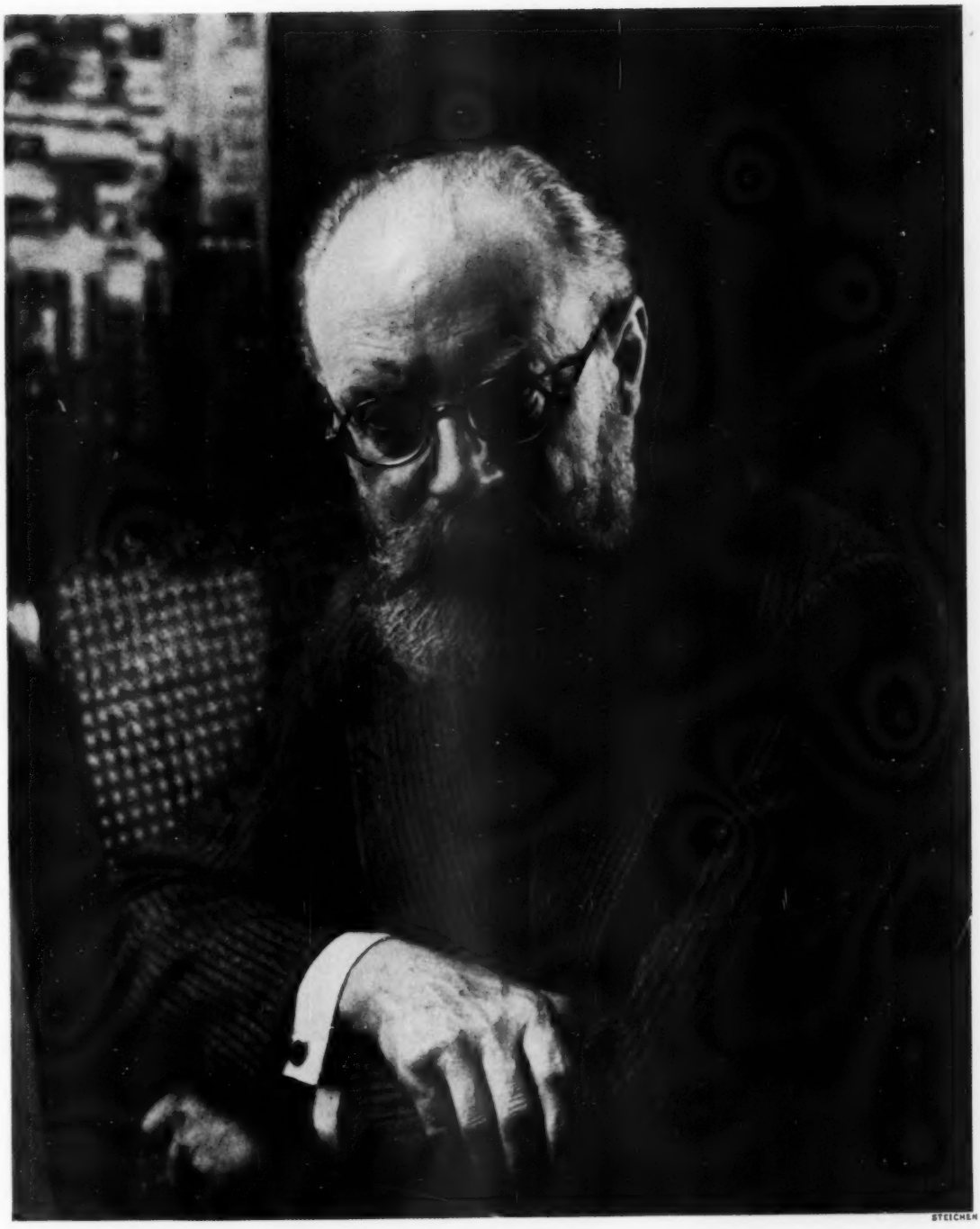
The Germans were also busy. In 1912, the German agent Graves secured plans of the new British naval gun-mountings from the Beardmore works at Edinburgh. On the French frontier Annemarie Dresser, who was later famous as the "Lady Doctor"—the greatest woman spy of the World War—mapped the French defenses and took photographs of the new French field artillery and trench methods. She repeated her exploit in Belgium, where she inspected the new fortifications at Liège and reconnoitered the plain of Beverloo. For counter-espionage work in Germany alone, Colonel Nikolai worked with a budget of 450,000 marks.

The objects of espionage were as varied as the objects of policy in the World War. In Spain, for example, the Gallic comédienne, Mistinguett, worked to keep the government neutral against the efforts of the German agents to bring Spain into the war on the side of the Central Powers. In the United States the rôles were reversed, with the Germans working for neutrality and the Allies for American belligerency on their behalf.

The war revealed the fact that propaganda and espionage were simply two aspects of the same thing, the pursuit of policy by other means. The United States immediately became a battle-ground for secret and avowed agents seeking to shape American policy in behalf of their own countries. The actual number of paid agents regularly employed for this purpose in America was small, probably not more than five hundred in all. Thanks to George Sylvester Viereck's interesting exposé of war-time propaganda in America—*Spreading Germs of Hate*—we know how assiduously and cleverly the "Pro-German" and "Pro-Ally" labels were concealed from the public.

■ The German "Propaganda Cabinet" was centralized in New York, under the control of Dr. Albert. It included the clever Dernburg as chief propagandist, with Fuehr and Mecklenburg as his assistants, and with properly appointed liaison and publicity men. The German-American population and the Lutheran Churches gave a good base of operations. The Germans worked hand-in-hand with the Anglo-phobe Irish, the Clan-na-Gael, Jeremiah O'Leary's American Truth Society, with Judge Cohalan and Shaemas O'Sheel. It knitted together German-Americans, Irish-Americans, "old-fashioned" anti-British Americans, the isolationists, the pacifists and the radicals into a formidable political bloc. The extent of German operations may be guessed by the fact that from first to last Albert's office received nearly $28,000,000.

Allied propaganda, particularly British, was subtler and more decentralized. Captain Guy Gaunt, British Naval Attaché, was generally regarded as chief of the British Secret Service in the United States, but its actual chief was Sir William Wiseman, who enjoyed the confidence of Colonel House and who claimed that all he did was to engage in "counter-propaganda". He was assisted by Norman Thwaites. Then there was Sir Gilbert Parker, whose "unofficial propaganda" was undertaken at the suggestion of Sir Edward Grey, and whose chief assistant was a young Harvard man named Kenneth Durant, since prominent in the American radical movement. Then Northcliffe's Ministry of Information sent over Sir Geoffrey Butler with a corps of British novelists, while from England, H. G. Wells wrote anti-German propaganda. The French kept quiet and worked through the Alliance Française and the Maison de la Presse. Both coun- *(Continued on page 86)*



HENRI MATISSE

The French artist, conceded to be the greatest of living colourists, is now on a visit to America as a juror at the Carnegie Institute

■ Henri Matisse, the French painter, now occupies a singularly agreeable position in the world of art. Mocked and doubted for twenty years, his genius as a painter and his revolutionary methods have at last brought him renown the world over. A dozen years older than Picasso, Segonzac and Braque, he stands the acknowledged master of colour in art. He has just arrived in America to act as juror at the Carnegie Institute's International Exhibition in Pittsburgh. More and more American collectors are adding his works to their collections, one of them alone boasting of twenty-five of his notable canvases. M. Matisse can look out upon the world and realize the truth of Degas's aphorism "A classic is only a revolutionary who has arrived"

New sculptures by Charles Despiau

MLLE. B.—UNFINISHED BUST

MARIA LANI, WITH EYES HALF CLOSED

LA LANDAISE

■ If Despiau is an artist who was little appreciated during the first twenty-five years of his career, he now finds himself one of the two most eminent sculptors in Europe, the other being unquestionably Aristide Maillol. Emile Bourdelle, the third member of the French triumvirate, died a year ago in Paris. Despiau is still in his fifties and is today achieving marbles and bronzes that rank with his best creative work. Five of his recent heads are shown on these pages, two of them—*La Landaise* and *Androgyne*—are cast in pewter. In two of the others (one with eyes open and the other with eyes closed) the sitter was Maria Lani, the Polish actress, who has served as a model for more painters than any other woman of our time

ANDROGYNE

A preface to a wedding trip

BY OGDEN NASH

A honeymoon begins, with a hint of something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue

■ You could hear them laughing before you saw them. The women's shrieks of mirth and the men's hoarse laughter filled the waiting room as they trooped in. Several of them wedged themselves, in couples, into the compartments of the revolving door, and pushed round and round. Finally they stumbled dizzily out and joined the rest who were clustered around the train gate.

The girls were dressed in summery whites and pinks and flowered patterns, but their faces were flushed. They were very hot. The coal smoke was clinging to their moist cheeks and foreheads. The men pushed their stiff straw hats far back on their heads or fanned themselves with them. Every one was sweating a little and panting a little, but they were all laughing. A faint smell of liquor surrounded them. Nice people who were waiting for the train drew away and glanced at them often and curiously. Their voices rose as they felt themselves conspicuous.

"Hey, General!" some one called to the gate man. "This the Honeymoon Express?"

"Oh, boy, I'll say so!" said a girl quickly. They laughed again. "Oh, boy, I'll say so!" she repeated. "I'll say it's the Honeymoon Express!"

"Hey Eddie!" A shout from the edge of the crowd. "Eddie, open up that valise and show us them purple pajamas!"

■ "Baloney, Eddie don't wear pajamas, he's a night shirt baby," said the same girl.

"You tell 'em, kid!" "You ought to know!" "Say, how do you know so much?" Everybody yelled at her.

"Lay off, lay off." Eddie grinned and tipped his hat further back. He was a husky fellow in a gray suit. He had the build of a third baseman. His face was dark red, darker and rather swollen on the lower cheeks and jaw where a heavy beard was pushing at the tight skin. His hair was black and curly, suddenly clipped very short on the back and sides. He thrust his hands into his pockets; the seams of his coat stretched as his shoulders rolled back; his silk shirt grew damp as his chest expanded against it. "No more cracks like that," he said. Then he winked at the crowd. "God! What you trying to do, embarrass me?"

"Hey Ruth!" The talkative girl turned to the girl in pink with the tight little hat who stood next to her, but the man at the magazine stand across the waiting room heard what she said. "Eddie's embarrassed already. You want to watch out he don't sit up all night in the wash room."

Ruth forced a smile. "Oh baloney," she murmured, shrinking back.

The talkative girl ran over to the stand and returned with half a dozen magazines which she pushed at Ruth. "Here's something to read yourself to sleep with should you be lonesome."

The many toned laughter of the crowd leaped out. "Here," she said. "*True Love Stories—True Romances—Studio Nights—*"

Some one yelled, "How about the *Birth Control Review?*"

"Here, take 'em," said the talkative girl.

"Honest," said Ruth, "I don't want 'em, thanks. Honest."

"I'll tell the world you don't *want* 'em. How about it, Eddie?"

"Lay off, lay off," said Eddie. "What are you trying to do, make a bum out of me?"

"See?" said the talkative girl. "You'll need 'em, Ruthie." She wedged the magazines beneath Ruth's unresisting arm, and looked around. Everybody laughed again.

Eddie lit a cigarette. "God! Go right ahead," he said. "I can stand it."

"I'll say you can stand it," said the talkative girl.

"Atta girl, Olive, you tell 'em!" "You missed him this honeymoon but you'll get him yet, kid."

"Yeah," said Olive. "I'll get him yet."

It was easy to see that Olive was the life of the party. Her voice, deep and hoarse, led every outcry. In spite of the weather she was dressed in some shiny black stuff which fitted closely, very mannish except for the wide hips and wide bulging seat. Her bosom was not mannish; it seemed to bubble in the heat. A heavy perfume clung to her. She spoke to the fellows heartily, as man to man, and some part of her seemed always to touch those to whom she spoke.

Ruth did not know what to do with the magazines. She looked uncomfortably conscious of them and of every muscle and joint. She was really too awkward. Every one was looking at her, and she had nowhere to look except at her feet. She swayed slightly.

"Gee. She's nervous. Huh, Ruth?" said Olive.

Ruth forced a little laugh. "Don't mind me. I'm perfickly O. K."

"Gee, honest, you're shaking all over. Like a leaf. Isn't she?" Olive asked the crowd.

"My feet hurt," said Ruth. "I'm perfickly O. K. only my feet hurt." She shifted her feet. "I guess it's the heat."

"You'd ought to sit down," said Olive. "I guess you got a right to be nervous, hey Eddie?"

"That's a lot of banana oil," Ruth murmured miserably. "It's my feet."

"Hey, Olive, you'd be nervous, wouldn't you?" some one called.

"Oh, boy," said Olive. She put an arm around Ruth and led her to a bench. "Cheer up, kid, the worst is yet to come, sit down and make yourself at home."

"Eddie," said Ruth.

Eddie approached. "What's the matter, kid? Too much dinner, huh? You should have went light, like me. I didn't only take a couple of sandwiches."

"Don't you want to sit down a minute?" she said.

"Atta girl," said Olive. "That's more like a newlywed."

"I thought maybe he wanted to take the load off of his feet," said Ruth hurriedly.

"I'm K. O.," said Eddie. "I didn't only take a couple of sandwiches. You got to watch your stomach this heat."

Olive put her arm around his shoulder and pushed his head towards Ruth. "Go ahead, big boy, kiss her. Didn't you hear her asking for it?" She began to hum "Just a little love, a little kiss."

■ "Not now, Eddie," said Ruth, leaning to one side.

"Some loving bride," said Olive.

"Hey what's the matter?" Eddie asked.

"Oh gee, Eddie, I don't know, I guess it's my feet hurt." She stooped and pulled a shoe off. "Maybe there's a nail in my shoe." She put her hand inside it and felt around.

"Got a nail in your shoe?"

"No, I guess not," she said. "But it certainly felt like it, though."

"That's funny," said Eddie. "It must be the heat does it. *(Continued on page 102)*

MARIA LANI, WITH EYES OPEN

What radio has done to music

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

■ The law of the unexpected is operating today in the sphere of radio. The only idea in the heads of those who began the broadcasting idea was to entertain the community. They broadcast music yet they never gave a thought to the musical critics. Yet it now looks as if the ultimate result of broadcasting music will be to make an end of musical critics and musical criticism as those terms are at present understood.

I speak from considerable experience both as listener and as broadcaster—and perhaps, though some people might question this, as musical critic. My experience, of course, is derived mainly from English broadcasting; but I fancy the results will ultimately be the same everywhere, in spite of local differences in policy and method. Whether music is transmitted on its own account, as in England, or as an adjunct to advertisements, as in the United States, is a detail of no importance to my argument. The point is that somehow or other, for this reason or that, music *is* being broadcast far and wide.

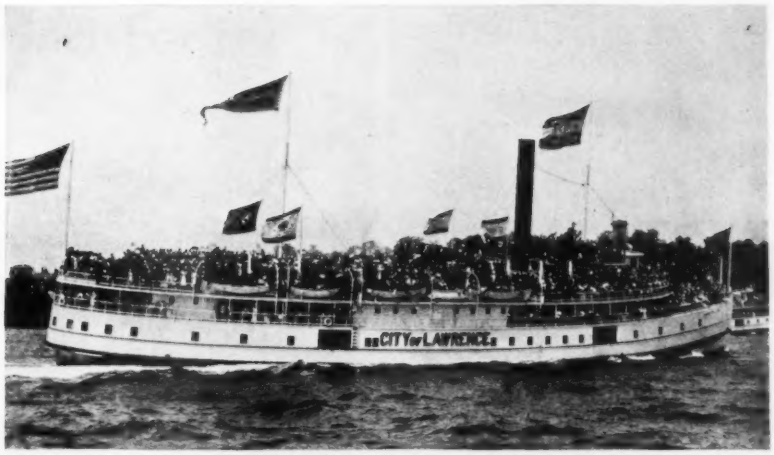
It is generally feared that radio music will some day kill the concert. The optimists' reply to this is that in the first place radio music is not quite the real thing, and never will be, and in the second place that personalities of the first rank will always attract people to the concert room. There is something in each objection; but I fancy the force of both of them will diminish as time goes on. I quite agree that however perfect the apparatus may be through which musical sounds are transmitted, there will always be, for the most sensitive musical ear, a difference between the result and the real thing. But the majority of music lovers do not possess ears of the most-sensitive kind; and what they will ultimately get through the radio will be, for them, as near the real thing as makes no difference. Already, radio listeners show a decided inclination to stay at home rather than go to concerts. Concerts that are not broadcast still draw audiences; but at concerts that are broadcast the attendance is relatively small. Anyone with eyes in his head can see that the mere fact that a concert is being broadcast means a smaller audience in the hall than there would be if there were no chance of hearing the music except by going to the hall.

The plain man draws up a sort of balance sheet. On the debit side he places the difference, which he does not attempt to deny, between what he hears through his loud speaker and what the people in the concert hall are hearing. On the other side of the account he puts all that he gains in the way of time and money saved, comfort, convenience, and so on; and on the whole he decides that the account shows something to his credit. He is confident also that, as the loud speaker is improved, he will stand to gain more and more by staying at home. Moreover, he has the choice of a large number of programmes, and of shifting about from one programme to another, according to his fancy, during the same evening. For example, the only work I may want to hear in a programme on a given night is *Le Sacre du Printempts*. Before that comes on I can give the *Tannhäuser* overture or the *Casse-Noisette* Suite a miss, switch on to Rome, and hear *(Continued on page 108)*

Social note. The smarter members
of New York society once again begin their autumn gaieties

Pages from our Social Register

BY JACK CLUETT



THE YACHT "STUMBLE ON", OWNED BY WALTER P(HAETON) CHRYSLER

ABBREVIATIONS

The following abbreviations are frequently used in this article.

née.	Before merging two fortunes.
O.-W.R.R. & N. Co.	Oregon-Washington R.R. & Navigation Company.
$	Member of the 400.
b.	Born at Miss Lippincott's.
Co.	Cobalt.
*	Better dress, but not obligatory.
s.	Scion, sulphur.
m.	Moon, marquis, married.
Ho.	House of Representatives, hangover, a sort of cereal mush.
Ph.D.	Luncheon bridge hostess.
Md.	Doctor of Medicine, Maryland, married and divorced.
d.	Débutante, density, *viz.:* the density of cork is .22.
eng.	Engineer, engraver, engaged.
C. C.	Cycling Club. Cable crossing (do not anchor here).
Y.	Worn on a sweater to attract débutantes and moths.

BAGG, Caleb $(tewart), coupon snipper, yachtsman; *b.* Everglades Club, Palm Beach, Fla.; *s.* Cashmir and Ruth (De Ram) B.; ex. pub. sch., Hotchkiss, Taft, Hill, Groton; ex. Harvard, 1911, for putting a dead horse in the Dean's office; donated Bagg Hall, 1912; LL.B., 1913. Won beach-sitting contest at Newport, 1917. Awarded first prize for largest débutante catch, Winter season, 1918. *Author:* Bridge expression, "It doesn't make any difference." *Artist:* Drew a sober breath, Nat. Acad., 1919. Owner of yachts Spender and Coupon II. v.-p. Guaranty Trust Co. *Clubs:* Racquet and Tennis, Frank and Jack's, The Steam Club, Gusses', Downtown, Uptown, Crosstown. *Hearts:* Rosamond, Carolyn, Nancy, Ruth and the manicurist in the Vanderbilt. *Home:* Under the second beach umbrella, to the left, on the other side of Princess Miguel de Bonanza. *Office:* Safe deposit box No. 3749 in the Chase National Bank.

CASSAT, Muriel Vanderbilt, luncheon bridge hostess; *b.* with silver spoon in mouth at Miss Lippincott's Sanitorium; *d.* Frances L. V. (Topping) C.; Began at Miss Walker's School for diamond-studded débutantes and was finished off in Florence, Italy; learned to say "I mean," and "As a matter of fact" in eight languages. Was presented with an old, broken down tallyho by the society section of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune* in which she spends her summers. Owns several yachts but can't remember where in hell she put them. *Home:* The Box, Newport, R. I., or wherever her little heart desires.

CHRYSLER, Walter P(haeton), automobile, yachtsman; *b.* F.O.B. Detroit, Mich., Oct. 9, 1874; *s.* old four-cylinder Maxwell. No relation to Fritz V(iolin) Chrysler; ample room in tonneau for golf bag and doz. lemons; A.B., U. of Mich., 1897, post-grad., 1898; micro-mesh gear shift, 1930; member A.A.A.; motor no. 4X139B; color, W.; sex, M.; weight, 168 lbs.; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; color of eyes, Br.; color of hair, Bl.: (This renewal stub must remain attached to license). Owner of yacht "Stumble On," anchored in New Haven harbor until son was tapped for senior society, Cottage Pudding; drove first spike on top of Chrysler Building, 1930; cornerstone, containing Marjorie Oilrich, buffalo nickel and extra tire wrench, laid 1928; *Author:* "What goes on under your hood while you are parked in the back seat?" (1919); v.-p. Guaranty Trust Co.; *Favorite Movie Actress:* Greta Garbo; *Favorite Home:* Villa Wontcha (can't remember where he built it).

INSULIN, C(harles) Hooper, banker, yachtsman; *s.* Public Service of New Jersey and Eleanora (Widener) I.; LL.B. Rah, rah, rah—yeah! Columbia, 1896; *m.* 1st, *d.* of Elbridge T. Blagden, Hope; redeal, Faith, *d.* R. Horace and (Anthony J. Drexel) Gelatin. Owner of the yachts, "Weetamore," "Whirlpool" and "Dora." Received the private car, Flying Fox, from father for not smoking until 21. *Author:* "My wife was in your hands." Served 8 months in Palm Beach with A. E. F. *Clubs:* Knickerbocker, Riding and Driving, Riding and Walking, Riding and Running, Four-in-hand, Fifth in partners, Am. Kennel, Dalmatian, French Bulldog, Boston Bulldog, Old English Sheepdog and just plain hound. v.-p. Guaranty Trust Co. *Home:* Thirty-four Chimneys, Tuxedo Park, Palm Beach, St. Jean de Luz, the Barclay, Broken Hearth, Newport, R. I., the Olympic, the Weylin, 999 Park Ave., New York. *Office:* Bailey's Beach, Newport.

LAIDLOW, Lois B(eauregard), caterer; *b.* Miss Lippincott's Sanitorium and left for the Weylin immediately for a dinner dance; *d.* Those wealthy Laidlows. Was introduced to Society at the Anderson Galleries, Dec. 22, 1929. *cng.* Prince Hubert de ad Infinitum of France; was placed on the market again in May, 1930 because Prince et cetera turned out to be doorman at the Embassy Club; can make smoke come out of her nose while swallowing a maraschino cherry; opened bookstall in June, 1930 to cut down father's surtax; appeared in Cosmopolitan early in season (1930) for Pond's Cold Cream; later as an endorser of Beautyrest mattresses; besides loving mattresses she is an ardent horsewoman; spends the hunting season eating hunt breakfasts in her Simmons bed. *Author:* "My Four Years at the Sorbonne," or "Ritz Bar, Je Vous Adore;" is not just opening her summer home, nor just closing it; neither is she inspecting it, preparatory to opening it, nor inspecting it, preparatory to closing it; v.-p. Guaranty Trust Co. *Home:* El Barbasol, Palm Beach, Fla., (occasionally spilling over into a patio or two).

RICHARDS, Frederick H(arrison), missionary; *b.* Cedar Rapids, Ia., May 13, 1850; eaten, South Sea Islands, Aug., 1887; see Vol. X (1918-19).

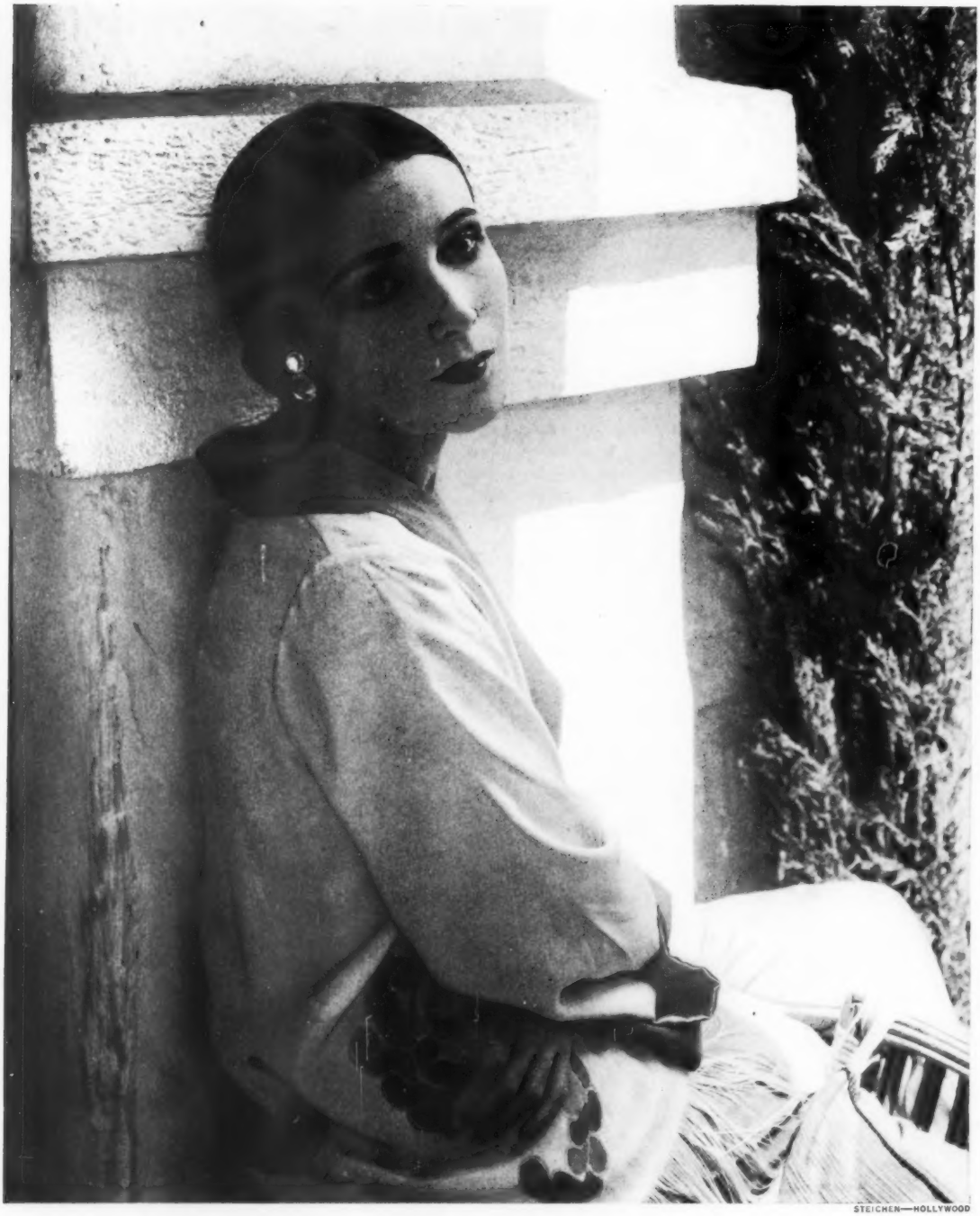
SMOTHERS, Christopher D(avidson), yachtsman; *b.* Central Park Casino, New York City, Dec. 8, 1878 and was immediately presented with a solid gold porringer and a string of polo ponies by his grandmother; *s.* "Who's boy are you, sonny?"; *m.* Mrs. Christopher D(avidson) Smothers in 1903 on a dare—otherwise would have had to push a peanut up Chapel St., New Haven, Conn. with his nose. Owns $116,000 worth of yachting caps and three débutantes with round shoulders. *Song Writer:* "I knew a girl named Hannah, from Butte, Montana; and the reason I don't love her: She's dead— —her." (Composed in bathtub one hot June day in 1914 after reading his old man's last will and testament). Graduated from Yale football team in 1901 and was elected v.-p. Guaranty Trust Co.; sold his family $1,000,000 worth of Sante Fé 6's that afternoon and retired. Ensign in U. S. N. (scrapped) 1918; was decorated for sighting a German girl getting a sun burn on the beach at Newport, 1918; first man to discover that you can give a yachting party on dry land and keep $50,000 worth of brass shined without having to go near the damn thing; attended Oxford University, England, in 1902 to get broadened and good beer; bought $2,000 worth of doughnuts at East Hampton Street Fair in 1929. *Clubs:* Women's Garden Club of Nyack. *Home:* Soft Snap, Glen Cove, L. I.

STOTESBURY, P(atricia) A(rthur) B(rown), débutante, salesgirl for Harper's Bizarre; *b.* page 19, Society Section, N. Y. Times, May 22, 1911; *d.* "Who's little girl were you, dear?"; started to select her costume for the Beaux Arts Ball at the early age of 14 months (just after she'd been put on beef juice); sailed for Paris on Olympic in 1928 with a maid, fourteen shoe trunks and a copy of the Monroe Doctrine, an Absolute Shibboleth, behind which was hidden a Martini cocktail and a copy of "Paris Nights." She is the sole paternal granddaughter of Miss Augusta McCragg, on her mother's side, and the maternal grandniece of Lucius Hamilton Styng and J. Robinson Stuff on her father's side; *m.* Ogden L. Gerry, June 11, 1929, for the Sunday rotogravure section, and had three curly-headed scions for the Bachrach photographers as fast as they could click a shutter. *Home:* Jewelry counter of Black, Starr, & Frost–Gorham, Inc., 48 St. and Fifth Ave., New York City, or wherever she happens to toss her hat.

BEACH-SITTING CONTEST, NEWPORT

A LIVELY TIME AT BAILEY'S BEACH

WHISKBROOM, Bridget's, horse; *b.* Dalton's Livery Stable, Troy, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1923; *d.* Suspender Buttons and Rose (Zev) W.; LL.B., U. of Pa. Law School, 1924; admitted to bar, which she cleared nicely, 1925; *m.* Joey Bib, of W. R. Coe Stables, Dec. 10, 1926. Hon. mem. Phi Beta Kappa. Maternal grandfather pulled ashes and, later, fire engine, Hook & Ladder Co. no. 7, Glens Falls Fire Dept., Glens Falls, N. Y.; ran backwards in Belmont Sweepstakes; three furlongs; purse, $4,000; Sande up; won Nobel Prize, several blue ribbons and a bag of oats at Saratoga, 1927, and was tendered testimonial banquet, Waldorf-Astoria, Sept. 1927, before it was sold to Al Smith and made into a mooring mast; v.-p. Guaranty Trust Co.; kicked blacksmith, seat of pants, while being shoed, 1928; retired to stud; did odd jobs and died, 1930; was made into hair mattress, a bottle of Le Page's glue and a couple of big league baseball covers. *Clubs:* Riding and Driving, Kentucky Stud, Troy Riding, Agawam Hunt, Union League. *Home:* Universal Tannery Co., Inc., Brooklyn.


STEICHEN—HOLLYWOOD

Dolores del Rio

A Hollywood portrait of the Mexican star who has lately made a highly successful début in talking pictures

■ Dolores del Rio was born Dolores Asunsolo on her father's ranch in the city of Durango, Mexico. It was not until 1925, after she had married Jaime del Rio, that Edwin Carewe, the motion picture producer, came to Mexico City and tried successfully to interest the beautiful del Rio in a cinema career. In Hollywood her first performance—as a vampire in *Joanna*—so impressed the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers (familiarly known as the "Wampas") that in their annual popularity contest she was chosen as one of the promising screen discoveries of that season; and in 1927 the lovely matron of Mexico City became a Wampas Baby Star. The rôle of *Charmaine* in *What Price Glory?* brought Miss del Rio an authentic prestige which, in *Ramona, Evangeline* and her first all-talking picture *The Bad One*, has grown into fame. Jaime del Rio died in 1928. Miss del Rio recently married Cedric Gibbons, art director of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company

Macaron'*, as if by Edna Ferber

BY JOHN RIDDELL

A little local colour, in the panoramic manner of Miss Ferber, and various other profitable literary heresies

* (EDITOR'S NOTE: Having observed with evident profit the modern, or Ferber, method of biographical novel—in which the novelist finds a period of American history with a lot of local colour, and then goes out and rolls in it till the facts stick like burrs to his fur—our staff novelist, Mr. John Riddell, has tried his own hand at this new history-fiction racket in the ensuing parody.)

■ Sentences swishing, adjectives flashing, dialogue waving, style soaring.

"Folks, there's never been anything like it since Homer! Homer! Hell! That was only Poetry. These are Facts! It is History written in a novel—and I wrote it! Thousands and thousands of readers from all over this vast commonwealth of ours" (she talked like that) "wading through hundreds of pages to get a few bare facts for nothing. The history of America made popular in an hour, other writers joining the Run, biographical novels numbering thousands literally springing up overnight. The entire past of our glorious nation, stretching four hundred years from Columbus to Hoover, being ploughed and exploited and cultivated by our novelists at last!"

She paused, perhaps in retrospect, perhaps merely to catch her breath. She won a perfunctory, "Oh, Edna, go on! Go on!" from Sabra Cravat.

■ "Think of it! Four hundred years of American History to be given away for the grabbing. Virgin ground, except where James Boyd and one or two others had explored it. It took generations of people hundreds of years to create this History, and here it is being made into best-sellers overnight. The Spirit of '76, the Civil War, the gay 'nineties—mere scenarios for our modern novels. The famous Bad-Lands between Fact and Fiction, now thrown open to literature for the first time. *The new literary racket!*"

Edna was talking. She had been talking for the better part of an hour. This very morning she had returned from the Oklahoma country—the new Indian Territory where she had laid the famous Novel that marked the opening of this vast tract of virgin land to the reading Public. Perhaps it was the musical quality in her prose that lulled the group of listeners before her; for though Edna was verbose, frequently even windy, and though much that she wrote was sparse enough in actual content, she had those priceless gifts of the born novelist, a vibrant and flexible style, great sweetness and charm of manner, a reporter's eye, and the power of making each critic feel that what she wrote was an important contribution to the history of the American scene. Something of the charlatan was in her, much of the actor, a dash of the romantic.

■ Any tale told by Edna was likely to contain love-interest, plot, action, incredibility (though this last was not present while you were reading it) and a tinge of the absurd. Edna herself, even at this time, was a popular, glamourous, and slightly important figure. No roster of best-sellers was complete without her name; no publisher's list but prospered beneath the breadth of her reputation. She seemed actually to loom more than her place as a popular fiction-writer, and to be accepted by dazzled reviewers as a writer of American epics. Gossip said that she had been raised among the Algonquins, before that vanishing tribe left its Round Table to wander down the Trail of Tears. They said the evidences of this early training were plain; look at her style, her clever repartee, her popularity with the reviewers. Her novels she wrote overlong, so that they curled a little about the last chapters, in the manner of Dreiser. Her dialogue and love-scenes were, in places, deeply pitted, as with sentimentality. Women, perversely enough, found this attractive.

With a swish of her prose she was off again.

"And what a racket! Novels with nourishment! Sugar-coated culture. Facts rolled in fiction. Statistics sweetened with sentiment. Something for nothing; the American public will swallow anything so long as they think it improves their mind. Here you are! Step this way! Read our two-in-one History-Novels—a fact on every page. Each love-scene worth a year in college. Guaranteed to build up a background like mine in three hours, or your money back. Educate yourself in a hammock. There's a reason!"

Her magnetic eye swept the characters from her own History-Novel triumphantly. Lewis Venable dozed in his armchair at the head of the table; his wife Felice, in her ruffled and trailing wrapper of cross-barred dimity, leaned forward listlessly with her chin cupped in her hands. Behind them the heroic figure of Yancey Cravat posed in his high-heeled Texas star boots, the skirts of his Prince Albert billowing behind him, one beautiful hand resting lightly on the weapon in his two-gun holster, the other leaning heavily on the weary shoulder of his wife Sabra, who held in her lap the slumbering child Cim Up and down the long table before Edna ranged the other familiar characters from *Cimarron:* Cousin Dabney Venable peeling an orange for Cousin Bella French Vian; Cousin Jouett Goforth stifling a yawn; the sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, grandchildren; descendants of other novels, offshoots of this far-flung family, all listening mutely. They had been transplanted in successive novels from Chicago to Mississippi; from Mississippi to Kansas; and now their faces had the fixed look of those who are taking part in a saga. It was the look the Forsytes must have had before Galsworthy; or the characters in *Ultima Thule.*

■ "Oh, Edna, do get on with the story of the Run," pleaded Sabra wearily.

Edna patted her forehead with a fine linen handkerchief. "They came like a procession—an eager procession—the whole vast horde of hungry novelists, ready to take advantage of this new Racket about to be thrown open to them. Scrambling over the ground, pushing and shoving each other to get there first. God knows why—for they all knew that once arrived there they'd have to wait like penned cattle until the first- *(Continued on page 103)*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

For certain descriptive words, phrases, paragraphs, chapters, and other local-colour items borrowed wholesale for use in this work—as well as for this very agreeable method of securing them—grateful acknowledgement is made to CIMARRON by Edna Ferber.

*MACARON' is a spaghetti, a long thin noodle, in fact a whole school of modern literature.
It is an Italian word, meaning wild or unruly. According to critics, it is pronounced **Mas-a-rón-i,** with a long and rolling inflection of the style, the accent on the local colour. The readers, on the other hand, pronounce it delicious.
As early as 1925 it became the name of that Bad-Land which lies between the territories of Fiction and Fact, the empire of the pseudo-historians and the antique collectors of literature, the E. Barringtons and Ludwigs and the Edna Ferbers.

FREDERICK BRADLEY

DWIGHT TAYLOR

The second

BETTY LAWFORD

VANDAMM

OWEN DAVIS, JR.

WHITE

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2ND

DOROTHY BURGESS

PINCHOT

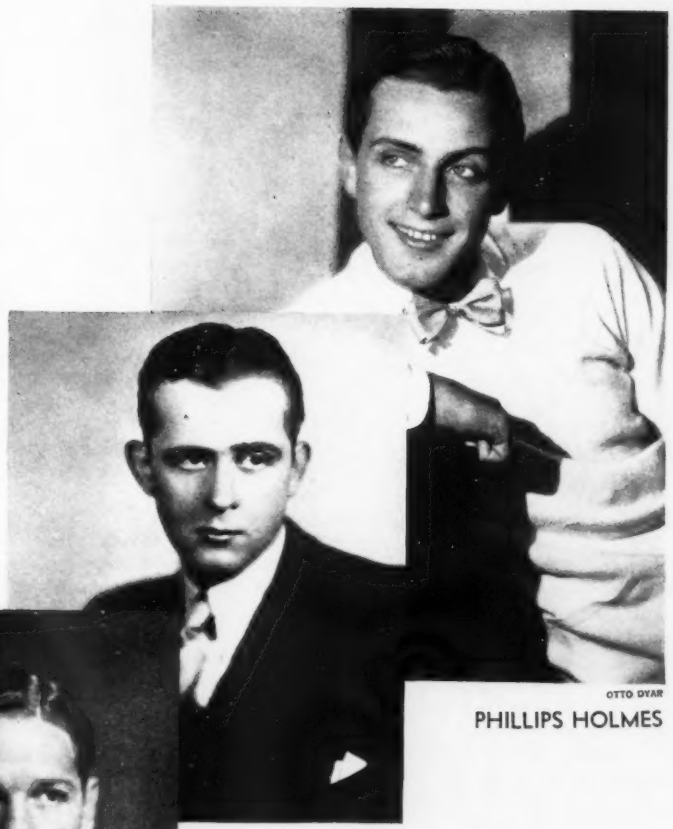
WILLIAM TANNEN

VANDAMM

FLOBELLE FAIRBANKS

generation

Twelve young and successful people of the stage whose family names are a part of our theatrical tradition



OTTO DYAR

PHILLIPS HOLMES

EDDIE FOY, JR.

GEOFFREY KERR

WHITE

ROGER PRYOR

RUSSELL GLEASON

▪ Dwight Taylor, the son of Laurette Taylor, has written the book for *The Gay Divorce*, a musical comedy to be produced in New York this autumn. Mr. Taylor is also a promising artist and the author of some good sketches and light verse.

▪ Betty Lawford, the daughter of the English actor, Ernest Lawford, plays the ingénue in the film version of *Old English*, with George Arliss.

▪ Owen Davis, Jr., whose father is America's most prolific playwright, appears in his father's newest drama, *The Ninth Guest*.

▪ Oscar Hammerstein 2nd is a prosperous member of the staff at Warner Brothers in Hollywood.

▪ Dorothy Burgess, who has had definite success in pictures and is now making *The Painted Desert*, is a niece of Fay Bainter, the actress, and of the late Dave Montgomery of Montgomery and Stone.

▪ William Tannen, whose father is Julius Tannen, the popular comedian, is doing nicely in *The Garrick Gaieties* and will remain with the Theatre Guild next season.

▪ Flobelle Fairbanks recently contributed an excellent piece of acting to the California company of *Strictly Dishonorable*, and has played in films; her uncle is Douglas Fairbanks.

▪ Jimmy Gleason, who first back-chatted himself into fame in *Is Zat So?* insists that his son, Russell, graduate from the University of California whether he becomes an actor or not; but Russell has found time to act in several pictures and is now playing with his father in *Beyond Victory*.

▪ Geoffrey Kerr is the distinguished son of a distinguished actor, Fred Kerr, and Roger Pryor, one of our leading stage juveniles, is the son of Arthur Pryor, the celebrated bandmaster of a decade ago.

▪ The nimble skill of Eddie Foy Jr. has punctuated more than one musical comedy, and he will be seen this autumn in *Tom, Dick and Harry*, with Marilyn Miller.

▪ Phillips Holmes, the son of Taylor Holmes, the well-remembered *Bunker Bean*, left Princeton to appear with Buddy Rogers in *Varsity*, and has recently played with charm and talent in the film version of *Grumpy*, with Cyril Maude.

Greta Garbo

BY DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

LA GARBO Drawn by the Author

■ She is the foremost personality on a horizon of vivid personalities. She is unique in a profession that demands of its champions that they possess more personality than actual skill. Greta Garbo, when she came to Hollywood, arrived in a community of chaos and by her attitude of utter boredom, almost of inertia, created a still greater hubbub in this amazing and colorful profession. She has herself lifted not one finger to create the mysterious quality that is popularly supposed to emanate from her every gesture.

It is primarily her shyness that makes one feel that she is solemn and indolent. On the other hand she has the stubbornness of her race. When she doesn't wish to do a thing she never makes a scene, but sits quietly back and will not budge an inch until she wins her point. On the "set" she is very quiet and rather unfriendly. If she dislikes the rôle which she is to play and is forced to do it she will just walk through it and pay not the slightest attention to what is going on. She makes it a point never to know what the scene that she is engaged on is about.

Because of her professional *hauteur* the powers of the studio build around her a wall of ridiculous mystery which I think, confidentially, must appeal to her ample sense of humour. When five o'clock in the afternoon comes around she calmly walks up to her director and in an accent that is most convenient and entirely susceptible to her will, says "I tired, I t'ink I go home." Needless to say she goes without a hand to stop her.

After the day's work is over, she takes long drives toward the beach where she alights and walks along the sands for hours at a time. At other times she will leave her car a short distance from home and walk around in the night air. She lives in a huge fourteen-room house of which she is the sole occupant. She is happiest when alone. Her greatest contentment so she says, would be on a desert island far away from all modern conventions.

She hates clothes and generally dresses herself in a manner to indicate her hatred. She is awkward and graceful at the same time and in such a way as to remind one of a Great Dane puppy. She is extremely large-boned but small-featured.

■ It is a surprising experience, after seeing her at the studio, to meet her that evening at a party. She is then, instead of the matured, sophisticated woman of mystery, a young girl of about twenty-three years who has a fresh clear face and is all enthusiasm. At such gatherings where she is among those who she knows well, she is animated and gay. Her very generous mouth is constantly spread with evident contentment. She has a deep voice that sounds high (or maybe it's vice versa) and which rings out in a clear rhythmic laugh when the occasion demands. She is very slow at making friends but once they are accepted they are her friends always. Although professionally her seeming aloofness does not encourage personal popularity, she is loved by her intimate friends.

She drinks a shocking amount of coffee every day and always has a little wine handy. She neither smokes nor drinks to excess. In fact, there is *(Continued on page 92)*

Don't bother on my account

BY JOHN TYLER

March 22nd, 1930

Mr. Frederick Pointer
125 East 84th St.
New York City

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that your account has been overdrawn eight dollars and sixty-four cents ($8.64).

Will you kindly call at once and attend to this matter.

Very truly yours,
Bank of United States
by John Carefahn

March 24th, 1930

Mr. John Carefahn
Bank of United States
United States

Dear Mr. Carefahn:

I received your nice letter inviting me to call. It was mighty sweet of you to think of me, and I appreciate it a lot. I will be in tomorrow at five; perhaps we can have tea together.

Looking forward to seeing you, I am
Very truly yours,
Frederick Pointer

March 26th, 1930

Mr. John Carefahn
Bank of United States
United States

Dear Mr. Carefahn:

Wasn't that too bad! I called around at your bank yesterday at five as I promised and a man wouldn't let me in. He said he was a night watchman and that it was too late to see anybody.

Drop me a line and let me know what time you would like me to call. Would luncheon be more convenient?

Sincerely yours,
Frederick Pointer

March 27th, 1930

Mr. Frederick Pointer
125 East 84th St.
New York City

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that your account has been overdrawn eight dollars and sixty-four cents ($8.64).

Kindly call at our Fifth Avenue and Forty-Eighth Street branch and attend to this matter.

Very truly yours,
Bank of United States
by John Carefahn

March 28th, 1930

Mr. John Carefahn
Bank of United States
Fifth Ave. at 48th St.
New York City

Dear John:

I feel a perfect ass about the tea fiasco of Tuesday. Wasn't it stupid of me to go to the Bank at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street? No wonder that person wouldn't let me in. Well, we all make mistakes, but I hope I didn't keep you waiting around very long. Shall we make it tea at five Saturday?

Yours, then, until Saturday,
Frederick Pointer

March 31st, 1930

Mr. John Carefahn
Bank of United States
Fifth Ave. at 48th St.
New York City

Dear John:

Look here, old man, are you giving me the bird? I called around at your office on Saturday and a surly looking person in overalls told me you left at noon and wouldn't be back until Mon- *(Continued on page 100)*

'Ear 'Ear—by George Belcher

FIRST LADY: I see you got one of them things for yer ear. I've bin tellin' you for five years to get one of them things for yer ear!
SECOND LADY: Oh is *that* wot you bin tellin' me for five years?

The nude waitress

BY GEORGE MILBURN

■ There was a big new moon under the skylight of Burke's Photograph Gallery. It was made of wood and painted white. Back of it there was a dark curtain covered with tinfoil stars.

Young girls, first setting out, liked to go to the photograph gallery and have their pictures taken reclining on the rim of the new moon. Later on they would go in with their sweethearts and pose in front of the paper-flower covered trellis Orville Burke had for such occasions. When some of the boys around town got together to have their photographs made, they would sit around a table with poker hands, and Orville had stacks of poker chips and big wads of stage money to make the scene realistic.

Orville Burke, the photographer, knew many tricks to help the camera. He would retint photos, giving faded country girls smoldering violet eyes and flushed cheeks and red, red lips. Ordinarily the photograph business wouldn't have paid very well, but Orville could think up all kinds of ways to make money. When lightning struck a herd of cattle and killed twenty-eight steers, Orville took a picture of the pasture covered with the bloated bodies. He ran off several dozen prints and sold them to an insurance company for advertising purposes.

Orville had a way with women, too, and that brought him more business than a photographer usually would have drawn. He was a middle-aged bachelor with a broad, smiling mouth and glossy black hair roached up in a high wave above his brow. He was a great ladies' man and he always had four or five girls on the string.

He was attractive to women, but he was popular with the men around town as well. He always had a new pocket trick. He could take a darning needle and make it seem that he was running it in one ear and out the other. He had a trick of taking a billiard ball and opening his mouth wide and placing it between his teeth. Then he would pass his hand across his mouth, gulp as though he had swallowed the ball, and after a few moments he would commence to cluck and cackle. He would shake one leg vigourously, and the billiard ball would roll out across the floor. No one ever caught on to how Orville worked his billiard ball trick.

One day old Cap Choate came into the De Luxe Barber Shop, giggling and stepping as lightly as a yearling colt. He beckoned to Hart Summers and said, "Come here, Hart, I got something to make you sit up and take notice."

Hart came over and the old man reached in his inside coat pocket and cautiously pulled out a photograph. Hart took it and smacked his lips and said, "Whoo-ee! Hot dam!"

"Did you ever see the beat of that?" Old Cap Choate said, cackling.

Before long a bunch of men was grouped around looking at the picture and exclaiming over it.

Floyd Evans, the clerk at the Everwear Hardware Store, came into the barber shop to get a shave. He said, "What's that there you got? Let me see."

■ Cap Choate said, "Naw, don't show it to Floyd. An old married man like Floyd ain't got no use for a picture like that. A picture like that might put funny ideas in his head."

About a week before, Floyd had married Faye Mullins, a waitress at the Broadway Café.

Hart Summers handed Floyd the photograph. He said, "Don't let that get you down, Floyd." Floyd was a pale, meek little man.

It was a picture of a naked woman couched in the rim of a big new moon. She wasn't entirely naked. She had her dress pulled up over her head to hide her face.

"That'll just about make you leave your happy home, won't it, Floyd?" Buford Scammon said.

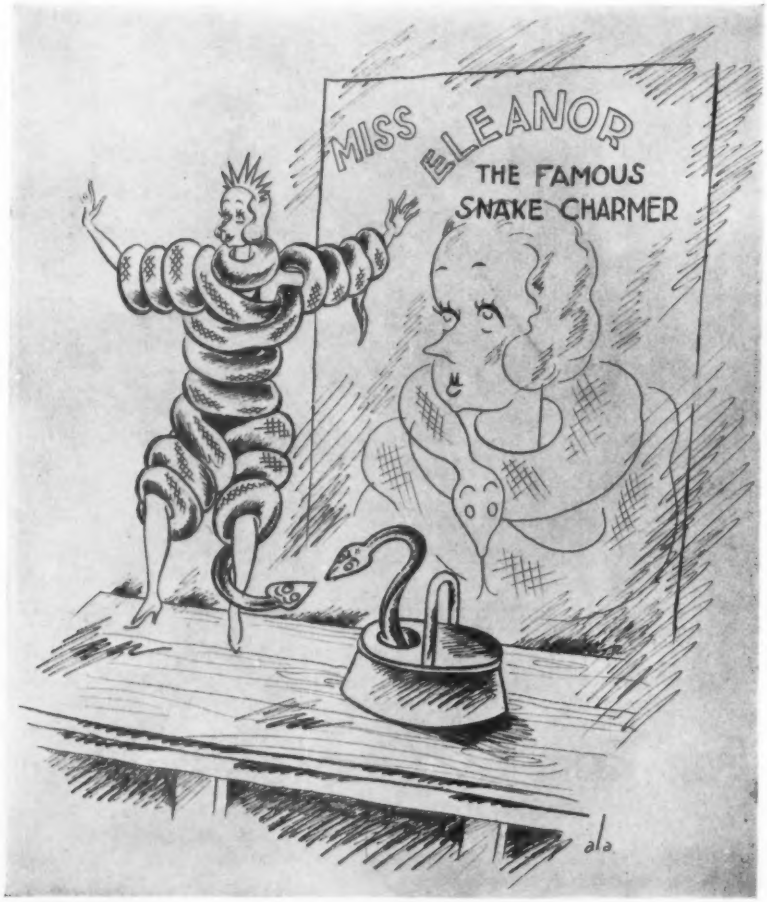
Floyd said, "No, it'd take more'n that," and grinned.

He started to scratch with his forefinger at a spot under the woman's right breast. Cap Choate grabbed the picture away from him. "Hey!" Cap said, "Don't try to take that off, that's in the picture!"

"Oh," Floyd said, "I thought that was a speck of something on it."

That night, after supper, Orville Burke was sitting on one of the sidebenches in the Brunswick Pool Hall, picking his teeth and watching the boys shoot billiards. Floyd Evans was playing. After a while he put up his cue and came over to where Orville was sitting.

"Orville," he said, "me and someone was arguing here the other day about whether you can do that billiard *(Continued on page 110)*



Lady Snake: "I suppose the act requires you to wrap yourself around the snake-charmer but that's no sign you have to do it so affectionately"

We Nominate for Oblivion

HUEY P. LONG

CECIL B. DE MILLE

THOMAS HEFLIN

because:

■ **CECIL B. DE MILLE** is a Hollywood producer whose de luxe spectacles have been largely responsible for the incredibly distorted values of love, high life and wealth which have been formulated in the minds of American film goers; because he is the acknowledged messiah of sunken bathtubs, ermine-tailed boudoir gowns, plush footmen, and tiger skin rugs; and finally because with every resource at his command so many fine plots and talented actors and actresses have been just so much grist to de Mille of the false gods of Hollywood

■ **THOMAS HEFLIN** is the loud-speaking Senator from Alabama who deserted the Democratic Party in 1928 because of his mortal fear and hatred of the Pope; because he sees a Roman Catholic plot in every little political shadow that crosses his path; because he is a rabid and feverish "dry"; because, although a lawmaker, he is intolerant of all opinions which differ with his; and finally because his public utterances on matters of national and international importance have done much to strengthen the European theory that America lacks dignified statesmen

■ **DOWAGER QUEEN MARIE** of Roumania's posturings, and galivantings here and abroad, her devotion to press-agentry and boosting of cold creams and toilet articles have caused people of taste everywhere to lift their eyebrows in disdain; because her incessant and ill-advised intervention in Roumanian politics savors more of comic opera than statesmanship; because by her displays of theatricality she has offended the finest traditions of royalty; and finally because she has been justly termed "a meddlesome mother-in-law and a Hollywood Queen."

■ **HUEY P. LONG** was impeached as Governor of Louisiana; because during his term in office he was accused of having used his appointive power to control the courts; of bribery; of spending the State's money like an oriental potentate; of employing the state militia to loot and pillage private property, and lastly because this self-styled Kaiser of Louisiana and imitation Mussolini has recently (in the Louisiana State Legislature) introduced (through two of his political cronies) bills deliberately aimed to impair and destroy the freedom of the press in America

DOWAGER QUEEN MARIE

Chaplin in "City Lights"

American manners

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

An Englishman points a lean, provocative finger, without much prejudice, at our innocents abroad

■ The whole of London, during the last month or two, has been seething with indignation. It appears than an American diplomatist, of eminence if not of distinction, has aroused our fury by refusing to wear knee breeches at Buckingham Palace. It is recounted also that he on two occasions, in the very same locality, refused, or at least omitted, to bow to the Queen. And finally he arrives late for dinner parties and is apt, even before the coffee, to light his pipe.

Being contradictory by nature I have endeavoured to defend this diplomatist. Obviously a citizen of a Great Republic cannot be expected to dress like a flunkey. Obviously if one prefers pipes to cigarettes one is at liberty to light a pipe even at a grand dinner. And finally I feel sure that the man did not really mean to insult Queen Mary. Republicans, on such occasions, are apt to get a trifle harassed: they bow to the King all right because that is what they came for: but they forget to bow to the lady,—feeling instinctively that such action is not American, nor even English; but French.

I have not found that my defence of this diplomatist has met with any wide acceptance. People point out that if he does not wish to behave like other diplomatists he should not come to a London Embassy. They point out that he should not accept dinner invitations if he intends to light a pipe before his hostess has had her coffee. And they record with glee that when the Japanese Ambassadress told him to extinguish his pipe he did so, rapidly.

I was so distressed by my inability to defend this American gentleman that I consulted one of his compatriots who was a friend of mine. The latter failed to enlighten me. He explained that his fellow citizen behaved in this way not with the desire to insult us, but with the desire to please people in the Middle West of America. I said that I did not understand how the inhabitants of the Middle West could be pleased to hear that another inhabitant of the Middle West had lit his pipe in a Mayfair dining room. A Norfolk farmer would not be pleased in the least if he learned that a member of our Embassy in Washington had been rude to Mrs. Hoover or to Mrs. Gann. He would think the man was either a cad or a lunatic or a person of such excessive vanity that he was not fit to serve his country abroad.

My American friend replied that it was all very difficult for a Britisher to understand. It is indeed.

■ This incident, in any case, has led to a recrudescence of much foolish talk about "American manners". Now, as I have already confessed, I have never been to America. But I have met several Americans and have always found their manners even better than our own. I have only once met an American who was really rude, and he, strangely enough, was that very diplomatist who figures at the outset of this article. I bumped into him at a public dinner. I said I was sorry. I *was* sorry,—I much dislike bumping into elderly gentlemen. His reply was most discourteous. I consider it noble of me to defend him now that he is attacked.

Yet when I come to think of it I should say that the best mannered men I have ever known have been Americans. I can dimly remember Mr. Choate, who was the very soul of courtesy. The names of Walter Page and Paul Cravath rise to mind at the mere mention of "exquisite politeness". Mr. Morgenthau, Mr. Harry White, Mr. Schurmann were all models of ambassadorial benignity. In fact, when I come to think of it, I have only once met an American who was deliberately disagreeable. And even now, I repeat, I rise in his defence.

I admit, however, that there is an impression in Europe (it is stronger in France and Germany than in England) that the American visitor is apt to behave in an insulting manner. Allow me to analyse this curious misconception.

■ Americans in the first place are not good linguists. Although it would need but a few months study for them to master at least the elements of English language they are too busy on arrival to devote themselves to such a task. They arrive, therefore, on the assumption that they will not be either understood or understand. This leads to the inevitable human reaction of treating the outside world as if it were deaf. One raises the voice. That in itself is an aggressive thing to do.

In the second place, Americans, when they land either in England or the Continent, have a feeling that the traditions of the old world are older and deeper than their own. This produces in them as it were a sense of being put upon. They know that they are richer than we are. They know that they can purchase most of the things that they actually *see*. But they have an uneasy feeling that they cannot purchase the things that they *feel*. This feeling, being an uneasy feeling, renders them uneasy. And when one is uneasy one is all too apt to allow a certain note of aggressiveness to creep into one's style.

Then the Americans, as the English, are not perhaps a very adaptable race. They cling to their home-habits. An American for instance prefers a boiled egg in a glass. We ourselves have a somewhat feudal prejudice against the look of an egg, against the look of two eggs, when seen like that all naked. But this must be a decadent prejudice. I have no objection to a person liking to see his eggs all Danae to the stars. But I find it unreasonable of him, if he chooses to go abroad, should he grumble at our English, or our French, egg-cups. They are harmless little things, having an embracing and indeed retentive gesture. There is no need to get cross about them. But I have heard a great many Americans get cross.

■ Then there is that business about what all clean-minded Americans call "plumbing". They like their inns to be old-world, but they wish that someone had called the new world into being to redress the plumbing of the old. Here I am with them. I have heard Mr. Sinclair Lewis give an imitation of his interview with a land-lady in a Cornish hotel. As with most of Mr. Lewis' imitations the thing is vivid, recognizable and fair. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has many imitations. There is one particularly lengthy (and if he will forgive my saying so, boring) imitation of a Scandinavian speaking with a Norwegian accent. This imitation goes on squeaking for a long time. Now that I know Mr. Sinclair Lewis better I am not really afraid of this imitation as I can tell him that I have heard it before. He then looks as disconcerted as a boy caught stealing apples; and stops. But I should advise people who are afraid of offending Mr. Sinclair Lewis not to insist upon his stopping the Scandinavian imitation, but to urge him tactfully to give them the famous imitation of the Cornish land-lady. Here you get the American criticism of England at its wittiest, its kindest, and its best.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, being world famous, is not troubled too much by the inferiority complex. He does not *(Continued on page 96)*

THE NEW CHAPLIN FILM

■ The autumn will see the return of Charlie Chaplin to the screen in the silent picture on which he has been working for the past two years. This photograph shows a scene with Virginia Cherrill in the rôle of the blind girl whom the little hobo loves. *City Lights* is the story of a lonely wayfarer befriended by a rich man who lavishes gifts upon him when in wine, only to kick him into the gutter again each time that he sobers up. No voice will be heard in the picture, but there will be adequately delicate sound effects as in the scene, for instance, where Mr. Chaplin swallows a whistle and attracts, wherever he goes thereafter, a crowd faintly distrustful of the brief, mysterious noises that subsequently issue from him

The new backgammon

BY LELIA HATTERSLEY

A few theories on doubling and some practical hints for the player who aims for success at Backgammon

▪ EDITOR'S NOTE: *Vanity Fair* has in recent months published several articles on Backgammon, the game which has become such an unprecedented fad in America, particularly in the East. The most important feature of the new form of Backgammon is, without question, doubling and re-doubling. As this part of the game is very slightly understood, the following article by Lelia Hattersley will be found extremely helpful to Backgammon players, especially those who have already learned the fundamentals of the game. A new book, *How to Play the New Backgammon*, by Mrs. Hattersley, is soon to be published by the house of Doubleday-Doran.

■ In deciding upon your stakes for a game of Backgammon, it is well to anticipate at least one double for each game and set your figure accordingly. If you have two dollars in mind, make the stake one dollar.

Remember that, even though you may be conservative in offering, or accepting, doubles, your stake may always be increased by the automatic doubles over which you have no control.

The majority of Backgammon players have adopted these Automatic Doubles. That is to say, the automatic double of the original stake, if, in casting for the first throw the players throw matching dice and so have to throw again. A second tie automatically redoubles the doubled stake, and so on.

As there is no limit to the ties which may occur, players should always set three as an arbitrary limit for these doubles.

Then, of course, there is the final double which occurs in all games when the loser has failed to take off any man before the winner has cleared all of his from the board. This is known as a Gammon and is one of the oldest features of the game.

■ Recently the younger Backgammon set, eager to add bigger and better thrills to the gambling phase of their games, have revived the almost forgotten feature of a backgammon which triples the stake when the loser, having failed to remove any of his men from his board, has one or more remaining in his opponent's inner table or on the bar.

While these Gammons and Backgammons were a part of the sedate fireside diversion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, it must be remembered that they were never scored on games already several times doubled and redoubled.

Exciting as many find these automatic doubles and Gammons, they only add to the gambling interest of the game. The type of doubles to which must be ascribed much of the tremendous development in the popularity of Backgammon today, is of course the optional doubles. As they may be offered, accepted, or rejected at the discretion of the players, these optional doubles add to the psychological interest as well as to the excitement of the game.

■ In optional doubling, either player, immediately before any cast of his own dice, may double. The adversary must either accept the double or surrender the game and pay the original stake. After a player has accepted a double, he, in turn, gains the sole right to make the second double and so on, in turn.

During the course of a game this doubling and redoubling may continue indefinitely, the privilege of a new double always resting with the player who has accepted the last. In this way it is obvious that even a modest original stake can be increased to very considerable proportions.

As a curb to recklessness in this matter, it might be of interest to glance over the following figures which show the possible stakes which would result in a series of ten doubles:

Starting with a stake of $1.

1st double $2, 2nd double $4, 3rd double $8, 4th double $16, 5th double $32, 6th double $64, 7th double $128, 8th double $256, 9th double $512, 10th double $1024.

While any number of doubles is permissible, and theoretically possible, in actual games they seldom go beyond three or four. Among conservative players more than one voluntary double and redouble is rarely heard of. And, due to the fact that a player can always control the doubling, merely by refraining from offering one in his turn, there is never any need for him to fear that the stake will really get out of hand. This protection makes an excellent safeguard in a gambling game.

Irrespective of how his luck is running, a player can to a great extent cut down his losses or add to his winnings, by using judgment in offering, accepting, or refusing doubles.

The psychology of your opponent is one of the most important factors influencing the problems of doubling. What kind of a player is he? Is he more, or less, versed than you are in the strategy of the game? Is he strongly aggressive? Or, perhaps, one of those timid souls who can be easily routed by a bold offensive? If the latter, a double at the first moment you have gained the slightest advantage will usually induce his capitulation. However, against a player of experience, it is extremely dangerous to offer a double until the probability of victory is definitely on your side. The danger lies in the fact that your double probably will, and should be, accepted by your adversary. Then, if luck shifts, as it has a way of doing in Backgammon, you have given your opponent the opportunity to redouble and force you to resign and pay a double game, or go on, with the probability of losing four times the original stake.

On the other hand, if he does not choose to redouble, the player who has accepted the first double can take his chances and play out the game, assured against losing more than twice the amount of the original stage, aside from the further possibility of a Gammon.

Remember that the advantage is usually with the player who accepts the first double; for, as a game of Backgammon progresses, the chances for a decisive shift in luck grow slighter. Therefore, a player who redoubles because, later on in the game, he has gained the advantageous position always runs less chance of a disastrous turning of the tables than a player who doubles early in the game.

Whenever the advantage of progress and position is quite definitely on your side, it is wise, as a rule, to double. Many players follow an invariable custom of offering a double if they have secured their five point and bar point before their opponent has established either of his.

■ When playing against an adversary of about equal skill, this rule is an excellent one to adopt; for in such a case the double would (and should) usually be refused and you would secure your game without further risk.

Even in such an advantageous position, however, a double may be premature if your opponent is a master in playing the Back Game. Be wary about doubling a skilled Back Game player unless he has so advanced his men that the development of a successful back strategy seems improbable.

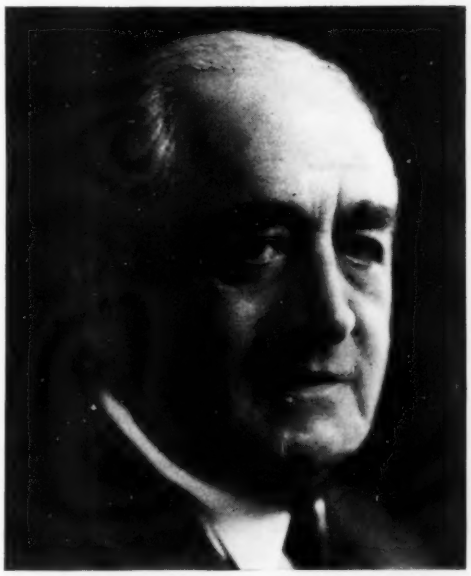
Often a seasoned player pitted against a novice at Backgammon will deliberately try to coax a double by appearing to be helplessly floundering during the early stages of a game. As soon as he has induced the wished-for double, the expert turns faceabout and launches an aggressive Back Game which puts him in a position to offer the redouble for which he has been playing.

■ If you are an inexperienced player you should venture to double an expert only after he has advanced his men to establish some position beyond his four point and has moved out of your table or at least as far as your four point. In such a case your adversary is no longer in position for really effective backward tactics and a double, if your own situation *(Continued on page 92)*

MARIE DRESSLER, COMÉDIENNE

MURAY

COLE PORTER, COMPOSER



ADOLPH OCHS, PUBLISHER

CARL KLEIN

MANUEL KOMROFF, AUTHOR

We nominate for the hall of fame

■ **MARIE DRESSLER,** because in 1886 she enthralled our fathers as *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags;* because in spite of Greta Garbo, she achieved a triumph in the film *Anna Christie;* and finally because her Hollywood success demonstrates again that often the talkies' newest and best blood has flowed for years in Broadway's veins

■ **ADOLPH OCHS,** because as the publisher of the *New York Times* he is the most influential man in the world of journalism today; because he has always believed that a journal need not be yellow to be profitable; and finally because he has never allowed his newspapers to deviate from their slogan: All the news that's fit to print

■ **COLE PORTER,** because he composed *Bulldog Bow-wow-wow* and *Bingo,* while a student at Yale; because he is the able composer of the lyrics and music of *An Old-Fashioned Garden, Let's Misbehave,* and *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; and finally because his music expresses perhaps better than any other the bright spirit of the 1930's

■ **MANUEL KOMROFF,** because, although his name and his sympathies are Russian, he is an American who went to Yale; because in his youth he was successively an engineer, a composer, an art critic and a painter; and finally because his novel *Coronet* has been acclaimed by both critics and the public as one of the best of our day

PETER JULEY

Helen Wills

From a portrait painted in London, in the summer of 1930, by Augustus John, the most eminent of contemporary British painters

William T. Tilden II

■ William T. Tilden II is an undisputed genius of the tennis court.

Genius is a difficult quality to control, whether it is in a poet, surgeon, politician, or tennis player. Like most outstanding qualities, it usually irritates and antagonizes the people who do not possess it. They should be more generous. They need not be entirely approving in their attitude but they *can* cultivate a receptive attitude toward genius, one which forgives its faults for the sake of its virtues.

Am I wrong in saying that it is the tendency of most of us to make the way of genius a hard one? To criticize, with just a touch of bitterness, the manifestations of genius, to emphasize its failings rather than its virtues?

William T. Tilden II possesses the magic quality of genius which sets him apart from other tennis players. He is the outstanding figure of the tennis world today. No one need tell us this. Those who understand tennis, and who are old enough to have seen the beginnings of the game, when it was played by an earlier generation, say that Tilden is the greatest player of all time. There is no reason why we should not believe this.

But what has he done for tennis?

■ One often hears, from over-fastidious critics the same comments on him, endlessly repeated . . . "He has had his own way in tennis for the last ten years," "He has run every tournament he has played in," "He has run the Tennis Association—although it has pretended it has been running him," "He has questioned the decision of linesmen and umpires," "He never goes to tennis dinners," "Once he upset the Davis Cup play," and so on. I've heard them all. They all irritate me very much.

Because he has been, for so long, a tennis leader, there are many people, who, on principle, like to believe the uncomplimentary things they hear about him. We all know people who want the icing on somebody else's cake to be bitter.

But *has* Tilden always had his own way? Probably no more than he has deserved to have, being the leading tennis player of the world. Excellence will have its reward. Constantly in the public eye, he has become a victim of the inevitable popular suspicion of the world's favourites.

It is true that he has been accorded privileges not given to the rank and file of tennis players, but this is a natural result of his excellence in sport. But he has never (and I can say this as one who knows the character of Tilden well) accepted an advantage which would be in the least unfair to his adversary, or to any other player.

He refuses to go to tennis dinners. But is that such a great fault? Perhaps Tilden follows a certain schedule which bars late, long, or rich dinners. Perhaps officials' speeches, sometimes saccharine with phrases concerning exalted sportsmanship, bore him.

a genius of the tennis courts

BY HELEN WILLS

And what about Tilden and his difficulty with the United States Lawn Tennis Association? Tilden is an individualist whose conduct is perhaps a little coloured by the erratic quality of every genius. He was brought before a row of middle-aged and stern officials to be judged upon the question of whether he was a professional or an amateur tennis player. Perhaps he felt that they were over-serious. Perhaps he decided that they were too pompous in their interpretation of the rules. Perhaps he felt that their eyes were so intent upon the rules that they failed to recognize the true spirit of tennis as a sport. Perhaps he became so impatient with them that he was irresistibly impelled to break some of the many rules which they had made.

Again! He is irritated by linesmen! Terrible thought! I have watched Tilden play in hundreds of matches, and have seen him sometimes look at linesmen in no uncertain terms—but—(and this is the important point)—no more for himself than for his opponent. He will question a decision that concerns his opponent as quickly as one that affects himself. He makes his demands for himself and opponents alike. His dramatic and imperious gestures are a part of his nature. He cannot behave otherwise than dramatically upon the court. His generosity and his fairness to his adversary are quite beyond question.

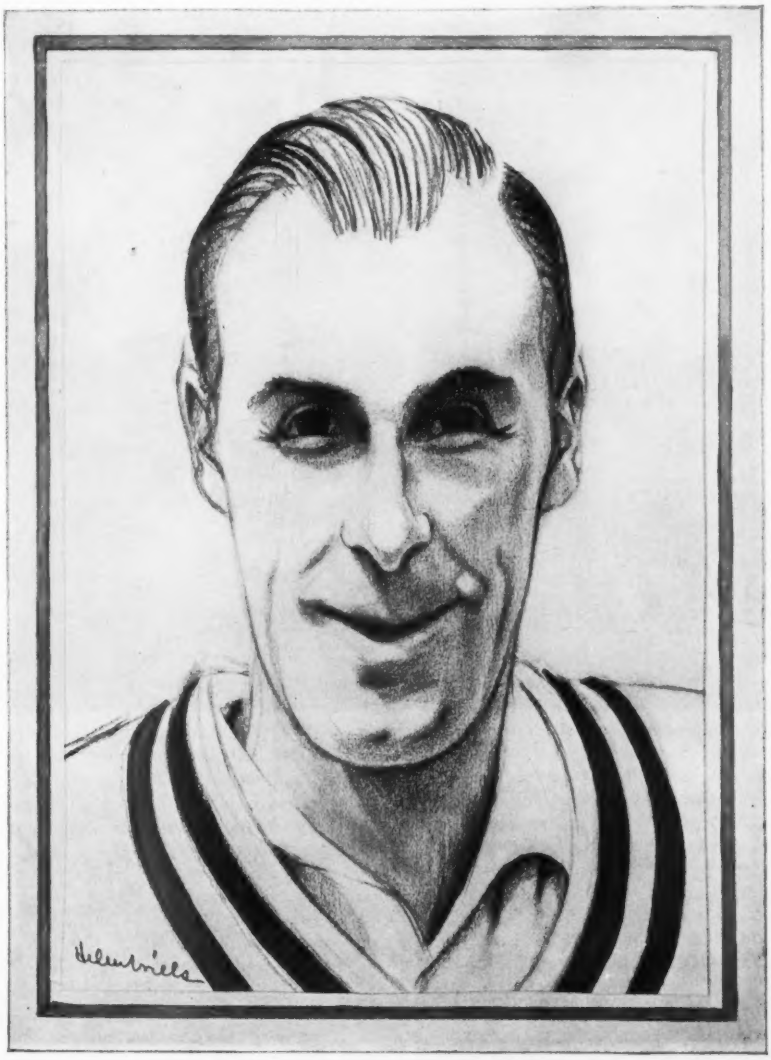
What has Tilden done for tennis? What he has done is beyond estimating—and beyond compensation. First of all, what is his record?

■ His name appeared in the first ten of the National Tennis Ranking as early as 1918, —being ranked second. The next year he again ranked number two. The next year he stepped into first position, and since 1920 has been first among all American tennis players. For ten years he has been the leader! Ten years is an eternity in sport. During that time he has shown how tennis should be played—in a beautiful style with finished and masterly strokes. He has shown how perfectly speed, tactics and style can be combined. We are safe in saying that no other player has so ably included all of these in his game. There have been players who overwhelmed with their speed, there have been others who were master strategists—but there has never been another to equal Tilden in the combination of all the qualities which go to make up the ideal tennis champion.

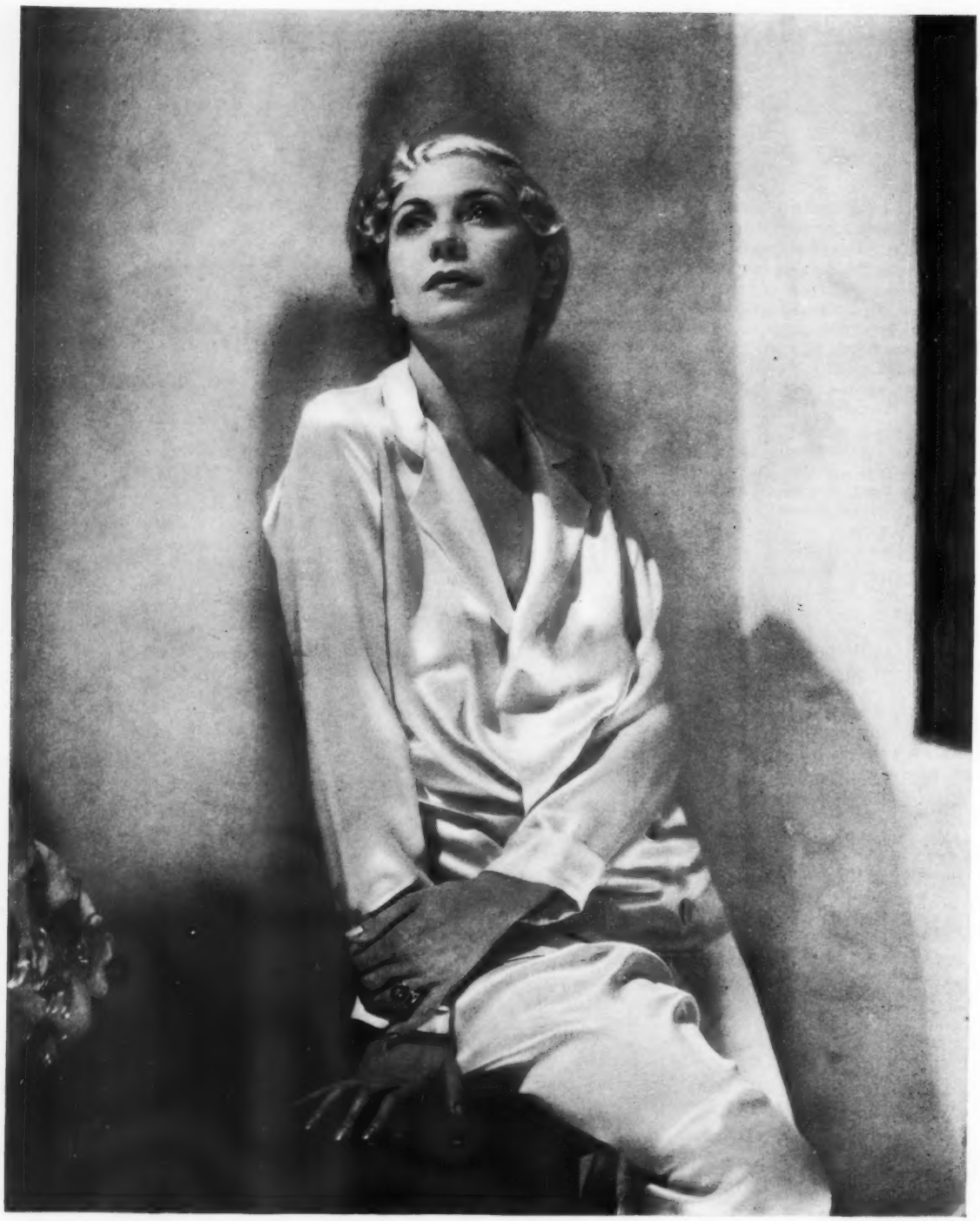
During the ten years that Tilden has been at the height of his career, he has played not only in the National events—Davis Cup and International meetings—but in countless tournaments and exhibition matches as well. In Europe his skill and his example have inspired the tennis players of four countries. He has encouraged hundreds of young players throughout the country. Thousands upon thousands of people have watched him play, have marvelled at his display of graceful stroking, have seen how the game can be played by a genius. Those who were learning, went home with a better idea of how to execute their own strokes. And last, but far from least, these thousands have derived a definite and an almost inspired pleasure from seeing him in action on the court. The endless hours of enjoyment which his tennis has brought to the multitudes who have seen him play, is beyond computation.

■ Long, thin Tilden, with his burning, deep-set eyes, his delicate and slender fingers, his over broad shoulders, his wisps of straight, dark hair, his little mannerism of twitching at his left sleeve with his right hand, his way of leaning his head on one side and snapping his fingers at a bad shot—all these one remembers. Never in repose, always supercharged with nervous energy, Tilden is as restless as the sea-waves, a creature of constant activity, and endless change.

If the game of tennis had not happened to engage Tilden's attention, what would have happened then? Well, I am somehow convinced that his genius would have shone in some other field; for it is genius that produces perfect craftsmanship, not craftsmanship that produces genius. And it is certainly fair to assume that genius like Tilden's is a quality that dominates whatever material it has been given to work with.



WILLIAM T. TILDEN II. A DRAWING BY HELEN WILLS



STEICHEN—BEVERLY HILLS

Lilyan Tashman

A sophisticated actress of the screen, who plays the French lady menace in a film, "The Matrimonial Bed"

■ About ten years ago, Lilyan Tashman was one of the few famously beautiful girls in Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies* who came, not from the farm or the little town in Idaho, but straight from the sleek and shining purlieus of New York itself. In *The Gold Diggers*, and in other plays in which she subsequently played in New York, she kept always, intact and inimitable, the faintly lifted eyebrow of sophistication which now distinguishes her upon the screen. She has appeared in such films as *Seven Days*, *Broadway Butterfly* and *The Dark Swan* and now, with her husband, Edmund Lowe, contributes to Hollywood one of those happy home lives which are rare enough in that vicinity to be written about passionately four times a year by the moving picture magazines

The sincerest form of flattery

BY BERNARD DARWIN

How the golfers of England are busily engaged in imitating the methods of their American confrères

■ We English have not, I am afraid, any great reputation amongst the nations of the earth for humility. Still I fancy that if any American golfer were to come here now and see how busily and humbly we are trying to imitate our conquerors he would at any rate think us not so arrogant as we used to be.

Let me give a few examples that have lately come under my notice. I will discreetly veil the persons involved under mere letters of the alphabet, lest they should have the law on me. With this precaution I will set down a few notes about them, as from a doctor's case-book.

A. A venerable and illustrious Scottish player. Nearly as old as I am. Played in the first match at Hoylake between the United States and Britain. Says that he has discovered that the Americans "break" their wrists earlier in the swing when playing iron shots. Went out and tried it in the dark and the ball went for miles and perfectly straight.

B. A Walker Cup player of a younger generation. Told me that Mr. Bobby Jones told him that the fault of all British players was that they hit at the ball too soon. Is therefore valiantly trying to delay his hit. Temporary and pleasing result (as I played against him): most of his shots ended off the course in thick heather.

C. Another good young player who has played for England. He had also been told something by the Champion of Champions, namely to get his left hip out of the way more quickly. Had further observed for himself a certain subtle first movement of the right elbow in the case of all American golfers. I had hopes that these two discoveries would temporarily render him an easy victim but was sadly disappointed. He drove magnificently.

■ D. A thoroughly good scratch player of forty or so. The only golfer I ever knew who really did succeed in changing his swing not merely in his own imagination but in the eyes of his friends. Achieved a great conquest over the habit of lifting his elbow, I hasten to add in a purely golfing and not a figurative sense. Says that the great American secret is the steering of the club right through the ball on the *down* swing and following through, whereas *we* think it enough to get the club *up* properly and then let fly. I have no recent bulletins as to the present condition of his game.

E. Has played for Scotland. Says that he is completely reforming his swing for the third time in history. Adds that he knows we are all laughing at him but does not care and will get it right this time. Thinks that the fundamental difference between British and American players is that the British hit against their left side and the Americans hit against their right side. Looks just the same as he did before but says he feels quite different. At present the results of his reformation are, on the whole, heathery, sandy and long-grassy but some of the shots in between are superb. Is a person of great resolution and I think he will succeed in the end.

Here are five cases from amongst my own friends which have come under my notice and I have not been playing much golf. Think then how many there must be, unknown to me all over the country, who are also indulging in this sincerest form of flattery. In every club house in England people are talking about "grooving" the swing and hitting "from the inside out", which are generally believed to be the two mysterious qualities which account for the American supremacy.

■ Whatever may be their precise meaning these two expressions are undoubtedly good ones; they stick in the head and they summon up for the learner a distinct mental picture. After all is not that more than half the battle? I am sometimes sceptical enough to think that there is not much that is new to be said about golf, but it may always be possible to invent newer and more effective ways of saying the old thing. To take the simplest of examples one may tell a pupil to keep his eye on the ball and it seems to do him no good at all; but put the advice in a negative and slightly different shape and say "Don't move your head" and he grasps the point. The time-honoured "Don't press" may merely infuriate a patient but "Don't hit too soon" will suddenly make him understand what he has been doing wrong.

■ Now with regard to this "grooving" of the swing, does it mean anything more recondite than this, that having made the right picture of the path on which the club should travel, we ought to practise and practise until it follows that path as near as may be, automatically? I think that is all there is "to it" but then that is a great deal and the American golfers have first got a better picture of the path than we have and secondly, practised more assiduously to make the club travel on it.

As to "hit from inside out" is there anything really new in that? How many golfers have there not been from the beginning of time who complained bitterly that their club would come across the ball on the way down? How many times have they been told that unless they make a turn of the body on the way up the club must inevitably do that fatal thing? This slogan of "from the inside out" is really the old advice in a new form but it is a very good and succinct form, because the man who is trying to hit from the inside will turn his left shoulder without thinking about it; he will feel instinctively that he cannot hit from the inside unless he *does* turn. It will have another good effect on him in that it will make him take pains over the whole of his swing. He will not think it enough merely to get to the top as he ought and then, in vulgar language, to let it rip; he will try, like my conscientious old friend D., before mentioned, to control it all the way and to end poised in a classical attitude.

■ Therefore, though I am not convinced that this is a brand new truth about the game of golf, I am sure that we ought to be humbly grateful for this excellent way of expressing it. I am also sure that, whether we, over here, knew it before or not, the American golfers have seen the value of this truth and acted on it much more thoroughly than we have. Nothing strikes us here as so characteristic of the best American players as the fact that their ball comes in at the end of its flight with a slight curve from the right and that is of course the direct result of hitting from the inside. I cannot call to mind a single American golfer whose tendency, in case of error, is towards a slice; it is always towards the more virile hook. I suppose that this shining and resplendent virtue has some of the defects of its qualities, in that the player may sometimes be in difficulties over a strong wind blowing from right to left. For instance, when I watched Mr. Don Moe lose his match to Mr. Hartley in the Championship at St. Andrews I noticed that he was magnificent with the wind on his back; he treated that wind, which is the slicer's terror, with a well justified scorn, but when he turned for home and had the wind on the other flank he could not stop his ball from floating too far away to the left. He was not used to the wind and would soon, I imagine, find a way of circumventing it but the point was a not uninteresting one.

Our ardent young enquirers are doubtless on some right tracks, if possibly on some wrong ones as well. I trust they will not fall into the error of not seeing the wood for the trees. All these detailed discoveries are to my mind of less importance than the fact that the American golfers *Swing* the club (in the very fiercest italics, please, Mr. Printer) all the time. When golf and some of us were younger it was the great doctrine of golf that the ball must be swept away, not hit, but we have gone worshipping after strange gods whereas the Americans have not only stood fast in the old faith but have improved upon it. They always swing the club, they swing it smoothly and slowly and they never forget that rhythm is more important than details of stance or grip. If somebody who had never seen golf in all his life was taken to watch Mr. Bobby Jones the one thing he would notice was the beautifully rhythmic *(Continued on page 110)*

The metaphysics of contract bridge

BY SIDNEY S. LENZ

In which an American expert of renown offers to our readers two tricky and illuminating hands

■ EDITOR'S NOTE: Sidney S. Lenz, the author of this article, has long been a figure in New York life. Lately, as the instigator and editor of the Bridge contests in *Judge* and in the theatre programs, he has become known the country over. A great character is Lenz! In the old days, in a bowling tournament, he rolled 21 games for an average of 244—probably a record at that time. For years he played chess and checkers with the champions, including Pillsbury, whom he defeated on occasions. When the rage for Ping Pong first swept the country, he became National Champion. As an amateur magician only six or eight professionals can best him. Expert, suave, fast as lightning, the master of a fine line of patter—no other amateur can match him as a magician in America. Added to all this, he is probably America's most expert Bridge player and the winner of dozens of national Bridge tournaments.

■ A learned Doctor recently made a public statement to the effect that the lowest form of animal life was the Bridge-player. Of course the good Doctor was not a good card player, but it is quite the proper thing, nowadays, to give expert opinions on subjects one knows nothing about. Not that I wish to take up the cudgels for the Bridgers. I have played with some who have brought down the average to so low a point that I am forced to believe that they were the Doctor's regular patients.

That Contract Bridge is a difficult game is an altogether wrong theory. It is really a very simple pastime, and anybody who can count up to thirteen and is able to say "Pass" will not find it difficult to become a great authority. It might not be good business for our leading Bridge Professors to dwell too much on the simplicity of the game—charging, as most of them do, twenty dollars per lesson.

For one thing, the game can be played without the aid of mechanical conventions—conventions that require a pre-game explanation of all that is to take place. Contract is a mental science and I am with Anatole France, cards and Slams, when he asks, "What is more metaphysical than the Ace of Spades?"

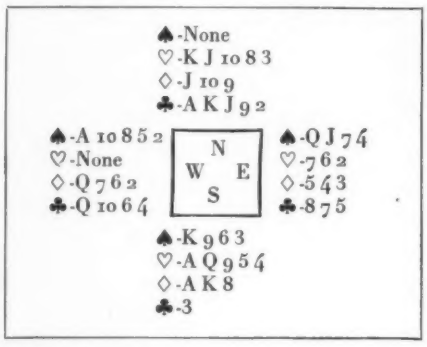
The Bridge-player who is taking up Contract has but one vital point to study. How to arrive at a game declaration without joining a suicide club?

At Bridge, a bid of one Club may easily secure the contract and score thirteen tricks for game, slam, rubber, match, dinner and theatre. But to obtain such joyous results at Contract one must *bid* for the Slam. Not necessarily right off the reel, but by one of the many, many methods endorsed by the experts. (How nice and pleasant it would be if the experts could agree on one system, so that ambitious players would know just where they were at.)

At a Contract tournament for the New Jersey State Championship two lady contestants were politely asked to withdraw from the contest because they were a bit unethical in their bidding system. They declared a "Vanderbilt Club", a "Whitehead two Spades" or a "Work 24 points No Trumper". Seems to me that they received a bad deal, because nothing was said to some of the other contestants who bid "two Clubs" and forgot to mention, beforehand, that their partners understood that the bid was the equivalent of about three and a half No Trumps, or who used loud doubles for business and soft doubles for information only.

■ A decisive hand in this same competition won the match on a Grand Slam bid. A post-mortem discussion tried to fix the blame for the slam on a doubtful bid made by one of the adversaries.

I respectfully disagree. Here was the hand:



The Bidding:

South	*West*	*North*	*East*
1 Heart	1 Spade	3 Clubs	3 Spades
Double	Pass	4 Spades	Pass
5 Hearts	Pass	6 Hearts	Pass
7 Hearts	Pass	Pass	Pass

North's three-Club bid was a Demand-bid. East, with his three Spades, was flag-flying in the endeavor to save the slam bid that appeared certain. On the second round, North's four-Spade declaration made it simple to arrive at the Grand Slam. After the game, West was blamed for bidding at all as, at the tables where West passed, the North and South players stopped at a Little Slam in Hearts.

It is on deals such as this that Ace-showing will locate a slam hand that can only be found with the assistance of the adversary, by other methods.

On Demand-bidding, with Ace showing, the Grand Slam would be bid, even with *West passing*. Here is the way it would work, without so much as a bid from West:

South	*West*	*North*	*East*
2 Hearts	Pass	3 Hearts	Pass
4 Diamonds	Pass	5 Clubs	Pass
5 Hearts	Pass	5 Spades	Pass
6 Hearts	Pass	7 Hearts	Pass
Pass	Pass		

North's support of the partner's Demand-bid must keep the bidding open. After the suit is agreed upon, the lowest ranking Ace is shown first.

Of course, the point of this deal lies in the difficulty of arriving at a Grand Slam unless North can show the Spade situation. It would be poor strategy to speculate on a Grand Slam with the Little Slam practically assured. In the play of the cards, thirteen tricks can be made against any defense.

Sometimes, however, a metaphysical condition arrives in the play of the cards that, if taken advantage of, will defeat a seemingly certain contract.

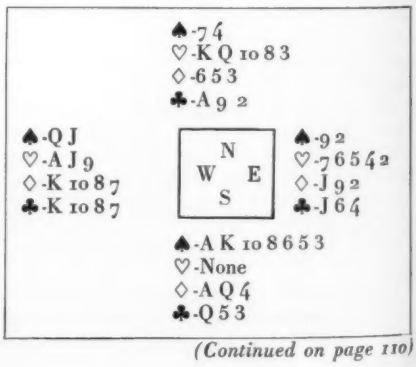
On the rubber game the dealer opened this hand with a declaration of four Spades. There was no further bidding and the lead was from this hand:

♠-Q J
♡-A J 9
◇-K 10 8 7
♣-K 10 8 7

What specific card would *you* have led in this situation?

■ Answer! With a stopper in three suits it would seem that the Spades in declarant's hand were surely set-up. As a trump lead cannot hurt partner's hand, *that* appears to be the logical opening. It so happens that any opening but a trump gives the game to declarant without a struggle. On the opening of the Queen of Spades the declarer can still make his game but only by very good play.

This hand was played at eleven tables, in duplicate, and a game at Spades was won at ten tables.



(Continued on page 110)

Well-dressed women in tweeds and fur

Three different length fur jackets that are very smart worn with tweed dresses in the country or for motoring

▪ Suits are still being worn for all occasions this autumn and among the newest and most interesting types are those with fur jackets. The jackets are worn in many lengths and most of the flat furs are used with charming effects. The suits pictured above would be smart worn in the country or for motoring. The one at the left, of soft wool in diagonal black and grey stripes, has a one-piece dress with a white collar and a finger-tip length jacket of grey kid. The jacket is lined with the tweed of the dress; Altman. The costume in the center has a very short nutria bolero jacket that hangs very loose and straight. The dress is one-piece and of beige, brown and yellow oatmeal tweed with a pleated skirt. A note of colour is the surah scarf of brown and yellow stripes; Saks Fifth-Avenue. At the right is a long coat ensemble that combines a beige shaved panther coat and red and beige tweed dress. The coat is quite straight and belted, and the dress is worn with a red leather belt; Bergdorf Goodman

For the well-dressed man

A few words on the tailoring of clothes for short stocky men advising them on the art of appearing as they are not

■ Whatever the reason, the sad fact remains that too little attention has been given to the clothes requirements of men who are far from our conception of the ideal. And it cannot be said truthfully that the lean, erect figure is by any means that of the average man. Too long, clothes have been designed for a mythical, ideal figure of a man. If we recall the summer days spent on beaches, we realize how few men we saw who approached this ideal. And if clothes have been designed with little thought of the individual's peculiarities, fashion changes in men's dress have taken note even less of the differences between the physical conformations of one man and another. It is high time that someone came to the assistance of the thousands who have blindly accepted clothes that were quite obviously designed for someone else.

Perhaps no single group of men has been so consistently ignored in the matter of their clothes requirements as that group of rather short stocky men—and of these there are not a few.

Certain principles of line and design, that are common property among those adroit at creating various forms of art which are planned to lead the eye over a set pattern, are the basis of all well-planned design. These principles must be observed if the proper effect is to be achieved.

For the short, stocky man the problem is to achieve a taller, more slender effect. The rules are very simple, although the degree of success with which they accomplish the purpose is quite relative. However, it is surprising sometimes to see what can be done with a few yards of cloth toward modifying the physical conformations that were foisted upon us.

Stated briefly, the rules are these:

Accent the vertical line, wherever possible.

Select dark plain fabrics for suit and overcoat materials.

If the suit material has any pattern, it should be a simple stripe.

Choose smooth-finished worsteds, fairly light in weight.

And conversely:

Avoid horizontal lines.

Avoid light colours, bold pattern of any sort and, above all, plaids and checks.

Avoid rough cheviots, heavy, unfinished worsteds, and heavy tweeds.

To achieve the proper vertical effect in the jacket, any attempt at fit must be confined to the shoulders. From that point the jacket should hang with only the suggestion of a waistline, and it must never be tight over the hips. A rather loose fit allows the material to drape itself in vertical folds and lessens the apparent bulk of the figure. A tight fit is fatal to the proper effect because it produces horizontal wrinkles at the waist and sleeves, making the figure appear shorter and stockier than it really is. A single-breasted jacket, tailored with a soft front and rather narrow lapels so that it can be worn open is one of the better choices.

■ If a double-breasted jacket is preferred, it also should have narrow lapels, a narrow overlap, and the top pair of buttons should be spaced a little farther apart than the other pairs.

The same advice is equally true for topcoats and overcoats.

Trousers should taper slightly and have a fairly sharp crease. Worsted, of course, maintains a crease better than most other fabrics. And the accessories follow the same rules. Shoes must be trim and slender. Ties should be dark and narrow. Shirts are extremely unobtrusive both in colour and pattern. Socks are dark. Hats depend more on the individual's face. Gloves alone may be light in colour. Jewellery must be even more unobtrusive than the plain things most men wear.

• Among the illustrations above, note the details of the jackets worn by the two figures • The double-breasted jacket has a narrow over-lap and narrow lapels • The single-breasted jacket is worn unbuttoned to accent the vertical lines • Both jackets are loosely fitted • Trousers show a sharp crease, and those with the single-breasted jacket have no cuffs • The accessories are plain and unobtrusive • Trim lines and no perforations on the shoe • Plain, ribbed socks • A plain tie and pin-striped shirt

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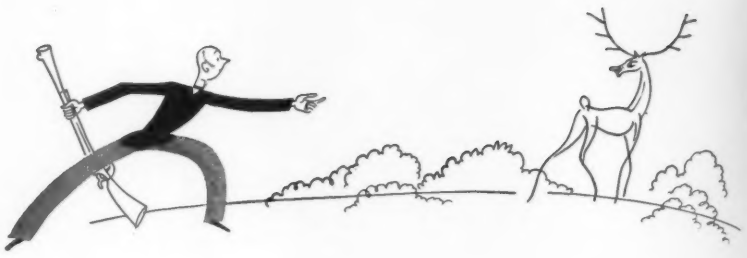
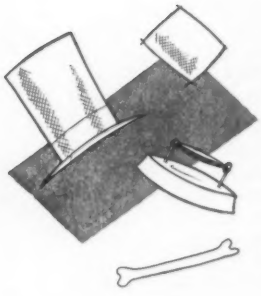
Our London Letter

An interview with an ancient and honorable English valet and some pointed observations on the lost craft of valeting





■ These are bad days for good clothes. The decay of valeting, the large-scale laundry, the delicacy of modern cloth—though softer and more comfortable, it is less durable—the constant demands of modern travelling, only partially relieved by the heaven-sent wardrobe trunk and expanding suitcase, the necessity for many of us to travel without a valet and to depend on the services of unskilled hotel valets, all these are obvious reasons why the care of our clothes has become such a difficult and all but overwhelming problem.

No one has yet told the full story of suffering patiently borne by good suits in places where they "clean and press", and the following remarks on English practice are offered to help the valet-less and recall some of our valets to the original principles of their craft—too often forgotten.

In view of the admitted fact that valeting stands at the parting of the ways, it is interesting and instructive to record the impartial, Olympian views of a very dean of English valets whose experience dates back to the eighties, when he served his first apprenticeship with the then Marquess of Ely. There followed years of service in bachelors' chambers in gas-lit Jermyn Street, in far-famed "Albany", in attendance on the swells of the Bachelors Club in Piccadilly, followed by an Imperial era when Mr. Fagge packed for Dr. Jameson on the eve of his Transvaal raid and for the great Cecil Rhodes himself. Of his later experiences, of nobility in full decadence, of the habits and clothes of Mr. Arnold Bennett and other great men, there is no room here to speak. Fagge on Valeting is as authoritative as say, Rosa Lewis—the immortal proprietor of the Cavendish—on the subject of hotel guests and how to spoil them.

■ In the eighties, clothes were laid to rest in mahogany drawers in wardrobes especially designed for them. Today they hang expectant—and half the valet's duties, the elaborate folding and putting away, have disappeared. The two systems—the Lie Flat and the Hanging—are still practised in England, where the elderly are amusingly faithful to the habits of their youth, and where there are still men who lie abed in night shirts, refusing to recognize the Pajama Revolution of the late nineties.

If only because of the atmosphere of a time that is gone, it is pleasant to refer to the bone and the great part it once played in valeting. A valet without his bone was an impossible thought. Valets indeed left them in their wills—and in one old churchyard it is recorded that after years of faithful service a servant was buried with this tool of his trade. Until ousted by box calf and other leathers, the most popular leather for men's shoes was Bordeaux calf—it is still to be found in England—and to remove the wrinkles of this calf a bone is necessary.

It would be quite an error to suppose that a valet has but to enter some dark and secret shop in the Shepherd's Market off Curzon Street—the haunt of valets—and bluntly demand a bone. It is not so easy to come by. One must persuade a keeper on the estate of a Scottish laird to secure a bone from a haunch of venison and to bury it for at least a year until all the flesh has fallen off leaving the bone in a highly polished condition able to remove the least wrinkle from the shoe.

For ordinary leathers the modern valet will use the less poetic medium of a very small quantity of the best polish, cleaning the soles as well, polishing with a second brush, and finishing with a velvet pad.

Every suit should be brushed often but not pressed more than once a week. The secret of good brushing is the use of a damp brush, after which the suit should be hung, letting nature do the rest. Later the perfect valet will go over the suit with a solicitous and all-seeing eye to discover what marks, if any, may be visible and to remove them carefully.

■ After correct diagnosis of the nature of the spot or stain the standard clinical treatment is as follows: The valet lays the garment on the pressing board and puts a little of the best refined benzine (never ordinary gasoline) on a damp pressing cloth. He holds the cloth on a hot iron until really hot and then rubs well on the spot. The mingled spirit and water vapour will deal effectively with most marks.

At this point, Mr. Fagge reminds us of a once delicate subject which no valet mentioned to his master. It appears that in the days when the moustache reigned in full glory, the removal of soup-stains was one of the most exacting but secret requirements of a discreet and able valet. It is only, of course, of historic interest to readers of *Vanity Fair*—who live in an age when male faces aim at an uncompromising stream-line effect—to learn that beeswax was the antidote to be followed by the usual spirit and vapour treatment.

The clothes brush, with Kent bristles, is indispensable to the right brushing of clothes. When Mr. Fagge arrived in San Francisco in 1887, after exciting adventures with his master in the jungle of the Isthmus of Panama, he found a tradition—it may have been nationwide—that the nap of any cloth would suffer if brushed thoroughly, and that it was better to whisk the suit with the American clothes brush of the *(Continued on page 106)*

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Ananias preferred

(Continued from page 49)

truth. In school your teachers further laid the foundation for your upright and moral citizenship. Here you were informed that the Constitution of the United States is a miraculous and unassailable document handed down, one supposes, by God from Mount Sinai to John Hancock and his noble crew; that America is the cleverest, wisest, most idealistic nation in the world; that all other nations are scheming, avaricious, decadent, and intent upon waging war; that genius is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration; and that honesty is the best policy. And all the while you were being taught that it was wrong, Oh, very wrong, to tell a lie, (for unlike George Washington, who *could* not tell a lie, the average child finds it unnatural to do anything else). If, with luck, you were not broken by adult lies of your instinctive childish habit of lying, you probably grew into fine, fearless manhood or womanhood, equipped with a glib tongue which has successfully gotten you in and out of drawing-rooms, banks, business houses, and haunts of pleasure with the minimum of personal inconvenience and the maximum of success.

But such lying—social, emotional, domestic and business—is a poor example of what lying may really be. It is utilitarian and practical, an implement of daily toil, with which we till our own individual little green pastures. It is, in fact, the blessed spade which we all untruthfully call the devil's pitchfork. But the spade cannot compare in beauty with the sword; and creative lying, the last type, is just that: the glittering, burning sword of untruth which drives before it all truth-ridden, fact-seeking folk from the garden of Romance and Adventure. Cyrano de Bergerac wielded it—Byron and D'Artagnan, and Baron Munchausen, without whom the annals of literature would be dull indeed. The consummate, magnificent mendacity of Baron Munchausen is hard to duplicate in this modern and increasingly truthful age. In all my experience I have met only one liar who might be ranked as an artist, (omitting, of course, the names of certain prominent politicians whose dry oratory still bears the stigma of utilitarianism). This particular fellow was a weather-beaten top-Sergeant of the United States Marines. I am sure that all the incredible stories which have ever been "told to the Marines" first reached his ears, were devoured by him, passed through the alchemy of his own amazing imagination, and were given back in the guise of personal experiences. Two of these tales in particular are of interest, obeying as they do the laws of a perfect lie, or what is known as a "whopper." They *might* have happened, and, therefore, might conceivably have happened to *him*. They incur your doubt, but not your derision, for you will never be able to *prove* conclusively that the top-Sergeant was really lying.

The first story had to do with an aeroplane which was reconnoitering over Nicaragua in Honduras.

"The pilot was a chap I had first known in the Argonne, when he was attached to the First Flying Corps there," the Sergeant said. (The good liar always dates his stories with astonishing exactitude.)

"We were flying two thousand feet above a 'spic,' that is, to say the native country, when we hit an air pocket and fell with a bump. Now, I had refused to be strapped in my seat, and when the plane suddenly went into a loop, I was hurtled through space, two thousand feet above the ground and death. Owing to the suddenness of my fall, I lost consciousness. You can imagine my surprise when I regained my senses a few minutes later to find myself seated as before in the machine. What had happened was that my friend, the pilot, seeing me diving through the air below him, had swooped down quickly and righted his plane directly under me, so that I had fallen two hundred feet *into the cockpit of the plane*."

The other story which illustrates this modern Munchausen's personal bravery concerned an altercation which he had in a café with two British officers, about the quality of national courage. The Britishers insisted that English courage was the greatest in the world.

"I disagreed with them," said my patriotic Marine. "I told them that American courage was the finest in the world. A quarrel started which was getting pretty heated, when I leaned forward and pulled a pistol from the belt of the Englishman who was yelling the loudest. I opened the barrel, showed that it was loaded with six bullets. Removing every other bullet, I threw them on the floor, spun the barrel three or four times, and snapped it back. Then I said to those sons of John Bull, 'There are three empty and three loaded chambers in this gun. I don't know, and you don't either, if it is cocked on an empty or a loaded chamber.' With that I held it to my head, and fired. It was a fifty-fifty shot, and I won. 'How's that for Yankee courage?' I asked, offering them the gun. 'Let's see you try.' But they just got up silently, paid the bill for nine whiskies and sodas, and walked out."

Now that was a well-made lie, a most impeccable lie, a creative lie, and one which in its way points the moral and proves the worth of all lying: that it is only in lies, wholeheartedly and bravely told, that human nature attains through words and speech the forebearance, the nobility, the romance, the idealism, that—being what it is—it falls so far short of in fact and in deed.

New 1931 Sterling by Gorham

"THE HUNT CLUB"..

Being used by Masters
of Four Famous Hunts

Middleburg
Norfolk
Harford
Onwentsia

Also being bought by some of the smartest women in America for both town and country homes

The Middleburg Hunt rides over beautiful Virginia hunting country. Daniel C. Sands, Esq., is M. F. H.

THE BRILLIANCE and elegance of the Hunt Breakfast inspired this new 1931 Gorham Sterling—"The Hunt Club."

Already this distinguished, sparkling pattern is being used by the masters of famous hunts—sportsmen renowned as royal hosts.

Daniel C. Sands, Esq., Master of Fox Hounds of the historic Middleburg Hunt, has chosen the new Gorham for the courtly hospitality of "Benton," his Virginia estate.

Henry G. Vaughan, Esq., M. F. H. of the Norfolk Hunt, Austin N. Niblack, Esq., M. F. H. of Onwentsia, Harry I. Nicholas, Esq., M. F. H. of Harford, are now using the "Hunt Club" Sterling.

This extremely smart and sophisticated new pattern has also been bought for a number of this season's outstanding brides.

The "Hunt Club" Sterling—like the hunt itself—is in the aristocratic tradition. It breathes the elegance associated with hunt hospitality. Yet it is as modern as the smart men and women who today ride to hounds.

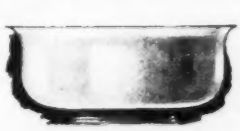
The richness of decorative detail makes "The Hunt Club" the perfect accompaniment for elaborate entertaining. Its delicate simplicity of line renders it as perfect for informal, intimate hospitality, in town or country house.

The "Hunt Club" Sterling is not expensive. A complete service for eight—76 pieces—costs only $227. Hollow ware to match is also moderately priced. Each piece is identified by the name "Gorham" on the back or base.

Your own jeweler will give you an illustrated 18-page booklet, "The Hunt Club," showing the popular pieces in the new Gorham Sterling. Or, send this coupon to The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., Dept. K-3.

Name_____

Address_____



(Left) The genius of Gorham artists is also seen in this distinguished modern Hunt Cup, designed as one of the trophies for the Middleburg Hunt race meet held in the spring.

(Above) Dessert knife, dessert fork, and teaspoon, in the brilliant new "Hunt Club" pattern—a sterling as effortlessly elegant as the Hunt Breakfast itself.

GORHAM

Gentlemen's Clothes

OF CHARACTER

FOR SPORTSMEN & UNIVERSITY MEN

Style developments in gentlemen's clothes, for which the house of Tripler has gained the preference of sportsmen and university men, are expressed in our presentation for fall wear, tailored from woolens representing the world's finest makers

OUR CLOTHES ARE TAILORED FOR US BY HICKEY-FREEMAN

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET

New York

Spies and the spy system

(Continued from page 56)

tries floated large loans in America as soon as possible to ensure a practical American interest in the Allied victory.

The Allies enjoyed from the outset a large, cultured, pro-French group, combined with cultural and ecclesiastical influences friendly to England, which soon secured social dominance in the East. The question of American intervention was, almost literally, fought and won at the dinner tables of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington. Moreover, the Czecho-Slovak and other "minorities" helped to off-set the absence of any large Franco-American or British-American groupings. Masaryk's aide, Captain Voska, in fact established a Czech spy service which received the credit for the theft of Dr. Albert's portfolio in 1915, the great "Battle of the Marne" of German propaganda in America.

Credit for this remarkable feat, however, belongs officially to the United States Secret Service under Flynn, who, on orders from the White House, was watching Albert. Two of Flynn's men trailed Albert on the Sixth Avenue Elevated and walked off with his briefcase at the 58th Street Station. In it were found documentary proof of all the half-baked and stupid proposals of German propaganda—plans to purchase or subsidize American newspapers, plans to tie-up munitions shipments by strikes, by an embargo, by purchasing munitions plants, plans to delay shipments of chemicals and dyestuffs needed in America, and plans for the tie-up with the pacifist groups.

The papers found their way to the *New York World* and tied the tin-can of propaganda to every friend of Germany in the United States. Following, as it did, the warning notice to passengers embarking on the *Lusitania* and the sinking of that ship on the next trip, it put the Germans on the defensive throughout the United States. More to Germany's credit was the decision, forced on the Imperial Navy by Viereck, after the Fryatt case, not to execute any more British sea-captains for ramming submarines; yet when the Germans were urged to protest against the execution of two German nurses by the French for offenses similar to those for which Edith Cavell was executed, they said, "What? Protest? The French had a perfect right to shoot them!" It was, however, the Zimmermann Note of 1917, proposing a German-Mexican-Japanese alliance against America, that ended pro-Germanism in the United States. According to Viereck, after that the German cause was irretrievably lost.

It was in this connection that one of the greatest epics of military espionage was written. The fate of detection was death, the chances of detection innumerable, and the stakes were, almost without exaggeration, the winning of the war. Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, of the British Naval Intelligence, discovered that Alexander Szek, the German radio expert at Brussels, had an English wife and an English mother. He persuaded Szek to betray the secret code in which the Zimmermann Note was subsequently sent. Szek disappeared from human ken shortly after this betrayal and when the Note was deciphered the British allowed it to be supposed that the American Secret Service had scored the greatest success of the war, in order not to let the Germans guess that their great code was known.

Despite Szek's feat, the most colourful spies of the war were women. Mata Hari, who betrayed the Champagne offensive to the Germans in 1915 and who betrayed two German submarines to the Allies in 1916, died before a French firing squad in 1917, implicating in her downfall the Dutch President of the Council, Jules Cambon of the French Foreign Office and General Messimy, ex-Minister of War.

The famous "Lady Doctor" walked through London and Paris, repeatedly, with a price on her head, stole the plan of the Dover defenses, the list of French spies in Germany from the headquarters of the French counter-espionage and, eventually, the plans of the Allied counter-offensive in 1918. She still lingers on in a Swiss asylum, her reason unhinged by drugs. In Belgium, Louise de Bettignies defied German detection until shortly before the Armistice.

The great men spies of the war were better known as organizers such as Admiral Hall, or the man who devised the system of dropping spies in parachutes behind the German lines, or Captain Peeka, the original Lett, who headed Russian espionage on the Eastern Front and whose methods of mass-spying deserve a monograph. Peeka assembled his agents in a monastery where they never saw the face of a fellow-spy, he trained them in unique tactics and originated a system of conveying secret messages through the lines inside of dogs.

American war-time espionage was not particularly brilliant. We were able to depend upon the existing Allied services and although the Protective League, the Department of Justice, the Army and the Navy, received reports from no less than 700,000 agents, not one of them was worth as much to our cause as Belle Boyd, the famous Union Civil War spy. Even the ill-starred Nathan Hale of the Revolution was of more value to Washington than was the army of patriotic snoopers who kept tabs on their neighbors during the trying days of 1918.

For espionage is a career in which the individual counts for more than the machine. As warfare tends to become more a matter of machinery and politics a product of economics, the spy survives as the one brilliant element in a mass of drab routine. Mass-spying is simply glorified military intelligence. Real espionage, such as that of the "Lady Doctor" and Mata Hari, touches the fate of nations.

Mata Hari was a French political personage as well as German agent H-21. Long after she was suspected, the French authorities could not touch the intimate friend of the Minister of War. In general, women make better spies than do men. They are, by virtue of their sex, both the means and the reward of treachery. A man can pay with gold alone, a woman can also dispose of herself. Women, moreover, are less suspected than men behind the lines. A male spy must pose as either a civilian or a soldier. If the former,

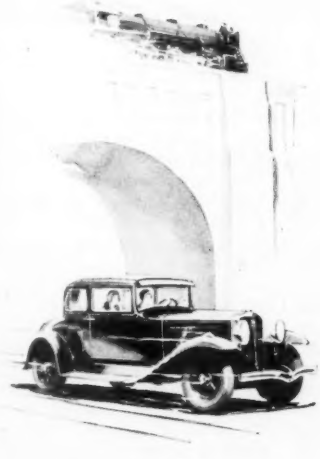
(Continued on page 88)

PRESIDENT EIGHT STATE COUPE FOR FOUR

On the 130-inch wheelbase, powered by World Champion 122-horsepower straight eight engine. Safety glass throughout. Price $2050 at the factory. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard. Bumpers and spare tires extra. Also available with wood wheels as a Business Coupe for 2 passengers—large luggage compartment in place of rumble seat.

Actual unretouched photograph

free wheeling
unleashes the wingpower of momentum



EMERSON says hitch your wagon to a star. Dynamics says hitch your motor to momentum. But the hitch has been that no one knew how—until now. In perfecting Free Wheeling with positive gear control, *Studebaker has harnessed momentum.* When your Studebaker Eight has traveled 10,000 miles, your engine has "worked" only 8,000.

In ordinary cars, you pay for momentum without using it . . . in a Studebaker Eight you use it without paying for it. It brings new thrills, new economy, new safety to motoring.

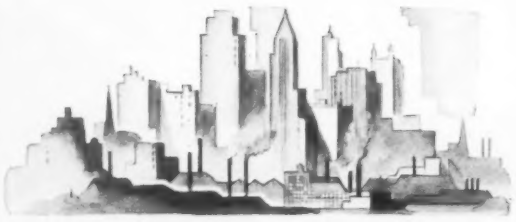
Free Wheeling rescues you from the clutches of the clutch . . . you need use it only to start or back up. You can shift from second to high, from high to second—back and forth—and forget the clutch.

Free Wheeling cuts down the overhead of running a car by utilizing the overflow of energy that has hitherto been running to waste. You save 12 to 20 per cent on gasoline and oil—even more in traffic. Chassis life is greater.

You will find nothing new to learn, nothing to unlearn. With Free Wheeling under positive gear control the full braking power of your motor is available instantly, at all speeds, much more readily than in conventional cars.

Free Wheeling with positive gear control is manufactured under Studebaker patents and is available only in the *seasoned* President and Commander Eights. Greater power, longer wheelbases and arresting new beauty of design, added to the thrill and thrift of Free Wheeling, stamp these great cars as the outstanding achievements of Studebaker's 78 years.

The World Champion PRESIDENT ⋆⋆⋆ *The World Famous* COMMANDER



"Take charge of the Middle West next week"

A district manager for an Eastern shoe company was promoted to a bigger job. His salary increased. His surplus for investment increased.

But, his executive duties also increased. Between sales meetings, road trips and office work, he could devote less attention to his own holdings. Formerly he had "shopped around" among different investment houses. Would he save time and trouble by dealing with a single large investment organization?

WHAT he will find in National City service

CONVENIENT OFFICES.
National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

MARKET CONTACTS.
National City offices are in close touch with all investment markets.

INVESTMENT EXPERIENCE.
He will be dealing with an organization with a background of over a century of financial experience.

INVESTMENT RANGE.
National City's broad lists are made up from the world's finest investment offerings.

Whatever *your* investment problem may be, you will find practical and prompt assistance at your nearest National City office.

The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Spies and the spy system

(Continued from page 86)

it is difficult for him to justify his presence in purely military surroundings. If the latter, there is always chance of identification. A woman, on the other hand, is always welcome in the sex-starved areas back of the trenches. If she is plying the oldest profession—as Mata Hari did when she learned of the Champagne offensive—her presence is easily accounted for. Also a woman can more easily blandish her way through difficulties—particularly elderly ones—than can a man.

Contrary to the general impression, spies are not paid very well, on the principle that a man who has to be bought is not worth owning. One German agent during the war got $100 for an attempt to blow up the Invalides. German spies in the dangerous service in the British Isles got $2,000 at a time and one of the prized possessions of the Metropolitan Police was a motor car named "Mueller" purchased with money consigned to a German agent of that name whom they had arrested, whose code they used to mislead the Germans and whose pay they drew. Mata Hari got only $15,000 in her best year.

There are vague reports that, since the war, the British have offered as high as $5,000 a month to men who would undertake specially dangerous missions in Central Asia, but these figures are undoubtedly inflated. In general, romance and danger and patriotic service are sufficient rewards, over and above "expenses". The spy is usually allowed to have the money deposited to his credit in a bank which he selects. During the war, some neutral diplomatic missions served as agencies for spy payments. Otherwise, payment is made in cash and no receipt is required. It is not a lucrative profession, although in Holland regular brokers of secret intelligence operated through the war, while in East Africa the Masai spied impartially for the British and the Germans, exchanged information and endeavored to help the whites exterminate each other in this way.

Since the war, espionage has been wide-spread and intensive. Quite recently, three Englishmen were caught obtaining information about the French Air Force. They used a female parachute jumper who, in the course of her descents, snapped photographs of strategic areas. A Czecho-Slovak officer was recently caught selling army plans to the Germans and the Chief of Police of Bucharest was implicated in a similar connection with the Russians. In England and America, Russian trading agencies have been accused of acting as centers of Soviet espionage, although political and military spying has passed by America recently. It is doubtful if more than a hundred real foreign spies are active in America today. Similarly, only a handful of men, chiefly in the Caribbean and Pacific regions, supplement our official sources of information with grass-roots data. Elsewhere, not even in Russia, we have no valid reason for espionage.

Other nations are not so fortunate and must look out for themselves. Of modern spy-systems, the Russian G.P.U. counter-revolutionary police is the best of its kind, although the Italian counter-revolutionary secret service runs it a close second. British naval intelligence is unequalled both for the accuracy of its data and the extent of its influence. British political intelligence, especially in India and the Near and Middle Easts, is likewise of the highest order. The French military intelligence is the best in the world, supplemented as it is in Central and Eastern Europe with intensive economic and political espionage. Japanese naval intelligence is second only to the British, and Japanese political intelligence is the best operating east of Singapore. American naval intelligence is highly competent, but our military intelligence is too prone to Communist witch-hunts, and our political intelligence is negligible outside of the zone of the Caribbean and in the Far East. Of non-governmental systems, the Third International disposes of a unique fund of social intelligence, comparable to that which the Confessional bestows upon the Holy See.

The ghosts of my friends

(Continued from page 40)

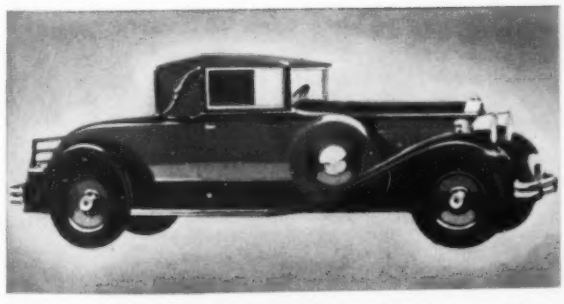
none of them ever attended a real seance. They don't, as Mr. Jolson used to say, know the half of it.

I entered this communion laughingly, firm in a belief that ashes, after all, are ashes, that we begin and end in earth, and also that I could not be fooled by any necromancer, fakir, or priest. Yet, while it was going on, my feet grew cold, a dank perspiration bedewed my brow, my knees knocked together, my hair stood up in an attitude of fear and I felt myself becoming a spiritualist. "How can he read my subconscious mind," I asked, "and tell me unknown secrets while engaged in voodoo's difficult and tricky deceptions?" After it was over I decided that the better priests of spiritualism give you marvellous exhibitions of sleight-of-hand, combined with a miraculous knack of telepathy. Their performances are, in the argot of the sophisticates, so much boloney—savory, titillant, but not nutritious.

I shall never go to another seance. You may have seen all the black-art men, from Herrmann the Great to Mr. Keating of the Broadway revues, but you do not know what magic is until you encounter a first class Zosimus from the Society for Psychical Research. Mr. Hanson gave me the fright of my life; and I still hear the rustling of cerements, each night after I go to bed. "Who is it?" I cry, as I awake from my nightmares with Little Elsie standing at the foot of my couch. "Your uncle is here," she tells me, "with news of your cousins and your aunts." "What have they to say, Elsie?" I ask, as I shiver behind my pillow. "Nothing," she answers, for she is an honest ghost.

For a discriminating clientele

For the Gonzagas, Medici, Strozzi and other great families of medieval Italy the best artists were constantly employed to decorate both written and printed volumes. Like the 16th century illuminators, Packard today produces its best for families of taste and discernment—builds motor cars for those in a position to know and enjoy truly luxurious transportation



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Packard families, in the great majority, keep their cars. Whether they own the costliest of individual custom creations or models of the more moderately priced Standard Eight, they continue to *drive* their Packards with the same good judgment that prompted the original *purchases*. This is but natural. Those of ample means are seldom extravagant. And when a Packard—of any model or any price—is driven for a period approaching its full, useful life the reward is luxurious transportation at truly economical costs. Packard, of course, makes it desirable for owners to keep their cars. The fundamental and unchanging beauty of Packard lines protects the owner's investment. A Packard in its fourth or fifth year of operation is as much a Packard in beauty, comfort and distinction as on the day it was delivered. The new series Packard cars—Standard, DeLuxe and Individual Custom Eights—are not exceptions. More powerful, refined and improved throughout, they are the finest cars Packard has ever offered. But as usual they embody no radical changes in appearance—and they will be unmistakably and luxuriously *Packards* throughout their long and distinguished years of pleasurable service.

PACKARD LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

Favorites

In the long run, favorites are favorites because they're a better horse, or a better cigarette. You can't win purses with plow-horses . . . nor experienced smokers with anything short of the best. That's why Camels are made of the choicest, mellowest tobaccos money can buy. . . . That's why, wherever you go, Camels are odds-on favorites.

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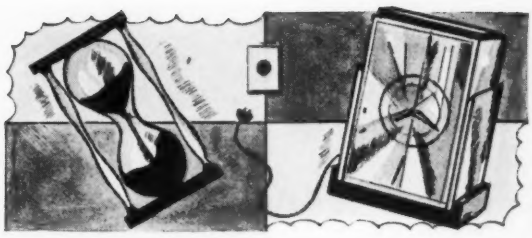


Prodigious children of Old Father Time!

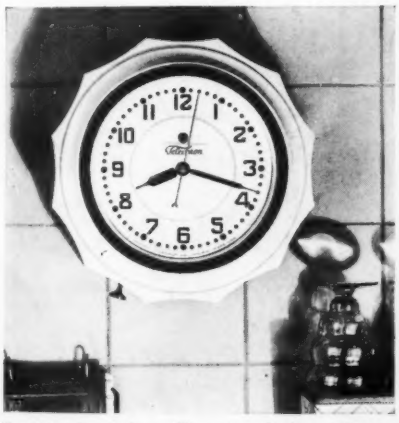
CLOAKED in beauty inherited from the ages, conspiring with the phantom power that lights the world, Telechron ★ Self-starting Electric Clocks have in the last decade taught a new conception of effortless timekeeping accuracy. . . .

The Warren Telechron Company founded the industry of electric time. It placed its Master Clocks in the power houses to establish a precision which made possible the use of synchronous timepieces. The Warren Telechron Company developed a wealth of models to fill the requirements of every purse, taste and purpose.

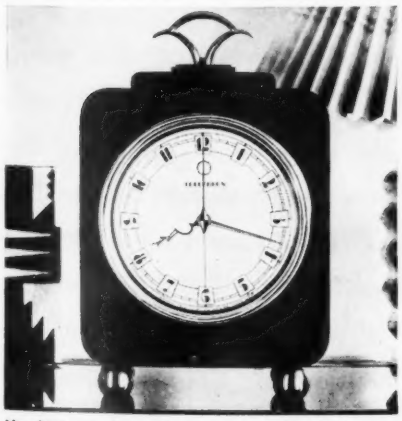
And now the fall of 1930 sees the introduction of still greater variety, new models fashioned from fine metals and woods with yet higher craftsmanship. Below are shown a modest three—two for living-room or library, the third a simple model for the kitchen. All supply accurate electric time, without winding, regulating, oiling or cleaning. Prices range from $9.75 to $55. Under the name "Telechron" in your Classified Telephone Directory, you will find the nearest dealer listed. Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and other distinguished chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors, at prices ranging up to $1200.

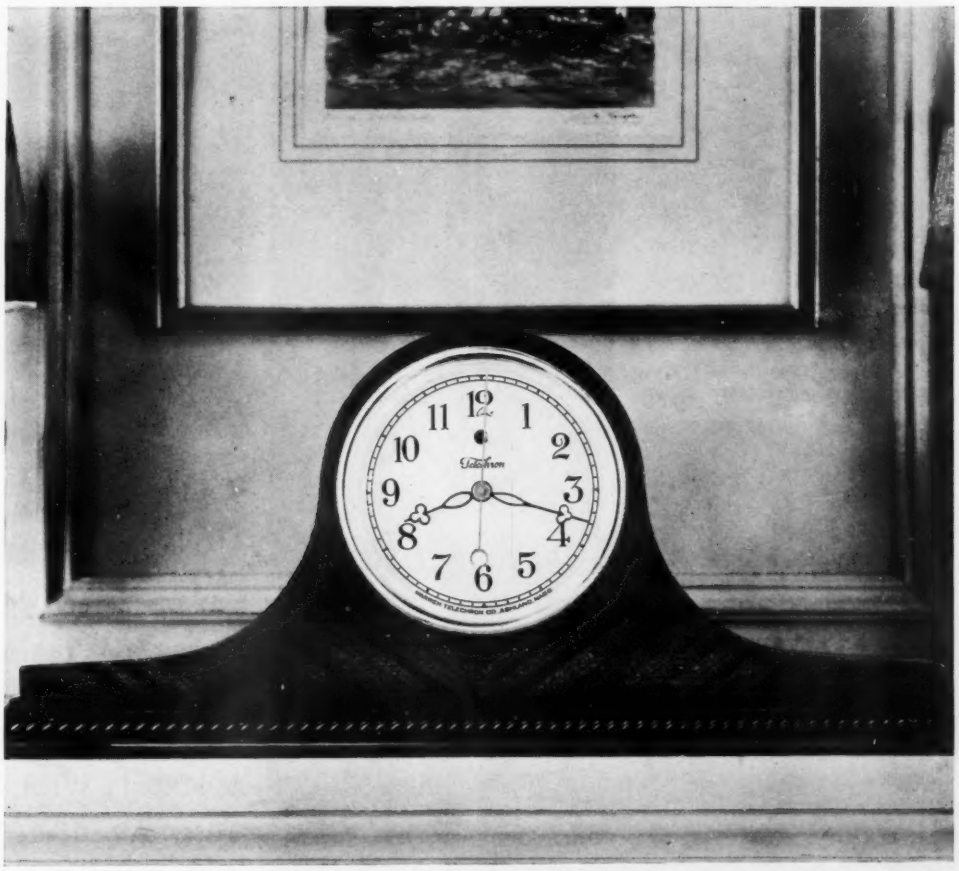
★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Co.



No. 452 –Six Colors, Chromium Fittings, $9.75



No. 357—Modern. Black and Chrome finish, $15



No. 557—A graceful tambour for your mantel. Honduras mahogany with inlay. Sixteen and seven-eighths inches wide, $23

Telechron

"Treasure" Solid Silver

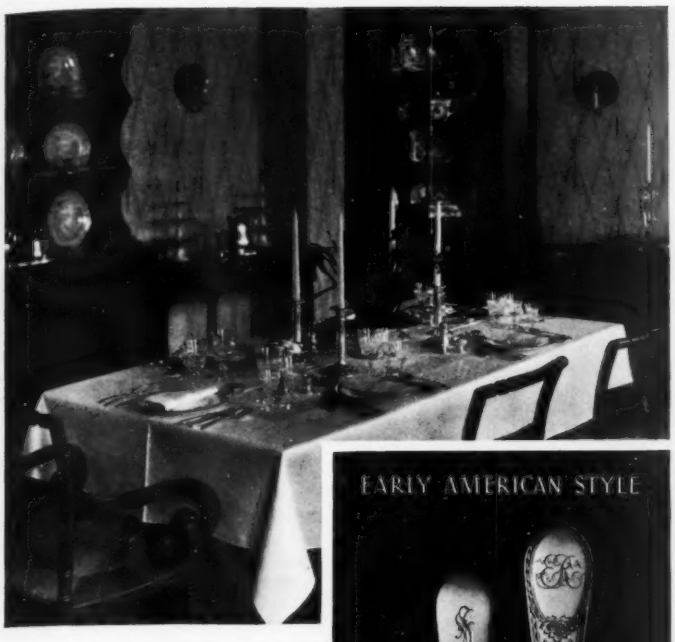
STERLING TRADE MARK 925/1000 FINE

The MARY II & WILLIAM AND MARY *patterns are beautifully suited to the panelled or beamed English room—also to contemporary Colonial interiors.*

With its dramatic ornament, the GRANADO PATTERN *was expressly designed for the Spanish or Mediterranean type of dining room ensemble.*

Does Your Silver AGREE with your decorative plan?

WITH the same instinctive discernment that guides her choice of costumes, the hostess of today carries out a definite style in the ensemble of her home. She demands of her silver not only that it be Sterling, but also that it shall blend with her furnishings, and contribute to the harmony of the decorative effect as a whole. ⁘ Whether the style of her dining room is Early American, Early English, Colonial-Georgian or Spanish, the hostess may select in lovely TREASURE Sterling a pattern correctly designed in the same decorative feeling. ⁘ Most leading jewelers are prepared to show you TREASURE flat silver and its matching



The EARLY AMERICAN STYLE *is in perfect harmony with either the simplest type of Early American interior or a more formal Colonial room.*

THE MODERN WAY TO CHOOSE YOUR SILVER

"THE MODERN WAY TO CHOOSE YOUR SILVER" *is a delightfully interesting portfolio, reproducing photographs of modern dining rooms, charmingly furnished in different decorative styles and showing their tables correctly set with harmonizing Sterling Silver. Write for a copy, addressing your request to Dept. C-3*

The ADAM STYLE *was originated for stately modern homes whose spacious dining rooms are furnished in the classic Georgian style of decoration.*

hollow-ware, and to assist you in the selection of a suitable pattern for your dining room ensemble.

Note: Silver bullion has dropped to figures lowest in history, and while the present costs prevail the makers of "TREASURE" Solid Silver are pleased to pass on this marked saving to the public. Thus is presented a most opportune time for the purchase of "TREASURE" silver . . . for one's self, or for Christmas gifts! Write for new Price Lists, specifying the name of your pattern.

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Silversmiths — Greenfield, Massachusetts
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A new convenience for gentlemen who demand ultra smartness in footwear . . . .

Bostonians Seven Selected Styles

The very cream of Fall styles. Seven exceptional designs chosen for their excellent taste—from over a hundred new patterns. Selected styles that have an exclusive smartness all their own—an "air" of good breeding that sets them apart from the crowd.

Gentlemen who demand distinctive appearance in footwear will welcome these finely modeled Bostonians. A style for every taste—every age. All correct—all smart. Modestly priced. $7 to $10.

Step into new Bostonians today—into selected style and refreshing comfort. Know the satisfaction of wearing one of the seven smartest shoes of the season.

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The ASCOT
SELECTED STYLE NO. 1

BOSTONIANS
FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

The new backgammon

(Continued from page 72)

is good, would be most advisable.

Another trick of the old timer at Backgammon consists in forcing a double on his opponent by the implication that it would be poor sportsmanship for him to refuse a double. Do not allow yourself to be bluffed or dared into accepting a double against your better judgment. Questions of good or bad sportsmanship have no more part in the doubles of Backgammon, than in the doubles and redoubles at Contract, both being matters entirely of judgment and common sense.

After you have begun to throw off, if you are well ahead, and the opponent's men are all out of your table, and there is no chance for a Gammon, always double. In doing so you usually induce your adversary to give up at once, for the percentage is all on your side. Thus you eliminate the possibility of a swing of luck which might eventuate in his winning. This is the one situation in which even the merest beginner opposing an expert may be assured that he is doubling with the advantage on his side. With his opponent's men past all of his and powerless to harm him, the tyro need no longer fear that any insidious tactics will be used to turn his probable victory into defeat.

In the reverse position, always give up when such a double is offered you. There is no percentage in playing out a redoubled game which nothing but exceptionally lucky throws can secure for you.

Beside the elements of psychology and relative skill, another factor which enters into the question of doubling when you are ahead is that you may have your opponent at such a disadvantage that a Gammon seems likely. In this case your double may give him a wished for chance to resign and escape paying a double penalty.

The following example may be of use as a gauge from which to judge the advisability of offering a double which you are certain will be refused, or playing to the finish on the chance of scoring a Gammon.

Suppose your opponent has six men outside of his home table where three throws would probably bring them in. At the same time your home table is completely blocked and you have one of the enemies on the bar. In this case the chances are about even of your gammoning him.

Leaving out the contingency of doublet throws for either side, according to probabilities, you could throw off two men before opening your table, but on bearing the third man you would have to open your five or six point. It would then be probable that the adversary would have to throw twice before entering his man, twice more to bring him home, and three times more to bring in his other six men, seven throws in all.

Meanwhile, having twelve men to bear off, you would doubtless be forced to waste one throw in moving up your men; therefore necessitating seven throws to clear your board. Thus, upon the whole, it would be about even whether or not you would score a Gammon.

In this position, you would be unwise to double. For your adversary, being quite certain of ultimately losing the game and having only an even chance of escaping a Gammon, would surely refuse. In a less favorable position, however, you would have more to gain than to lose in offering a double, since you could discount the probability of securing a Gammon, and though the chances of winning the game would still be in your favor, there is always the possibility of losing it.

In short, if you are considering offering a double, should you estimate that you are in as good or better position than that outlined above, do not double. Should you be in a slightly poorer position, double by all means, as you stand to win only the single game in any case and would do well to secure it at once. If, however, your opponent unwisely accepts the double, the possibility of winning the game is on your side with the further chance of scoring a Gammon.

Note: This article, in a slightly different form, will form a part of Mrs. Hattersley's new book, "How to play the new Backgammon", which is to bear the imprint of Doubleday, Doran.

Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 66)

nothing excessive about this amazing woman. One could pass her in the street a hundred times and never notice her unless she wished it. Outwardly she is an ordinary person whose personality is so foreign to the American standard that it is tremendously alluring. Her ability as an actress can not be denied but her personality overshadows it.

She has a habit of running her fingers through her hair when tired. She would love to be able to dance. She reads everything that's printed about her, God help me! She has not any great spark of ambition but merely wishes to be comfortable in her surroundings. There is nothing exciting or glamorous about her personally but rather a feeling of "she's an interesting type, rather nice, too." Or on the other hand "she seems like a good fellow—but isn't she smug!"

People either like or dislike her immediately and it is difficult to change their impressions. For all that, she doesn't give a tinker's damn. If people don't like her . . . well, what of it? She suffers quite horribly at times from nostalgia. Once that illness is cured by a visit to the fatherland she appears restless to return again to the land of the Escrow Indians and reputed sunshine.

There are reams yet to be written about her but it would amount to nothing more than a repetition of her absolute independence of spirit and the fact that she is not just an artist of ability but one of the foremost personalities of our era. One who is entirely different from the popular conception of her—and a great deal more pleasant.

"BEAUTY LIKE THAT, AFTER YEARS OF THE TROPICAL SUN"

"The second curtain was down before I found her, but sure enough, it was Martie. She's flown from Cairo to the Cape since then, and hunted on the veldt (you must have read about it). You wouldn't believe it, Phil . . . beauty like that, after years of the tropical sun."—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

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SHE rides to hounds; she flies her own plane; she golfs in the cold, raw wind; she does all the things that are supposed to *ruin* feminine skins, and yet the Englishwoman is famed in two hemispheres for her glorious complexion. She hasn't the time to spend hours at her dressing-table, either, and so to preserve her radiant beauty she has settled upon one simple, effective treatment.

It consists of just three preparations: soap and cream and powder. To produce such results they are necessarily the finest obtainable. But that is only another way of saying they are Yardley's—Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Complexion Cream, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder. And lately, all three have been made available to American women.

You will use the soap to begin the cleansing which English Complexion Cream will complete. The cream will dislodge all the imbedded dust and lift it gently to the surface. Then you will wipe away the accumulation with cotton moistened in Yardley's Cleansing Lotion. Allow a second layer to remain on all night, to nourish the skin. In the morning, use English Complexion Cream as a powder foundation. Smooth on a liberal coat, and wipe away the unabsorbed surplus with water and an ordinary face cloth. Then apply Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder to give your skin the final caressing touch of loveliness. Would you like a complimentary copy of our booklet, "Complexions With an English Accent"?

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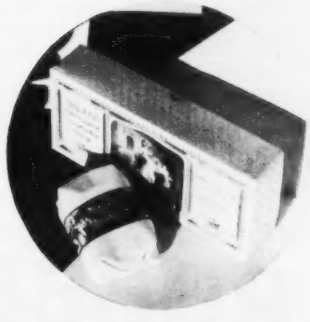

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Smart women consider the informal charm of Yardley's English Lavender, "the lovable fragrance," in perfect taste for all occasions. $15 to $1 in various-sized bottles.

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RUBBERSET HAS THE HONOR TO PRESENT THE MODERNIZED BRUSH WITH

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NOWADAYS even the little details of ordinary living are tuned to the modern key of greater speed, greater luxury.

Even shaving brushes have snapped into line with the new modernized RUBBERSET with *Blended* Bristles.

Blended Bristles mark the greatest forward step in shaving comfort and efficiency since RUBBERSET originated the brush set in an everlasting grip of hard rubber! . . . By an exact blending of imported Badger hair and Wild Boar hair, the new RUBBERSET gives you exactly the proper balance of *softness* with *firmness* for a rapid, luxurious shave.

Treat your face to a new modernized RUBBERSET! With any form of soap it will whip up—and *hold*—as rich a lather as you could hope for . . . and more than you ever expected.

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Ask your druggist to show you a selection of new *modernized* RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes . . . Prices from $1 to $50.

Be sure you see the name and trade-mark RUBBERSET on the handle.

RUBBERSET
Trade Mark

RUBBERSET COMPANY NEWARK, N. J.

A paradise for sailors

(Continued from page 53)

graphical museum alone is an invitation to adventure. All the ship models of the world, from the canoes of the Presique Gulf, in plaited rushes, which recall the straw barks of the Algonquins,—to submarines; from pirogues which borrowed their pointed forms and blue-grey colour from the sharks, —to junks like piquant tropical fishes.

One dines in Hamburg in the summer by the water, in cabarets on the Elbe or in the Uhlenhorster Fährhaus.

In the neighboring fields naked young girls from the Frobenius dance school, who belong to the good bourgeoisie of Hamburg, gambol in the sun, clad in nothing but garlands of northern spring flowers. Athletes bring their muscles into play as they hurdle white bars, and among all this whiteness, is the other whiteness of sea-gulls and sails.

"What a pretty setting for a romance!" I exclaimed to one of these younger generation Germans. She was a bronzed, athletic, slim little woman, and she drank only water.

"There are no more romances in Germany," she replied with a steely glance that reminded me of Brigitte Helm.

"Why is that?"

"To have romance you must have a moral crisis. The soul of modern Germany has been virilized by sports and war, and the cellars of its subconscious cleaned out by the psychoanalysts. The modern age is here. There is no longer any room for sentimental conflicts. From now on men and women will love each other without prejudice and without despair!"

"1830-1930," I cried. "Shades of Charlotte and Werther, where are you?"

". . . besides," she added, "since nothing is prohibited, or considered wicked or abnormal between the sexes, there is no more material for the romancers. Germany is a literary desert."

"There is nothing left," I concluded, "but the vampire of Düsseldorf, providing that the local police do not seize her, or that a Hollywood magnate doesn't sign her up before she is thrown out of Europe."

It is night, the San Pauli hour, in Hamburg. Like rivulets swelling an estuary, waves of swarthy sailors, red necks sticking above blue sweaters, flow into the *Grosse Freiheit*—the street of Great Liberty—marvelous name! These lonely lads invade all the cabarets. (When a ship docks at Cuxhaven the *maisons spéciales* send the captain and the crew letters of welcome.) Next to bicycles, sailors on shore-leave prefer horses. The cabarets are therefore also hippodromes. Instead of a dance floor among the tables, there is a riding-ring with ammoniated saw-dust. Old nags jog around, to the clank of clashing stirrup-irons, the leader ridden by a groggy woman in a pink chemise, while the orchestra plays the *Zauberflöte*. I ask to see the women's boxing-matches, in a setting representing a ship's deck. They have been suppressed. "You should have seen Hamburg in 1925!", some one says to me. "There is nothing so extraordinary nowadays as the *cabinets particuliers* where the lady attendants used to wear bathing trunks." (Everywhere, in my life, if I believed people, I have arrived too late. In reality, I am nearly always in time.)

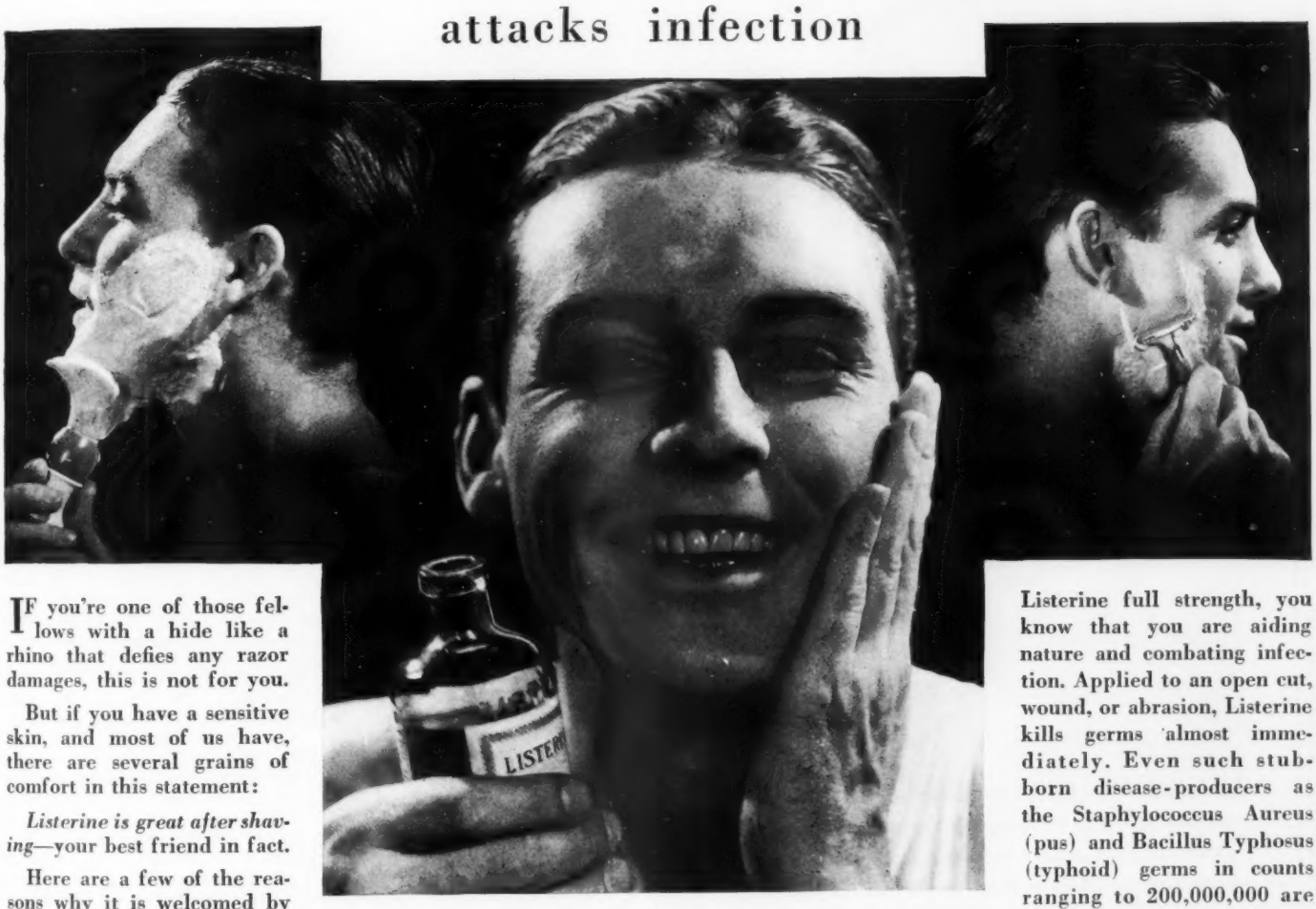
Every country is represented here. See the sign-boards: New China, with its vertical lettering, the Honolulu Café, the Old Cape Horn. There, by buying a round for the orchestra, you have the right to conduct it yourself. As it was a little late, and as my friends and I had done a number of night places already, we forgot we were the victors in the haunts of the vanquished, and one of us, maëstro impromptu, mounted the bandstand, baton in hand, to conduct the *Marseillaise*. In Berlin a few days before we had heard a room go wild taking up the chorus of *Madelon!* We did not intend to create a scandal, but after the first bars, a whistle shrilled out, then two, then a hundred. If the whistle in America is a sign of enthusiasm, it is not the same in Hamburg,—quite the contrary! Chairs hurtled through the air. The band-stand was rushed, it leaned to, and gently sagged; while at the sound of the national anthem, my friend who had been standing, plunged below, like the captain of a ship sunk by the enemy. We would have felt more secure among the wild beasts of Hagenbeck's circus. There, at least a wide ditch would have separated us from the lion's maw. We beat a retreat, and took refuge in a cellar, where whole families were tossing off grogs of rum,—the favourite drink of the sea-dogs—and intoning Gregorian chants. Then to the Bar Intime, where the ladies of the orchestra wore their shifts, and sailor caps. Above each table, Japanese parasols; each booth resembles a shooting gallery at a fair. Flags of all nations (except France); posters of navigation companies. But Marseilles, Shanghai, San Francisco, and Rotterdam cannot compete with Hamburg. For those who live on terra firma, these pleasures are insignificant, but for sailors Hamburg is the port of sprees, spending, and amusement on starboard and port. Long nights in hammocks, vigils under the oil lamps, watches in bad weather on the bridge, dogdays in the boiler rooms, the silence of submarine submersions, the rat-trap death that awaits them during naval combats, toil on the windlass, oaths before empty nets, death at the antipodes, drowning among the sharks, —all are forgotten among so many brass-bands, mirrors, shiny nickels, pretty, plump women, coloured liqueurs, silks, candies, and drinking songs.

Beyond the city everything grows obscure. Suddenly the lights of San Pauli go out. Imperceptibly the street becomes sinister, provincial. A schupo patrols the frontier, the boundary of the free city of Hamburg. On the other side of the sentry post begins Altona, Prussia. Behind me, the street of Great Liberty is but a dying glow. . . .

▽

A man's best friend LISTERINE AFTER SHAVING

ends rawness
soothes and cools
attacks infection



IF you're one of those fellows with a hide like a rhino that defies any razor damages, this is not for you.

But if you have a sensitive skin, and most of us have, there are several grains of comfort in this statement:

Listerine is great after shaving—your best friend in fact.

Here are a few of the reasons why it is welcomed by literally tens of thousands of men for whom it has made shaving pleasant:

1. *Listerine is a natural healing agent.* Physicians know it, and hospital records prove it. Applied full strength, it readily heals and soothes tissue inflamed by lather or razor, or both. Almost instantly Listerine gets rid of that unpleasant burning sensation, that irritating rawness which so often follows a shave.

2. *Listerine is cooling.* The skin feels wonderfully cool and relaxed after you apply Listerine. This remarkable cooling sensation is due to certain essential oils contained in this safe antiseptic.

3. *Listerine protects.* When you douse on Listerine full strength, you know that you are aiding nature and combating infection. Applied to an open cut, wound, or abrasion, Listerine kills germs almost immediately. Even such stubborn disease-producers as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.)

It perks you up!

So welcome and so noticeable is the invigorating and cooling effect of Listerine on the face, that many men employ it as a facial pick-me-up. Immediately before a business or social engagement, it gives you the appearance of being alert, fresh and keen.

Look what's happened here!
50c quality
Listerine Shaving Cream
now 25c

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC . . Kills 200,000,000 Germs in 15 Seconds

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A full-cut, free-draping coat with the smart, broad-shoulder that is so becoming to the athletic figure. Double breasted model with belt all around and outside patch pockets. Made of finest quality camel's hair in natural color, trimmed throughout with silk.

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American manners

(Continued from page 71)

feel it necessary to emphasize that a fourteenth century hostel means nothing to him if he has to walk to his bath. Then Mr. Lewis is a sentimentalist, nay a romantic. I do not wish to say unkind things about Mr. Lewis. I love him dearly. Will he be angry with me if I call him romantic and a sentimentalist? No,—he will not be angry.

But I have heard all the same cross words in corridors of provincial inns about the bath water. I welcome such words. I live in a fourteenth century house myself, and the waters run steaming from the most contiguous taps. I do not defend my countrymen for their lack of plumbing.

Such things, however, which irritate the American abroad are merely superficial. I have a feeling that what makes him and her really irritable is the fact that he and she do not care for foreign travel. They haven't time. It is all very well for us who, at slight cost, go to France or Italy two or three times a year. To us it is no effort and we are therefore effortless. The American has an expensive journey and travels to improve his mind. The Englishman travels only to improve his body. The sensuous pleasure which we derive from lounging under sunnier skies is denied to the American. For him foreign travel is of necessity a strenuous pastime. He is there to acquire knowledge. No wonder the poor man gets cross.

Americans, who for some reason, happen not to be in a hurry are, I find, an equable race of men. People like diplomatists, or foreign correspondents, or representatives of firms abroad are calm and friendly and soothing. Your tourist however is condemned to seeing too much in too short a time. No wonder, I repeat, that he feels angry. I should, in such circumstances, become wholly insufferable.

What has convinced me more than anything that Americans are not quite at their best when abroad is the uneasiness which comes over my British friends who love America when I happen to witness with them some unfortunate example of American manners. I have two intimate friends who have lived long in America and who love it. One is Mr. Edward Knoblock and the other is Mr. Hugh Walpole. I have deduced from the acute embarrassment manifested by these two gentlemen when Americans start shouting, that they are aware that such particular Americans are letting the Great Republic down. They start talking fervently in order to distract my attention. They blush. And if the worst comes to the worst they say, suddenlike, "It is unfair to judge America by the Americans one meets abroad". I myself have never had any tendency to succumb to so foolish a deduction. But the fact of their embarrassment has convinced me that the real America is something very different from the loud-voiced, aggressive, irritable nation that one meets in foreign hotels.

I have observed also that quiet Americans are perhaps unduly sensitive to the behavior of Americans who shout. I remember a very painful incident which I witnessed in the bar of the Hotel Adlon in Berlin. I used to frequent that bar because it was the resort of all that was most alive and interesting in that noisy, stimulating, but slightly artificial capital. I was there one evening preparatory to an official dinner. I was talking to a Dutch Jew of my acquaintance and to a Roumanian friend of his. There was a young American at the bar who was slightly the worse for drink. He was a nice young man with hair that shot backwards and with a rather tremulous underlip. I took to him at once. He began talking loudly about how much he disliked Europe. "I see," he said, "that you three gentlemen are Britishers." My companions were flattered, (as well they might be), by this remark. "Now what about it?" he continued—and then he suggested that we should all four dine together and thereafter enjoy the night-life of Berlin; which, I admit, is very odd indeed. He had reached this point when a smaller man, who had been sitting alone at a distant table, shot up towards us. He pushed his face quite close to his drunken compatriot with the wobbly under-lip. "It is men like you," he hissed at him, "who make us disliked in Europe." And at that he swung out of the bar.

This sudden access of patriotism had a painful effect on all of us; the young American, as was natural, exploded in righteous indignation. "What the hell . . ." he began,—but I offered him another drink. I felt indeed that he had been ill-treated. He was being, he *had* been, very far from offensive. He was in fact being charming. And I felt it rude of his compatriot to lunge at him in this way, and to hiss cruel things at a fellow citizen who, after all, was only amiably drunk. But it showed me how sensitive are the sober Americans in respect of the less sober Americans who talk big in public places. I shall always, as I say, defend American manners even when these are observed abroad. I might wish that they would shout a little less, and that they would keep their complexes a little more to themselves. But I know all too well that when an American is rude, he is rude either for compelling political reasons (like the diplomatist who induced this dispiriting essay) or because he imagines that you are being rude also. For the American is nurtured on a sense of good-fellowship, on being a "good mixer", and the Englishman is nurtured on the theory of reserve. The good mixer does not mix very well with the Englishman: but if only they could rid themselves of their initial diffidence they might become good friends. And after all friendship is more durable than fellowship.

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Character invests every line of the Hand-Made Ambassador — an oxford gleaming with the rich gloss of carefully selected tan calfskin. It is a shoe designed to meet every occasion of informal wear, and to preserve its grace and strength. Here elegance and comfort are one . . . in the superb craftsmanship . . . the refinement and design. Then too, the price is moderate for the service it ensures. Johnston & Murphy, 40 Lincoln St., Newark, N. J.

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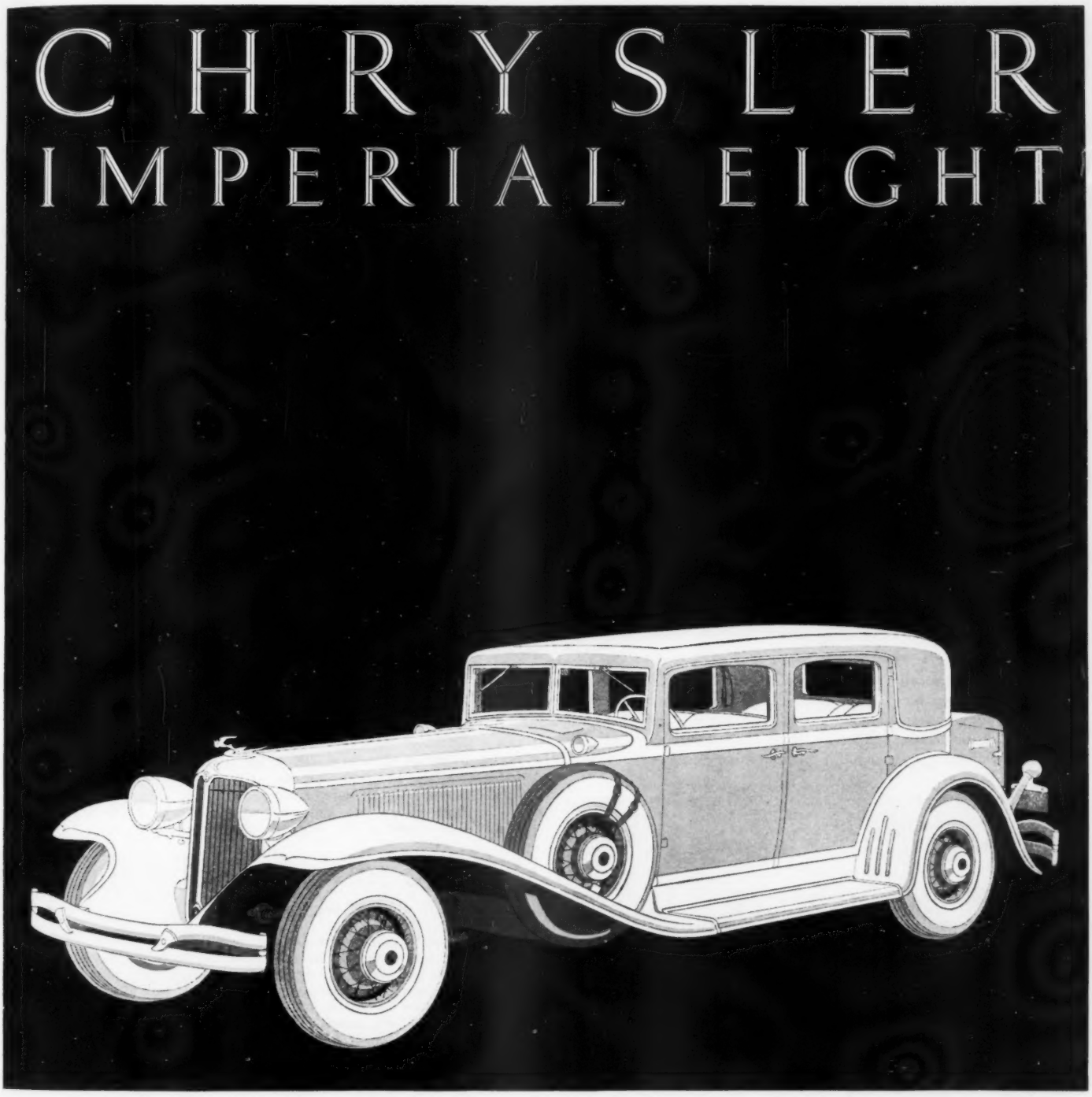
An unusually helpful little booklet on color harmonies and the correct accessories in men's dress has recently been published. Drop into your nearest Johnston & Murphy dealer and ask for one.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT



The new Chrysler Imperial Eight is the largest, fastest and most beautiful car ever to bear the Chrysler name. It is the culmination of all the experience of the great organization which has been responsible for more engineering advancements than any similar group in the motor car industry.

5-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan (illustrated) $2595; 7-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895, F. O. B. Factory. Roadster, Coupe, Convertible Coupe, Sport Phaeton and Town Car with custom bodies.

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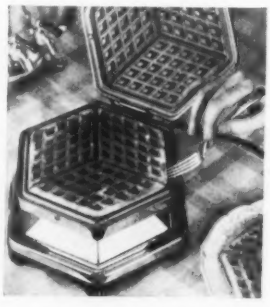
presents these new Edicraft Products to the modern home . . . Everywhere they will add to the goodness of food—the simplicity of preparing it—the daintiness of serving it. Their sleek beauty will bring charm and distinction to the hostess' table. Their dependability will prove a boon to every three-meal day. Write for the booklet, "Table Cookery". Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

The Sandwich Grill . . . "toasts two". At the same time it warms the inside (ham, bacon, cheese or a combination) — toasts the bread —and brings all their flavors together in a delicious blended goodness. An extra-deep plate permits you to use the grill for steaks, chops, ham or just oodles of bacon right at the table. It's equipped with an Edison Birka Regulator which keeps the temperature constantly correct.

The Speed Toaster—toasts two slices on both sides at once. Already it has improved the toast—speeded up breakfast—in thousands of homes. The Edicraft is entirely automatic—browns toast to your own private shade—opens by itself when the toast is done —keeps it warm till you're ready.



The Waffle Baker – for waffles in a smart new diamond shape. It bakes three generous-sized, perfectly browned waffles—and not even the first one sticks. An indicator at the top tells when the iron is at the proper temperature—an automatic regulator keeps it there.

EDICRAFT

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Amuse me, dear

(Continued from page 51)

been sorely deprived of nearly everything—the moon and you, roses and you, love and you-u-u. These, it seemed, were no longer his, and in song he mourned their loss. He sang with his head back and his eyes closed, and his handsome mouth shaped the little, sad words tenderly, as though reluctant to force them into the harsh world of which the singer told, where there was no more love, no moon above, only sighing, only crying.

Am I blue-woo-woo?
Am I blue-woo-wooo?
Ain't these teardrops in my eyes
Tellin' you-u-u?

He was consistently, unbearably blue. Sorrow was his mother, his sister, his twin. Before the muted melancholy of his voice, the ghosts of a hundred dead loves drifted through the room until even the tulips that Florence had freshly arranged an hour before drooped in the dim, disastrous air. The strings of the piano ached under Florence's sympathetic touch, and one feminine guest, slightly in wine, took out her handkerchief. "He makes me feel so sad," she confided in a choked whisper to her neighbour, "I almost want to get married again."

Without love (Harry sang)
Life's a match that doesn't strike
And blues begin to fit you like a glove
. . . . Without la-ahve . . . .
(Eliot drank his third cocktail)
Without love, there's so-omething missing,
Ask our friend, the dove . . .

Eliot rose quietly and left the room. Florence intercepted him, a moment later, in the hall.

"Are you leaving, dear?"

His eyes rested on her, uncomprehending and grim. "I'm going out," he told her, "and get drunk with my friend, the dove."

Florence patted his arm sympathetically. When he had gone she went back and sat down at the piano again. . . . Harry Sellers came and went like a blue breeze in the Banning house, after that. When he was not, with Florence, being musically mournful he was doing card-tricks or putting hard-boiled eggs through the neck of a bottle. He was alternately the mouthpiece of tragedy and the cut-up. Eliot detested him, when he thought about him at all. But Eliot was working hard on a new play, and seldom thought of anything else. The end of the second act was all wrong.

It was nearly two months, after long rehearsals and try-outs outside of New York, that he got it right. The dialogue had needed a sure-fire laugh just before the second-act curtain, and at last he had thought of it. He hurried home through the Spring twilight, that day after the rehearsal, to tell Florence the line he had written—not that he ever relied very much on her judgment; but when he knew himself that a thing was good, her approval, which he could rely on, was always pleasant.

He went upstairs quickly and left his hat on the bureau, then turned toward his wife's room. It was then that he saw the note on his pincushion. For a second he was able to reflect that this was just like a scene in a bad play. The banality of the note, pinned so securely there, subsconsciously offended him, even before he had touched it. He read it slowly.

Eliot, dear (she had written)

I hate to hurt you—but I have felt for some time that my life with you was making me morbid. I guess it's because you work so hard making other people laugh that you almost never laugh yourself—and you know, I have rather a fun-loving nature. I have gone away with Harry Sellers, and when I have divorced you I will marry him. He says he loves me, and —forgive me for saying this, dear—but he is *so* much more amusing than you are.

Florence.

Eliot sat down on the bed with the note in his hand. His face looked the same as it always did.

How to solve the traffic situation

(Continued from page 47)

mile upon weary mile. Gears grind, horns honk, brakes squeak, the sun mounts higher and higher, the spirits sink lower and lower. The drivers stare ahead. As a form of Sunday relaxation, they decide, the automobile is not all it is cranked up to be.

In order to settle the whole question a Traffic Commission was recently appointed to study the traffic situation in America. Its suggestions were:

1. Enforce the speed limit. This plan was later discovered to be impracticable, owing to the fact that the cars were already standing still.

2. Establish One-Way Streets. By means of this unique system, all the cars on the odd-numbered streets would move steadily east, and all the cars on the even-numbered streets would move steadily west, the idea being that with two lines of cars advancing continuously in either direction, one would eventually fall with a splash into the Atlantic Ocean and the other would fall with a splash into the Pacific Ocean, thus disposing of hundreds of cars every Sunday.

3. Build cars with runways up the back, so that other cars could drive up on top of them and park.

4. Invent a portable road.

5. Walk.

But the Sunday driver still sits patiently in line, hour after hour, his hands clutching the steering-wheel at the very top, his head lowered, bowed but not yet beaten. There is still a faint glow of hope in his weary eyes.

He is waiting, as a matter of fact, for the traffic problem in America to settle itself. Sooner or later, he knows, the roads will grow more and more congested, and the cars will move slower and slower, until that time is not so far distant when they will stop moving altogether. Then we can simply fill in the chinks between them with cement, pave the hoods, and start life all over again on top.

DISTINCTION

Drawn especially for Amrad Radio by John Richard Flanagan

(Right) The AMRAD SONDO Model. A new electric phonograph and radio combination incorporating the latest eight tube AMRAD Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis and the new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker in a cabinet pronounced the most beautiful ever produced. It contains two wells for records. Priced at $240.00, less tubes.

(Left) The AMRAD RONDEAU Model. A magnificent cabinet en-livened with exquisite carved decorations. The set is the latest AMRAD eight tube Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis. The new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker is incorporated. Automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume. Priced at $150.00, less tubes.

GALILEO . . . believer in the infinite mystery of the heavens, was ridiculed by sages of his generation. He was one of the founders of experimental science . . . and Italy smiled. He sought a thing which could not be.

High in the tower of Saint Mark, when his skeptical friends slept, Galileo searched the uncharted heavens with crude astronomical instruments and plucked new planets from infinity, through the telescope he had dreamed to a reality.

Science gave him stars to play with and spinning spheres of flame. Immortal pioneer that he wa he blazed strange trails across an unknown frontier of blue . . . smiling, as he made a present of little worlds to the Doge of Venice. His was the distinction of priority and of genius unexcelled. He led the way.

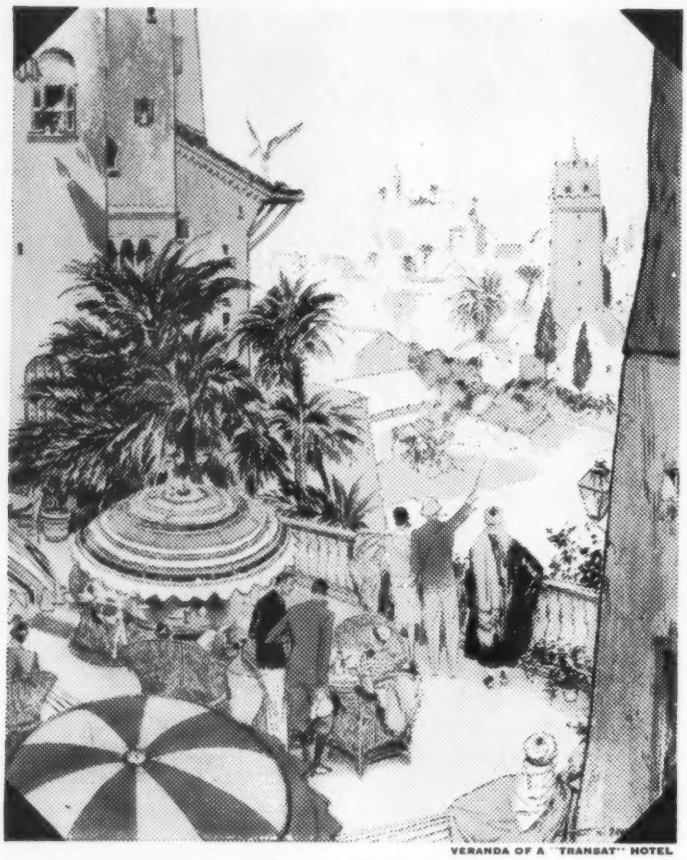
Radio's restless search of space and this same infinity of blue, is singularly paralleled. There was destined to be one, of all the others, that, with splendid vision, should bring new miracles to bear . . . new worlds of speech and song from out the vastness of starry nights . . . coupled with surpassing beauty of appearance and superlative performance . . . AMRAD RADIO.

AMRAD DIVISION *of*
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.* Home of *the Nation's Stations*—WLW
CINCINNATI

AMRAD *Radio*

Mediterranean and Morocco

The highway of historical jewels strung on a golden cord of desert sand



VERANDA OF A "TRANSAT" HOTEL

THE Mediterranean and Sahara, blazing gold beyond the Pillars of Hercules... the Phoenician galleys slipping, with oars muffled to their secret coves... the songs of Mutamid, that Arab king of Seville... fair-haired Vandals who under Genseric left here a legacy of blue eyes and ruddy skins... the fervor of those impassioned armies who, with Musa Ibn Nebi, carried the faith of Allah from the Red Sea to the Atlantic » » Across "the longest gangplank in the world" from the heart of Manhattan to the gayety of Paris afloat... English speaking stewards who anticipate every wish... French seamen whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic before Columbus » » Five and half days to Plymouth for London... a few hours later, a covered pier at Havre... a waiting express... three hours, Paris, where the light seems always brighter, life gayer, sweeter and set to dance music ... overnight, the Riviera... a day across the Mediterranean, all North Africa, the winter playground for smart Continentals.

Three 30-day Mediterranean-Moroccan cruises... the freedom of independent travel with unlimited stopovers... a ship that is the last word in luxury and chic.

"France", Jan. 10... Feb. 14... Mar. 20

The "Barbary Land Cruises" through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia with their famous 46 "Transat" hotels... 57-day itinerary **$1750**... 13-day itinerary **$200.**

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State St., New York

Don't bother on my account

(Continued from page 66)

day. I was pretty mad I can tell you and if it had been anybody else but you I would have dropped the whole matter. As it was I went home and looked over my check book and I find that you are in the wrong about this whole affair.

I have only written seven checks this month. Five of them were for rent, etc., that I write every month (except, of course, that month last summer when I was at Cape Cod and there wasn't any milk bill. I'll tell you about that trip some time, you should have been with us.) and the other two I forgot to enter on the stubs. This convinces me that I must have been a little "woozy" at the time as I am always careful about those things. But even at that, they couldn't have been very big, as you know yourself how hard it is to cash a check in a speakeasy. So I figure I must have quite a big balance, and hope you'll get it straightened out.

Please don't think I'm angry, John. I was a bit upset when you broke our date for Saturday afternoon but "live and let live" is my motto, and of course that mistake you made in my account is perfectly all right. You've probably got a lot of them to keep straight and you're bound to make a mistake some time. I make mistakes myself and I've only got one bank account. It must be pretty tiresome for you, having a couple of hundred of them. Did you ever think of going into interior decorating? It's lots of fun and I know you'd like it better than that old bank.

I wish I could send you a nice big check with this note but you know how hard things are right now; maybe next month. But anyway, now that I have some money in your bank I feel better about it.

If you're ever up this way drop in and see me. With best regards.

Yours,
Frederick Pointer

April 1st, 1930

Mr. Frederick Pointer
125 East 84th St.
New York City

Dear Sir:

Inclosed you will find a statement of your account to date which shows an overdraft of eight dollars and sixty-four cents ($8.64).

Will you kindly call at the bank and attend to this matter at once.

Very truly yours,
Bank of United States
by John Carefahn

April 3rd, 1930

Mr. John Carefahn
Bank of United States
Fifth Ave. at 48th St.
New York City

Dear John:

It certainly was nice of you to send me all those cancelled checks, and now, of course, I can see that it's that plate-glass window that's been making the trouble all along. I'm awfully sorry about that plate-glass window, John. Until I saw that cancelled check I had forgotten all about breaking it last month. Wasn't that stupid? We had an awful lot of fun in that restaurant, though, so I don't mind the expense a bit. We're only young once John, and you know that as well as I do.

It's too bad this matter had to come up right at this time as I am sorry to say that I haven't got eight dollars and sixty-four cents ($8.64). The cold, stark reality of life has been making itself felt in my little home of late and things are not so pleasant as I would wish. I smile and sing, but my heart is as of lead. You know how it is, John. At any rate I will send it to you just as soon as I get my next monthly check. I'm sure you don't mind. If I was the bank of the United States I know I wouldn't mind.

Well, best regards, old man. Will drop you a line when I get my check and we'll have lunch together.

Frederick Pointer

April 5th, 1930

Mr. Frederick Pointer
125 East 84th St.
New York City

Dear Mr. Pointer:

Inclosed you will find my personal check for eight dollars and sixty-four cents ($8.64). Will you kindly endorse it over to this bank and deposit it to your account.

Sincerely yours,
John Carefahn

Whoopee in the age of whiskers

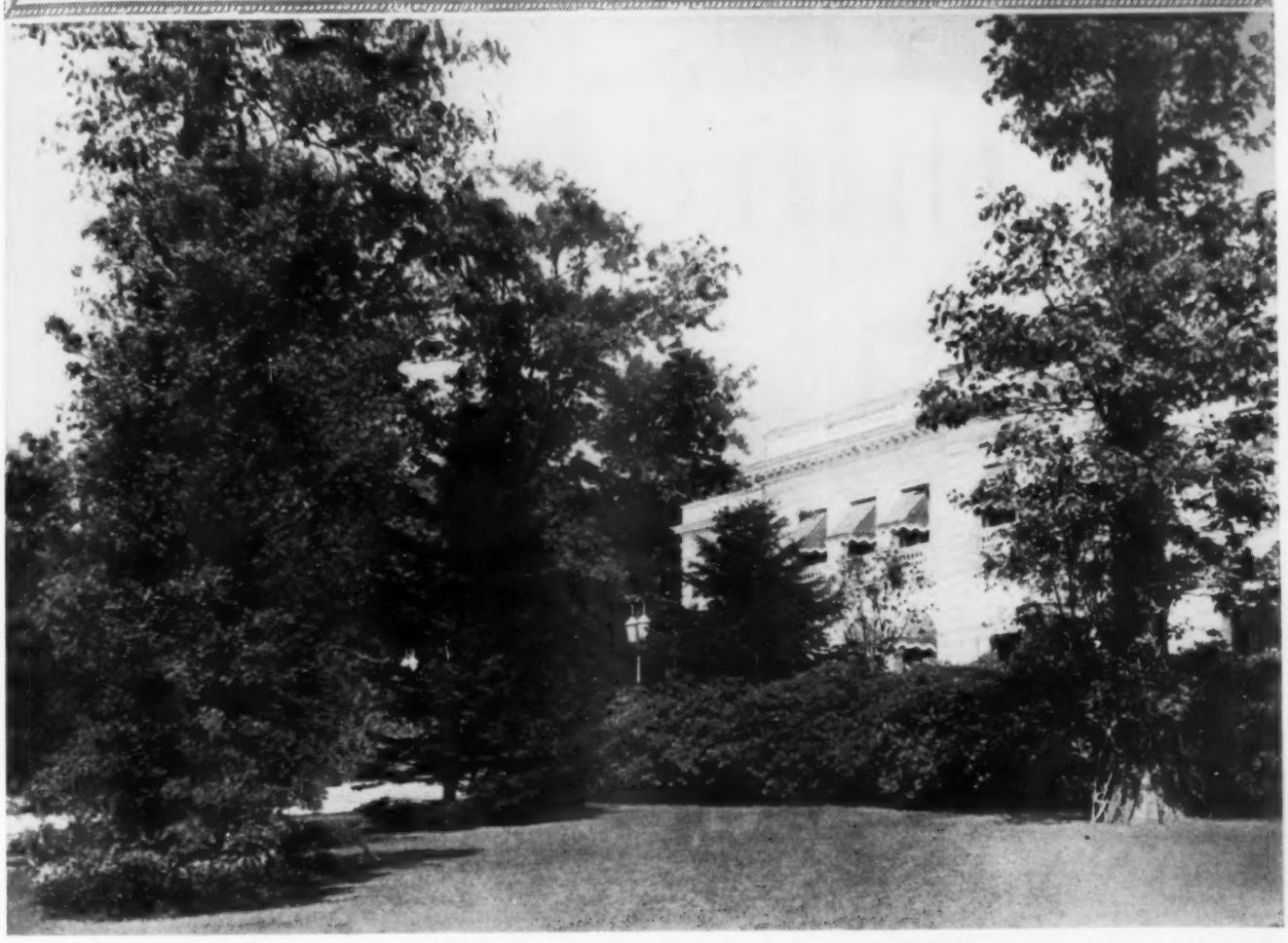
(Continued from page 45)

Boisdechene had been singularly gifted from her youth. She toured Europe and America as an artiste, and finally became celebrated in New York under the management of Mr. Barnum. Her domestic life, after her marriage to Mr. Clofullia was singularly felicitous. Her husband was a landscape painter, "of pleasing countenance and little beard." The picture of the lady and her children shows that her son was to carry on the maternal tradition.

Mr. Barnum's integrity was at one time assailed by a dissatisfied patron who demanded the return of the quarter which he had paid to see Mme. Clofullia. The lady, so the patron asserted, was no lady at all, but a man. This accusation was absolutely to Mr. Barnum's taste. With M. and Mme. Clofullia, the children, and a brace of doctors—one of whom had attended the artiste during her accouchement—Mr. Barnum went to the Tombs, where, by means of sworn testimony, affidavits, indignant denials of the slander, and every possible refutation, the lie was nailed. The complaint was stilled, and the twenty-five cent piece remained in Mr. Barnum's pocket.

1880 · GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR · 1930

DAVEY TREE SURGERY



Reproduction from a color photograph made on the estate of Walter P. Chrysler, Great Neck, Long Island, New York, by Wilfred O. Floing

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1,000 high-type scientifically trained experts serve Davey clients

Among prominent persons and institutions served by Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL
E. PAUL du PONT
CATHEDRAL ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
SETH THOMAS CLOCK COMPANY
MAY IRWIN
MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS
PAUL SCHOELLKOPF
RAY LONG
WARDMAN PARK HOTEL
THOS. A. EDISON

JOHN DAVEY struggled through the first 21 years with only a few helpers in the practice of his new science of tree surgery. Then in 1901 he published his first book, "The Tree Doctor," illustrated largely with photographs made by his own hands.

From this point on, there was a gradual growth against difficult odds in the development of the human organization that was to carry on his work. Aside from the ordinary problems of developing a new business, there was the unusual task of pioneering a new idea. Gradually his organization grew to the point where his trained men must operate beyond his personal supervision. A resident school was necessary to give scientific training. And in the fall of 1908 there was established the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, which remains to this day the only school of its kind in the world.

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

There are now 1,000 Davey Tree Surgeons carefully selected, trained scientifically. The organization includes some 1,300 people and did a business in 1929 of $3,250,000, serving 22,368 clients from Boston to beyond Kansas City, and between Quebec and the Gulf.

Send for nearest Davey representative to examine your priceless trees without obligation. Any necessary work will be done at reasonable cost. Davey service is local to you—Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity. Write or wire Kent, Ohio, or telephone nearest branch office.

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MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*

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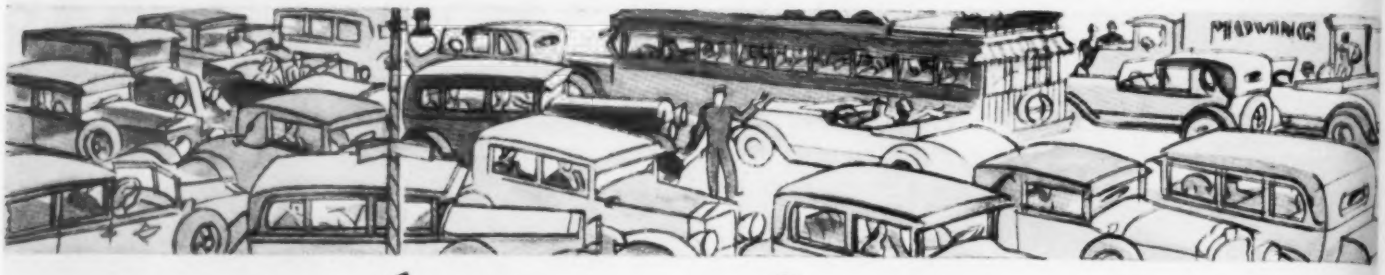
. . the world is getting CROWDED . .



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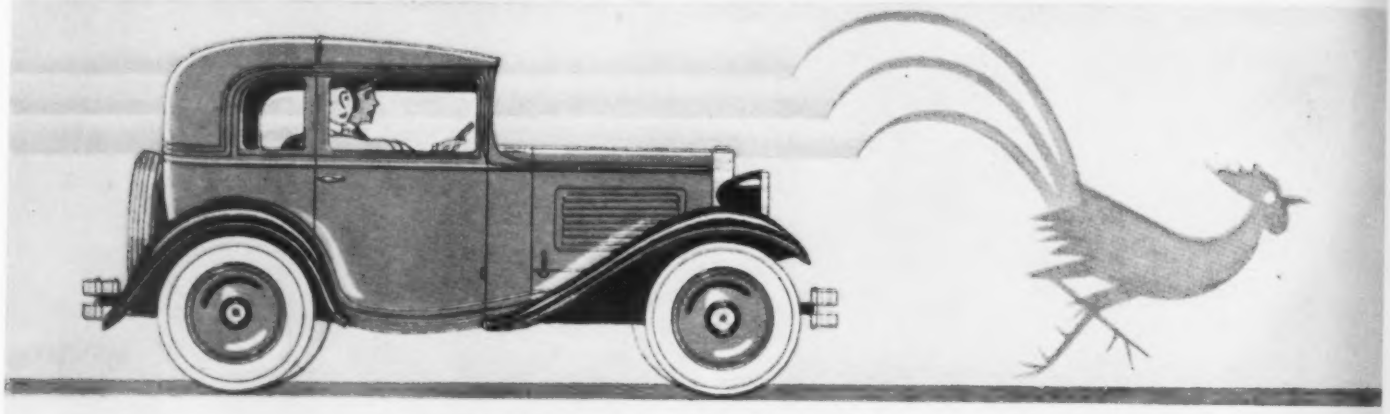

the bantam Austin

A CAR that darts through the field of traffic . . . swiftly . . . without effort. Adroit as a polo pony. A twist of the wrist and it's parked, in incredibly tiny spaces. The bantam Austin is large enough to carry you and a companion, in comfort, anywhere . . . no larger . . . a minimum bulk of metal, rubber, gasoline, to move you smoothly through a crowded world . . . that is sensible transportation . . . bantam transportation.

The facts will argue it into your choice as a second car . . . if only to save mileage costs on your large car. 40 miles on a gallon of gasoline. 1000 miles for $5.75 worth of gas and oil. Three-quarters of a penny a mile for gas, oil and tires. 20,000 to 40,000 miles on a set of tires.

The bantam Austin is made in America by American workmen backed by American capital.

Service facilities are established in all parts of the country.

This brisk, young car is priced at $445, at the factory. It will quickly pay this back to you in large car mileage saved.

THE AMERICAN *Austin*

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR COMPANY, INC., BUTLER, PA.

Urquiola Hill Climb, Spain. Broke all records. Three cups.

Brooklands "Double Twelve", 1556 miles at 64.97 m. p. h.

Germany, Fahrt Durch Schlesien. First—second.

Montlhery, France. 2000 kilo race. Won at 65.6 m. p. h.

WEDGWOOD

Prairie Flowers

IN this new pattern—in bone china—has been produced the first Wedgwood design from an entirely American inspiration. ×× For its creation, the artist traveled to the West to see one of America's glories—the wild flowers of the plains and prairies in the early Spring. ×× Here, indeed, he found a new enchantment, scarcely to be equalled in the whole world; this he has happily symbolized in Wedgwood's latest design—*Prairie Flowers.*

Upon request we shall be pleased to send you a copy of our illustrated booklet.

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Specializing in
LADIES' MAN-TAILORED
RIDING AND HUNTING ATTIRE
FOR CROSS SADDLE USE

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RIDING HABITS

for WOMEN, MISSES, GIRLS AND BOYS.
READY-TO-WEAR OR MADE TO MEASURE.
MODERATELY PRICED

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COR. 46TH STREET

Hertz
HABIT MAKERS

FORTNUM & MASON, LTD. EST. 1710

By Appointment to H. M. King George V

The HARROW
—As Worn in London!

A custom last brogue of superb styling, made in England of fine English leathers; in all tan or all black.

BRITISH BOOTS INC.
FORTMASON
FORTNUM & MASON, Ltd. PICCADILLY - LONDON

719 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
(between 63rd and 64th Streets)

The New York Shop of FORTNUM & MASON, Piccadilly, London

A preface to a wedding trip

(Continued from page 59)

Your foot sweats and the stocking wrinkles and it feels like a nail. That's what happened. That's what happens with my socks a lot of times."

"Yes, I guess my stocking got wrinkled," said Ruth, putting her shoe back on.

"Hey, how about that kiss?" asked Olive. "What a fine pair of love birds you turned out to be."

Eddie leaned over again. Ruth moved her head and he only succeeded in kissing her cheek while the crowd made kissing noises.

"Some Greta Garbo," Olive exclaimed. "I wished I would have brought my camera."

"Yeah, and how would *you* do it?" asked Eddie.

"This way, dearie." She flung herself on him, pulling his face to hers, her body next to his, in well simulated passion for half a minute before she released him. It was obvious burlesque, greeted with laughs and catcalls.

"Hey hey hey!" said Eddie. "What you trying to do, get me in bad?" He glanced at Ruth.

She sat up very straight. She was slipping the ring back and forth on her moist finger. She did not fail. "Who —who was that lady I seen you with?" she asked.

Olive laughed like a man. "You don't know the half of it, dearie," she cried. "Don't you want I should learn you that one?" She sat down beside Ruth. "All you men clear out now." She moved closer. "Hey, Eddie! How much if I learn her what a young girl ought to know?"

"Baloney," said Ruth, edging away along the bench—too far. She pushed herself off the end and sprawled on the floor. She was laughing as heartily as the others when Eddie helped her up. He gave her his handkerchief to clean her hands on.

"Hurt yourself, kid?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm all right, honey, I'm fine."

"You had me worried," he said, "but, God, you looked funny as hell!"

"I—I faw down and go boom," said Ruth.

"Hey, Ruth, do it again," some one said. "We liked that southern exposure."

"Sure," said Ruth. "You just know she wears 'em. Eddie, do you mind if I sit down?"

"If you *can* sit down, don't mind me," he laughed.

Two of his friends were pinning something to his coat tail. "Come on, Eddie, let's take a little walk." Each took an arm, and they led him off for a tour of the station.

"Oh my God," said Ruth, "What's that on Eddie?"

It was a sign saying JUST MARRIED—KICK ME.

"Oh my God I got to go take it off."

"Sit still," said Olive. "Can't you take a joke?"

"Olive, everybody's laughing at him, the nigger porters are laughing at him, he won't like it, I tell you he won't like it."

Olive held her on the bench. "You wait and see, dearie. Eddie likes a good joke, he's a real sport."

Ruth watched Eddie as his friends paraded him. They took him all over the waiting room, talking to him noisily and incessantly. When they came to a group of people they would turn around and stand still till they heard the chuckles which meant the sign had been read. Then they would move on to the next group.

Eddie was bewildered. He suspected something, but he did not know what. Whenever he wanted to stop, his friends would clasp his arms more tightly and pull him along. By the time they got back to the train gate the whole waiting room was amused. Somebody dropped a half dollar. Eddie stopped to pick it up and the crowd roared. Olive clutched Ruth and pressed a hand over her mouth. Eddie handed the half dollar back. The man laughed and dropped it again.

"Hey," said Eddie. "What the hell."

Some one yelled, "Look behind you." Eddie turned around, but he could not see anything. "Behind you!" they yelled again. This time Eddie put his hand to his coat tail and pulled off the sign. He looked at it and turned redder than ever. "Jeez," he said, "you lousy bunch—"

Then he had to laugh himself. "Well by God," he said, "you certainly put something over on me that time." He stood holding the sign and laughing. He pretended to punch the two fellows who had led him around.

Olive let go of Ruth. "You see, just like I told you, Eddie's wonderful."

"Gee, the train's in," said Ruth, springing up. The guard pushed back the gate. The crowd swirled around Eddie and Ruth. Everybody was throwing rice. Olive threw a shoe. Eddie went first through the gate with the tickets. As Ruth followed him Olive caught her. "The magazines," she shrieked. "You forgot the magazines." She held them out and Ruth could not help taking them. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd and another shower of rice. The last face Ruth saw was Olive's. She went alone down the steps, clutching *True Love Stories*.

Eddie was waiting for Ruth on the platform. He looked kind of different. He held out the sign. "Say," he said, "how long did you know about this?"

She seized his arm. "Oh, Eddie, I seen them two bums pin it on!"

"You did, did you?" said Eddie slowly.

"Yes, the big bums, Eddie, and I tried to tell you, only—"

"Oh, get on the train," he said. He dropped the sign and ground his heel into it. They climbed into the vestibule. "All I can say is, any woman that'll sit still and let a bunch of bums make a monkey out of her husband . . ."

"Honest, Eddie," she said, "honest, Eddie, I tried . . ."

"Yeah, you tried. Like hell you tried," he said. "Olive wouldn't of let them get away with it."

"Olive!" she said. "Olive . . ."

"You heard me," he said. "Go on and sit down. I'm going up ahead for a smoke."

* * * * *

When the conductor came to take the tickets he looked anxiously at Ruth.

"Can I get you something?" he asked.

"I'm all right," she said. "I'm fine. Only I got a cinder in my eye."

THE SHOPS OF VANITY FAIR

Macaron'

(Continued from page 63)

THE SHOPS OF VANITY FAIR

Hanging Bookshelves with Real Charm

Graceful ironwork . . . painted . . . and marbleized wood shelves in a choice of colours to harmonize with your decorations. The price is $32.00.

Camden Shops Inc.

872 Madison Ave., New York

Glass Penguins

RENA ROSENTHAL

520 Madison Ave.

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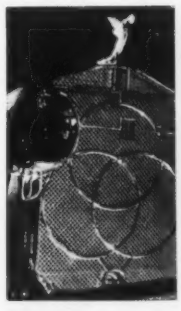
Here's How!

■ An attractive oak bottle for aging and mellowing . . . imported from the wine country of France. One quart capacity—bound in brass for long service. Good to look at, better to pour from. Priced at $3.50 postpaid. Write for yours today.

LUCAS E. MOORE STAVE CO. OF GA.

MOBILE, ALA.



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Cicca Tenor 4 Tone Horns, Wireless smoking sets, clocks, and Vanities.

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100 W. 56th St. New York City

serial rights had expired in the magazines. As I got nearer the line, they were like authors swarming on royalties. Out of the little publishing houses they came, and out of the pulp-woods, and from across the ocean. They came from Doubleday-Doran, and Bobbs-Merrill, and Scribner's, and Harper's, and Putnam's and Farrar-Rinehart, and Knopf, and Cape and Smith, and, least but not last, Simon and Schuster. They came from New York, and Chicago, and Boston. They came in sagas and epics and panoramas. They even came in poetry, by God, like Stephen Vincent Benét. I saw Emil Ludwig in a honey-coloured survey, with a fringe of commas and exclamation points around the top, turning out biographies along those clay roads as fast as though he were Edgar Wallace. He had written like that all the way from Berlin, damned if he hadn't. There was Joseph Hergesheimer, his eyes alight with the fanatic joy of the collector, his covered wagon already filled with grandfather's clocks and Dutch bricks and old chairs he had brought with him from Philadelphia. There was Thomas Beer, dropping all his articles behind him in his haste: the, an, a, the, the, an, these (twice), the, this and the. (These articles were later picked up by Fannie Hurst along the route, and published in book-form.) I met up with one girl by the roadside in a fluffy pink dress—I think she said her name was E. Barrington—who told me she had started years and years before, and had made the long trip as best she could, existing on Lord Byron and The Exquisite Perdita, just as soft-headed people along the way would pick her up on the news-stands. I wonder if anybody remembered her in all that savage rush—poor thing."

She paused suddenly and glanced down the long table suspiciously at the nodding characters before her. Lewis Venable awoke with a guilty start; Cousin Dabney placed a soft hand before his mouth, and his ivory face flushed a delicate pink.

"Well, the Border at last, and the jam resembled the punch-bowl at a literary tea. All the authors lined up impatiently at the boundary. There we were, thousands and thousands of hungry novelists, milling around the border studying our histories, worrying over maps, thumbing our volumes of research eagerly. We were riding on the crest of a new public vogue, and there was a wild light in our eyes. Facts were at a premium. If you didn't have a date, you borrowed one from your neighbor. I finally bought the History of Oklahoma for a dollar, after standing in line three hours, from a woman just ahead of me—"

"A woman!" Cousin Arminta Greenwood (of the Georgia Greenwoods). And Sabra Cravat echoed the words in a shocked whisper. From Aunt Cassandra Venable's end of the table there came a word that sounded like, "Hussies!"

Edna caught the word between her teeth and spat it back again. "Hussies, heh! The one ahead of me in line was a woman of forty—a determined woman with gray hair and the carefully-tended style"—she glanced self-consciously at her own—"that means pruning, and rewriting, and tireless labor. It's women like Edith Wharton who first opened this territory to the rest. If it's ever really known, my friends" (all this she had used before in her novels, and doubtless would again) "it was the sunbonnet and not the sombrero that really started this whole racket."

She glared at her characters a moment, and then plunged on with a characteristic sweep of her billowing style.

"Almost noon. We were lined up impatiently, fighting and cursing for places on the line. Some had bought tickets on the women's magazines, ready to steam luxuriously into the new Territory. Others were mounted on fat contracts from Hollywood. There we stood, by the thousands, nervous and restless, waiting to charge down the Best-Seller lists. On one side of me was an old veteran of several

(Continued on page 104)

Some men are born to distinction—others have distinction thrust upon them—but the wise ones find Distinction at their tailors. We specialize in EVENING CLOTHES *that give one real distinction when he needs it most—and of course we turn out smartest* TOWN AND COUNTRY CLOTHES *too!*

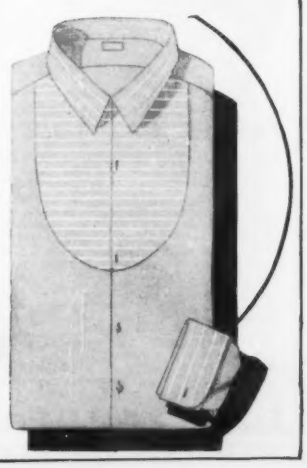
VAN SICKLE

GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR

570 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, Between 46th and 47th Sts.

Indispensable!

For autumn and winter a man's wardrobe should include a number of short stiff bosom shirts. Our designers have made up a number of these shirts from materials recently arrived from abroad. They include plain and self-striped whites. Also blue, green and tan with white pin stripes in bosom, detached collars and cuffs. Body of shirt is solid colour. Price prepaid $5.50. Samples on request.



Hutchinson & Company

Established 1899

15 East 40th St., New York

Shirtmakers—Importers—Haberdashers

THE SHOPS OF VANITY FAIR

SMART STATIONERY
Royal Baronial Bordered Stationery
You can now have truly distinctive personal stationery at a most reasonable price

MONOGRAM OR ADDRESS EMBOSSED LIKE DIE ENGRAVING
(Not printed)
Antique Ripple Finish Paper
50 folded sheets
50 envelopes
$2.75
100 sheets and 100 env. $4.50

Can be ordered in **Baronet Size** 8 x 5 or **Petite Size** 5 x 4 at above price.
Pearl gray paper with gray and white border.
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Macaron'

(Continued from page 103)

historical novels, with a tanned honest face and lean athletic style—he was all muscle—name of James Boyd, if I remember. On the other side was a girl on a Kentucky thoroughbred style—she was bound to get on the Best Seller lists, she said, if she had to write her own advertisements to do so. We were all headed down the old trail. *Cimarron* will be the first to make the top of the list, I said. The girl waved a Borzoi banner defiantly. Follow me, she laughed, *Death Comes to the Archbishop* will show you the way! The hard bitten pioneer slapped his boots with a riding-crop. Whoopee! *Long Hunt* will tell 'em you're both comin'.

"Noon! The dam broke. The thousands surged over the Line, and swept across the prairie in a cloud of facts, historical incidents, research items, statistics and dates. A large crowd of them were making for the time of Billy the Kid. Another group was starting for early Alaska. Others made for the Spanish-American War. Still others headed for Lincoln or for Benjamin Franklin. James Boyd turned off at a fork in the trail and set out alone for the Revolutionary War. Willa Cather was still ahead of me; I saw that she was racing for Arizona, to claim it for herself. I made up my mind in a flash. Slapping my trusty steed, which had carried me to Chicago, to New York, to the Mississippi, I headed north toward the Indian Country—toward Oklahoma—toward the Commaron—"

Edna stopped talking. There was a moment of silence. Slowly the characters stirred sleepily, and opened their eyes. Yancey Cravat, limp, exhausted. It was he who spoke first.

"Well, you staked it out, Edna—you claimed it—it's yours. Nobody else can touch it. Aren't you satisfied?"

Edna was strangely silent. She was surveying her sales-reports, her second-serial rights, her movie rights, critically, as though seeing them for the first time. She spoke impressively.

"I'm no rancher. I'm no Wild West writer. I didn't want a section of farmland to stay on forever. The town's where I belong. New York—San Francisco—Boston—look at their history. They will all be novels some day, mark my words. That's where we're heading next. All of us!"

For a moment the shocked characters glanced at each other hopelessly.

"You mean—put us into another biography?" gasped Felice Venable.

Edna nodded. With a look of mutiny in their eyes, the characters started to their feet as one; then slowly they began to tiptoe away. Cousin Jouett Goforth slipped quietly out of his chair under the table. Old Lewis Venable tried to hide himself in the celery-bowl. A large lump appeared beneath the carpet, wriggling slowly but steadily toward the door. Edna lifted the rug, and seized the cowering figure of Yancey Cravat.

"Yancey, won't you come with me—into my next novel?—" she pleaded.

Yancey stood dubiously, one foot extended in his high-heeled Texas star-boots, the skirts of his Prince Albert jacket billowing behind him, his handsome features tensely contracted in a disagreeable frown.

"I tell you, Edna, frankly, there's too much description around your novels for me. I belong in an old-fashioned Western—one with a lot of action—like Zane Grey—"

"But Sabra—" Edna turned to the girl appealing, as she started to creep on all fours toward the window—"surely *you'll* stay with me. The biographical novel is all the rage today—there'll be more—and more—"

"I'm sorry, Edna," sighed Sabra, "but I like romance, and love-scenes, and passionate embraces in the moonlight. I'm tired of being a pioneer woman. I'm going with Ethel M. Dell—"

Edna stood alone in the deserted room. The silence was oppressive. She shrugged, flung her style about her shoulders, and tossed the great buffalo-head defiantly.

"Let them go. I don't need them. I'll write my next novel without any characters at all." The sweetest of smiles wreathed her lips. "Probably no one will even miss them."

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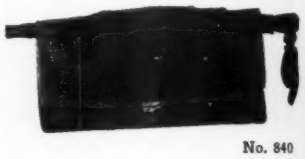

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Mr. Blight and his upper

(Continued from page 42)

tchk"—possibly because it doesn't sound in the least like that. "They really shouldn't ask prices like that," he said. "It's outrageous."

"What I want to know is," said Mr. Blight, "what are you people going to do about it?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," explained the president, "there's really nothing we *can* do. With a road as popular as ours,"—again he strove to look regretful—"it's utterly impossible to keep our tickets out of the hands of speculators. And as for the agencies—well, Mr. Blight, consider our position. Those Chicago trains are practically the only hit we have. We run trains to St. Louis, and to Kansas City, and Omaha, Nebraska. You don't, by any chance, want to go to Omaha?"

"I do not."

"There you are. Our Kansas City and Omaha trains are practically flops. And when a big hit, like our Twentieth Century, does come along, and the agencies guarantee to buy all the lowers and most of the uppers for six weeks in advance—well, we have a big investment to protect, you know."

The president toyed with the papers on his desk. "Was there something else?" he inquired politely.

Mr. Blight said there wasn't. He left the Grand Central Building and went to call upon the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Your ticket agent told me there wasn't anything for Chicago for six weeks. And just before he told me that, I heard him selling a stateroom to one of the agencies for this afternoon."

The president looked pained. "That's too bad. It's really too bad." He became confidential. "You see, Mr. Blight, the trouble is this. That ticket agent probably lied to you. He's probably holding out a lot of good Pullman seats for Chicago because the agencies pay him a big premium for them."

Mr. Blight gasped. "You mean to say—"

"Exactly. He is hired by the owners of the Pennsylvania Station. We rent the station, you know, on a sixty-forty basis, and he is put there by the owners to sell the tickets and keep the accounts. Of course we have our own auditor there too, to see that he doesn't sell tickets for less than their face value, or turn in less money than the tickets represent. But otherwise I have no authority over him. If he accepts more money than a ticket calls for, turns over the face value to us, and pockets the difference, I can't stop him."

"Who owns the Pennsylvania Station?"

The president told him. So Mr. Blight went to see the owner.

"Your ticket-seller—" he began.

The owner looked vague. "Ticket-seller? Oh, you mean our house treasurer. Well, what about him?"

Mr. Blight told him. The owner looked annoyed.

"Really, I don't see why you come to me about a matter like that, Mr. Gyp is one of our most trusted employees. It's his business to see that the trains are kept full, and he does keep them full. After all, Mr. Blight, we're not in the railroad business. We're real estate owners. If you want to complain about train tickets, complain to the railroad."

"But I did, and they—"

"Well, I'm sorry, but it's not my affair. If there's something wrong with the station—a broken seat or something—I'll be glad to hear about it. Otherwise—" he turned to his mail.

It was growing dark as Mr. Blight stumbled wearily into the Pennsylvania Hotel. He bought an evening paper at the news stand, and went into the grill. While he was waiting for his dinner he glanced at the headlines. RAILROAD MEN NEAR AGREEMENT caught his eye. He read on.

"The Railroad Managers' Association announced this afternoon that the new ticket selling plan has been virtually agreed upon," the story began. "Plans for a central ticket agency were perfected at a meeting held this morning at the Hotel Astor, the eighteenth of such meetings held in two months. It is proposed to establish a central ticket bureau, probably on Forty-second street, east of Broadway, where the public may purchase tickets for all trains. In order to defray the expenses of the bureau a fixed premium of two dollars over the face value of every ticket will be charged. The managers have also agreed to keep a supply of good seats for all trains in the ticket offices of the railroad stations. The plan will probably go into effect a year from next January, provided the agreement can be made unanimous. Up to now, the presidents of the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and B. & O. railroads have refused to enter the agreement. 'It's a swindle,' declared the—"

Mr. Blight awoke, screaming.

Our London Letter

(Continued from page 82)

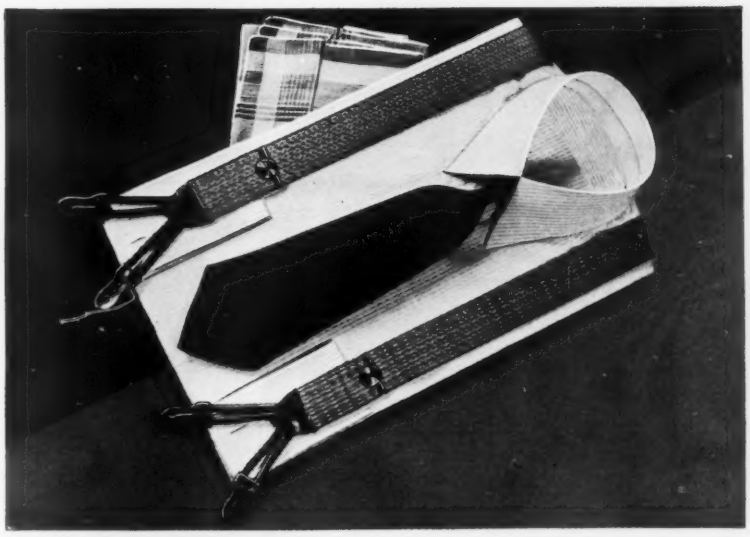
period, a highly ineffective grassy switch. Mr. Fagge, unable to overcome this heresy, could only console himself by looking at the deplorable outfits to be seen in the lobby of the Lick House Hotel.

The duties of an English valet are very elastic. They certainly include the cleaning and polishing of all suitcases and bags, sporting accessories, the oiling of locks, the periodical taking of his master's personal jewellery to the jeweller for cleaning and repair. He can usually make a good cocktail; he can, of course, pack and unpack in an effortless way; and he must know his way about the railroad and airplane time-tables. He is clever with the telephone, is quite capable of light secretarial duties—to the annoyance of the private secretary, if there is one—and has his own sources of information on all sorts of curious but useful subjects.

But the further extension of his duties to include the services of a courier, a masseur and a chauffeur cannot be sufficiently condemned, and both master and clothes are certain to suffer from the addition of these duties.

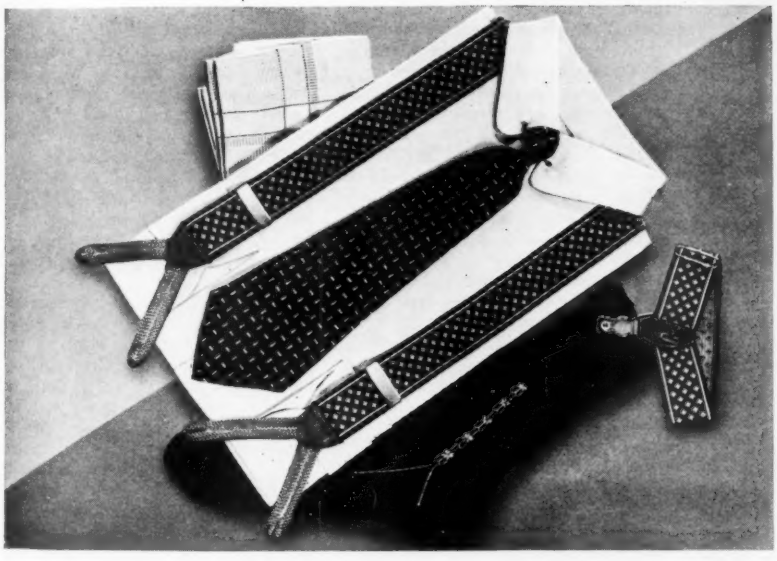
How are your relatives?

Fall Ensembles Demand Close Relationship



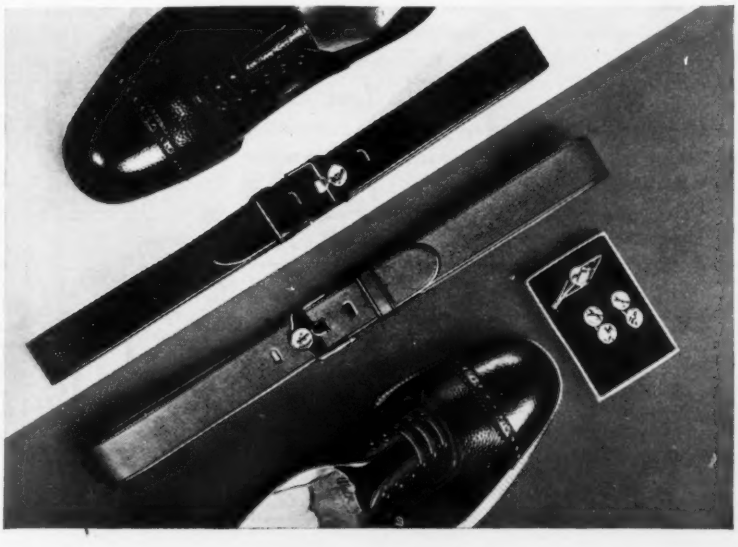
• It now seems certain that an armistice has been signed in the clash of colors—that our closer relatives of dress will henceforth dwell in happy harmony.

(Right) A distinguished turnout for the Bourse, the bank or busy marts of trade. British white madras shirt striped in pink and maroon, with detached smartly-cut, medium point collar. From England's famed Spitalfields looms comes the warm brown scarf patterned with gold chevrons. Then a sprightly touch from sunny France in the brown and white sheer linen handkerchief with hand-rolled hem. Smart braces, by Pioneer, in brown and white with self-striped Jacquard effect to blend in all good humor.



• For in arriving at the color and pattern harmonies in Pioneer Braces, Pioneer worked out their designs and shades from actual *possession* of the ideas to be offered this Fall by leading producers of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, hose, shoes and even cuff-links. Hence all Pioneer offerings, both in color and design, fall readily into line with other items in the ensembles generally sponsored for smart Autumnal wear.

(Left) Here's a happy gathering of neat figures thrown in pleasing contrast against a solid background. Appropriate for countryside or sports wear. Chambray shirt, in white (or blue) with soft rounded collar pinned in a manner favoured by our British cousins. Sox of soft navy blue French wool, with the added touch of blue and white hand-embroidered clox. Scarf of lustrous navy blue Italian silk, flecked with white and blue seed-like figures. Linen handkerchief of gay French design printed in blue, brown and white. Braces, by Pioneer, of royal blue with white Jacquard effect. Brighton Garters to match.



• The news of this practical step forward is that anyone who buys Pioneer Braces and Belts or Brighton Garters will know that in color, design and fabrics, these items are bound to dwell in harmony with the smarter Fall ensembles.

(Right) There's a breath of Boots and Saddles and leather calling to leather in this rich grouping of belts and shoes. Scotch grain oxfords in black and deep tan, with calfskin belts to match. Against the rich simplicity of these bench-made belts, the animal head crystal decoration at the clasp is a novel high-light. Animal head crystal cuff-links and tie clasp to match complete the smart countryside ensemble. Belts by Pioneer, naturally.

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What radio has done to music

(Continued from page 60)

a good performance of *Turandot*; and after the *Sacre* I can listen to the *Meistersinger* in Rome or a new Hindemith work at Frankfort or Cologne.

It is true that a great personality will always be an attraction in the flesh. But since practically the whole of the personality can be got by radio, the impulse to see the man is diminished. Not one hearer in a quarter of a million sees Toscanini when he is "on the air"; but even in remote hamlets people know that they are listening to something quite exceptional in the way of conducting. I can speak positively on this point, for in my capacity of music critic to the British Broadcasting Company (my duty is to speak once a fortnight on the music of the intervening period) I received letters from all over on the subject. Further—and this is a point of the utmost importance—many of my correspondents commented on the fact that never before, in all their experience, had the transmission been so pure; and they shrewdly asked whether the bad results they so often get may not be simply the result of bad orchestral playing. One of the most welcome results of the visit of the New York orchestra to England was to kindle a desire for a broadcasting orchestra there of the same calibre.

In former days, not one person in a million who was interested in music heard a new work till years after its production, if then. It took its opinions of the new work from somebody or other, known as a critic, who happened to have heard it. The system laboured under a double disadvantage: a man like Hanslick—surely the most stupid man who has ever won a reputation as a music critic—could retard for a time the vogue of a really great work, or a Press charlatan or a merely well-meaning numbskull could give a momentary vogue to a work of no real account whatever. During the last twenty years or so there have been few masterpieces produced for the more ignorant of the critics to decry, but there has been a vast amount of quite ordinary or really bad music produced for the more feather-brained critics, anxious to win notoriety as pioneers, to over-praise. The result, in normal circumstances, would have been a long-continued confusion of the public mind. What broadcasting has done is to abbreviate the period of that confusion by making it possible for the public to judge for itself.

The ultimate judge of musical values is the plain man; it has been he, in every epoch, who has decided that this or that composer was the real thing, no matter what the critics said about him. To get modern musical values right, and pretty quickly, all that is necessary is to let as many ordinarily sensible people as possible hear the typical new works. There is an instructive example of this in connection with Stravinsky's *Sacre*. It was given in London two or three times just before the war, when, of course, it was heard only by a comparative handful of people. For some years after that, a vigorous effort was made in some sections of the press to persuade the public that here was a work the like of which had never been heard in our day—a work that had transvalued all previous values and changed the face of music. This was all very well so long as the *Sacre* remained unknown to the new generation; the public could hardly help believing what was drummed into it at every opportunity. Then a great mistake was made. The *Sacre* was given, and instantly the bottom fell out of the propaganda. The plain man could not understand what all the fuss had been about. He saw that the *Sacre* was a work like any other. He thought that about half of it bore the mark of original genius, while the other half showed ordinary talent or even mediocrity. In any case there was nothing about the work that made it necessary for him to be born again musically before he could understand it; he understood it easily.

Multiply this experience by a hundred, and you get the present situation with regard to radio music, the press, and the public. Before the coming of radio, it was possible for a handful of enthusiasts to talk any nonsense they liked about their favourite new composers, and no one could say them nay, for no one else had heard the music. But as a result of the liberal and progressive policy of the broadcasting companies, the whole world has heard, during the last two or three years, the latest music of the most "advanced" schools in every land; and the various countries, instead of being led by the nose by the newspapers, are forming their own opinion upon what they hear.

Every man, in fact, is becoming his own music critic; the day is almost over when a few individuals in the press could control or direct musical opinion. If Everyman likes a work, he will demand another hearing of it no matter how the critics may run it down; and if he does not like it, the critics may talk till they are black in the face without convincing him that the work is good. And from all this two great results will come. In the first place, the present muddle will clear itself up much more quickly than it would otherwise have done; comparative and absolute values in the new music will soon be settled, the rubbish will be cleared away, and the ground will be ready for the next big man. In the second place, the creation of a large and well-informed musical public will transform musical criticism, which, it will soon be seen, does not consist in scribbling about tenors and fiddlers and coloratura sopranos and the other small fry of the musical aquarium, but in the discussion of things that really matter in connection with music. It will be possible for the critic then to talk about these things, because he will have what he unfortunately lacks at present—an instructed audience large enough to make it economically possible for him to devote all his time to the study and the discussion of the things that matter.

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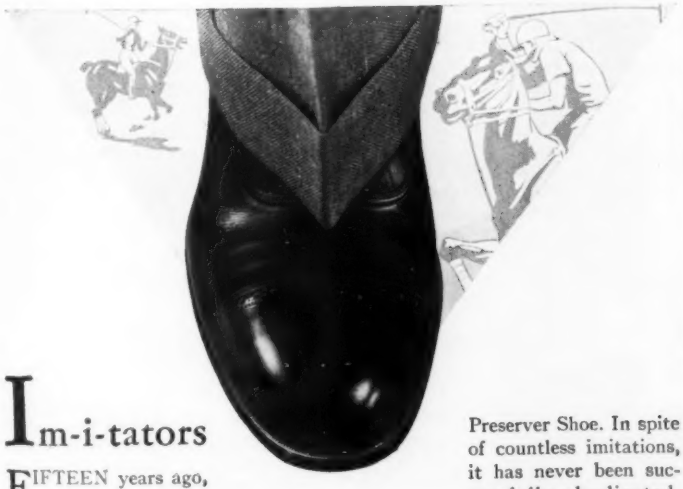

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The sincerest form of flattery

(Continued from page 77)

character of the performance and he would notice it just as much in the putting as in the driving. For myself I would rather watch Bobby strike a simple putt than anything else. The stroke is so instinct with rhythm that one would almost swear that the player was gently and harmoniously swaying to and fro with the club. One would swear it, that is to say, if one's eyes did not tell one that there was no such motion perceptible and that he was, in fact, standing perfectly still.

Rhythm is an extraordinarily hard thing to define. If I were forced to define it in golf I think I should say that it meant doing everything at the same time and the right time. That is, I fear, too cryptic an utterance and rhythm is probably one of those things which are rendered only more obscure by definition. The wise policeman who charges a prisoner with being drunk steadfastly declines on cross-examination to define that condition. He says the man was drunk and there is an end of it. So with rhythm: we know it when we see it. If I had to choose two golfers as the most perfect examples of it, I should take the two who have just come in first and second in your open Championship, Bobby Jones and Macdonald Smith, and for a third I would take Joe Turnesa. We used to have at any rate two equally perfect examples here, Harry Vardon and Mr. John Ball, but they have had no successors and the young golfers of Britain are suffering from a lack of models among their own sex. They have got one in Miss Wethered but they do not see her often enough, more is the pity.

Whether or not we shall ever learn to play like the Americans, there is one considerably easier piece of imitation in which we are all becoming proficient. Our coats have disappeared almost to vanishing point in the hot weather. I was present the other day at a team match by foursomes at Sunningdale and of the sixteen players fourteen were in their shirt sleeves with no ties and their necks open to any little starveling breeze that would come to cool them. The remaining two who stuck to their coats looked painfully respectable and they, poor things, had no desire to be priggish or orthodox.

P. S. I have just met Miss Wethered and she says she is trying to putt "from the inside out". *There* is a triumph for America.

The metaphysics of contract

(Continued from page 78)

The Ace of Hearts lead is excellent —for the declarant. Thirteen tricks are taken in and a snappy discussion follows, as to why a slam was not bid. A Club or Diamond opening is good for eleven tricks, but on the lead of the Queen of trumps, South must resort to a squeeze-play for game. Seven rounds of trumps force West down to the Ace of Hearts and five cards, in Clubs and Diamonds. The discards must be carefully followed and the suit led of which West holds two. When thrown in with the second round of that suit West can do nothing but cash in the Ace of Hearts and lead away from his remaining King.

At the only table where the contract was defeated, West's opening lead was the *Jack* of Spades. This unconventional and crafty lead put a jinx on the declarant and saved the game. It looked as if East must have the Queen of Spades, so dummy was put in with the Ace of Clubs and the finesse taken to the lone Queen. After this act of depredation, the declarant's morale was so undermined and shattered that he only succeeded in taking eight miserable tricks in all.

Dummy was somewhat peeved at the result and mildly suggested that her partner might have played a bit better. Yes, Dummy *was* a lady.

"But," expostulated the harassed declarant, "how could I be expected to read any such opening?"

This appeared good repartee in rebuttal, so that now Dummy (still a lady) took a rise out of West:

"I think your lead was disgusting."

West countered with: "Have you seen *The Green Pastures*, the play that won the Pulitzer Prize?"

"What has that got to do with this hand?"

"You see, in the second act, Moses is discussing the affairs of Egypt with a lady friend. A Voice, the voice of God, is heard from the sky and Moses, in some agitation asks, 'Who's that?'"

"The Voice answers: 'This is God.'"

"And Moses replies: 'Oh yeah?'"

The nude waitress

(Continued from page 68)

ball trick with just any billiard ball, or whether you have to have a special billiard ball to do it. I claimed that there was some trick to it somewhur."

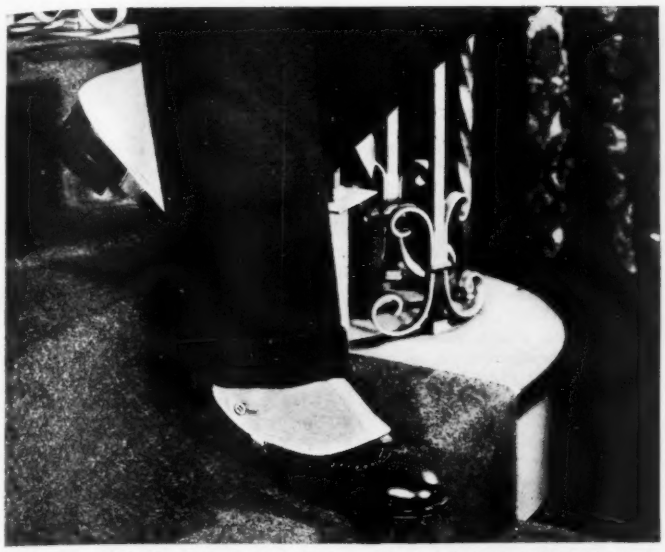
"No, I don't have to have no special billiard ball," Orville Burke said. "Look here."

He reached up and took a cue ball down from the rack. He opened his mouth wide and placed one hand across it. Then he took his hand away, exhibiting the cue ball between his teeth.

Floyd Evans doubled up his fist and struck the photographer in the face. The billiard ball plopped back into Orville's mouth. His teeth clamped together and his jaw muscles went rigid.

The doctor pulled six of Orville's teeth that night, trying to pry the billiard ball out, but the way he finally got it was by applying a series of hot packs to loosen the photographer's jaw muscles.

Several people asked Floyd Evans what he meant by striking Orville Burke like that, but Floyd never would say anything and Orville didn't either.



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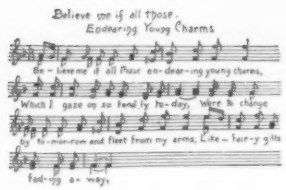
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Eulogies

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Max Didier, the novelist, arose, a glass of champagne in his hand. His bald head, gold eye-glasses, the narrow red ribbon in his buttonhole were like three bright exclamation points against the sombre background of his immaculate dinner-coat. As he raised his glass, a silence fell around the long table. All the guests, among whom were writers, artists, politicians and people of the theatre, turned toward the speaker. The hero of the banquet, Abel Blondeau, whose success as a playwright had just won him *la rosette rouge*, of the Legion of Honor, half-turned in the chair which he occupied in the place of honor. His attitude was at the same time modest, dignified and confident. He passed his hand over his thick black hair, and a smile played upon his clean-shaven, regular face,—the carefully shaded smile of a superior being who is about to hear the song of his own praises, savouring them without false indifference or fabulous complacency. His restraint was admirable.

Max Didier began. "I am Abel Blondeau's oldest friend. It is therefore fitting that I should be the one to speak of the pleasure which we all take in this delightful occasion. The well-merited distinction which Abel Blondeau has just received marks the culminating point of a brilliant career. We are proud of him: I perhaps more than any one else, and justly so. We have known each other since childhood, and in all that time there has never been the smallest rift in our friendship." He paused, as though overcome by his emotion.

"I will not enumerate his many successes. You are all familiar with those charming fantasies, so light, so airy that they are to the mind, a real repose. . . . They are popular and deservedly so. . . . The public comes, laughs and applauds. . . . But Abel Blondeau is not deceived. His genial catering to the popular taste is an innate science. . . ." Again the orator paused, and beamed amiably at the guest of honor. The guests exchanged veiled glances of amusement and astonishment across the table. The irony of the speech was flagrantly obvious. It was impossible to say in plainer terms that Abel Blondeau was merely an unsubstantial and shallow showman.

Blondeau himself immediately sensed the attack. Controlling a movement of annoyance, he maintained his cordial smile with difficulty.

"No, it is not of his successful present that I wish to speak," continued Max Didier, in a crisp voice that clipped the silence like a pair of shears.

"I wish to evoke the past—Abel Blondeau's past, that I alone, or nearly alone remember. I wish to speak of our childhood, of the days when we were students together. Ah, I can still see our old school in the provinces, with its high black walls and narrow courtyards! I am sure that time has erased all the bitterness which this memory once held for Abel Blondeau. For he, poor fellow, was very miserable there. His good mother kept a little stationery shop where most of us bought our supplies. This dear, fine woman conceived the ambition that her son, too, should go to school, and to this generous aim she sacrificed everything. The reward of her splendid self-denial came when she finally saw her son leave her humble shop, cross the street and pass through the portals of that old building. It must have seemed to her like a temple,—so you may imagine her joy when she thought her son was entering it, the equal of the other students who bought her pencils, pens and blotting paper. . . . Equal? Children do not know the meaning of the word. . . . I remember the fine October morning when Blondeau first arrived among us. . . . That was forty-four years ago. . . . Yes, forty-four years. Abel was ten, I was nine. I can see him yet,—awkward, frightened, horribly ashamed of his hob-nailed boots and home-made jacket. He was the instant butt of jokes, the object of cruel though childish ridicule. Before he could re-establish order, the master was forced to punish us all severely. From that day poor Blondeau was the school pariah. He was taunted and humiliated mercilessly. It was inexplicable, unreasonable. His very humility should have disarmed our malice. How many times I remember seeing him receive blows without returning them, or stand by himself, crying, while we played games from which he was excluded. . . . However, let me say, to my own credit, that I was less malicious than the rest. Eventually, I offered him my protection. . . . From that day we became fast friends." Didier removed his glasses, and with downcast eyes, wiped the moisture from their lenses.

Abel Blondeau was pale with an anger which he strove heroically to conceal. His cordial smile became a sickly grin. He was not the type that makes a virtue of his modest origin, and these pointed references to it were cruel blows to his vanity. What irritated him most was the reminder of his age. He felt rather than saw the half-amused, half accusing glances of at least seven pretty women, to whom he had given quite a different account of his years. . . .

Suddenly he understood what he had not perceived until then—that Max Didier, his old friend, hated him with an implacable hatred born of the bitterest envy. He realized that each one of his successful plays had been a mortal offense, an unpardonable insult, to the unsuccessful novelist. Max Didier envied him the luxury in which he lived, the money he earned, and his wide popularity.

"Will he never sit down? What is he going to say next?" Blondeau asked himself, mortified and apprehensive.

Slyly aware of the general, though politely concealed amusement, Max Didier continued. He gave many illuminating and precise details concerning his friend's youth in Paris. He spoke at length of the mean jobs poverty forced Blondeau to accept, of his early loves, dwelling in particular on the passion and devotion of a sentimental boarding-house keeper. . . . Every sentence was couched in terms of apparent praise, and punctuated (*Continued on page 114*)

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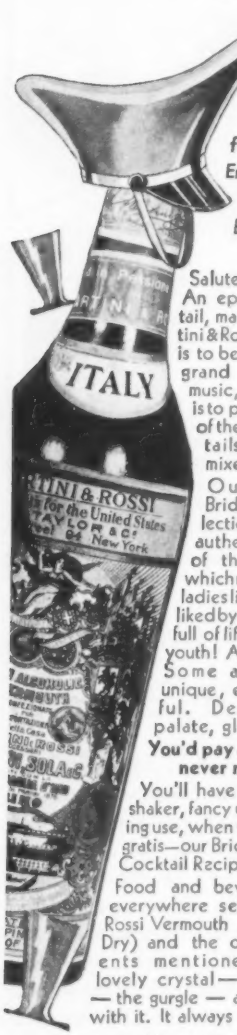

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Eulogies

(Continued from page 112)

with protestations of undying friendship.

When his old friend had leisurely assuaged his long pent-up hatred, Abel Blondeau arose in turn. Repressing a desire to wring Max Didier's thin neck between his strong fingers, he manfully swallowed his wrath and in a few well-chosen and gracious words thanked the toastmaster and the guests.

From that day on he lived only for revenge. His brain, feverish with resentment, struggled with the problem of its accomplishment. To quarrel with Max Didier or attack him in print would stamp him as a base ingrate. After deep reflection, the mosaic law with its apt principle of retaliation suggested the idea of another banquet, —a banquet in honor of Max Didier. And he, Abel Blondeau, would speak.

With an indefatigable zeal, which appeared to everyone a touching example of devoted friendship, he bent all his efforts to obtain the same distinction for Max Didier that he himself had just received. This accomplished, he immediately organized the dinner and sat down to prepare his speech.

Never had he written anything with more passionate interest. After the usual encomium of the introduction, he too, recalled his friend's youth. He artfully showed him as a spoiled, pampered child, a mollycoddle whose every wish was anticipated by indulgent, wealthy parents. He spoke of him as a young man, timid, ambitious, overly cautious, knowing too well the value of money, and guarding himself carefully against any expression of generosity or enthusiasm. All this in highly eulogistic phrases. He went on to speak of Max Didier's works, praising their merits, but in such devious words that every compliment was a subtly disguised insult. He scored the unappreciative public which obstinately refused to buy them, quoting sales' figures and editors' lists. He hastened to add, that he was ashamed of his own tremendous personal success when he considered this disheartening failure.

Blondeau reread his speech and found it excellent. The comparison which suggested itself to his contented mind was that of a poisoned dagger concealed in a bouquet of flowers. He patiently awaited the night of the banquet, the night of his revenge.

That night came at last. Blondeau, experiencing an intense inward satisfaction, arose, a glass of champagne in his hand. There was a profound silence, and many of the guests, remembering Max Didier's speech, waited with eager curiosity.

In a round, clear voice, Blondeau began, "My dear Max Didier and friends—"

He got no further. Max Didier arose, extending his hand in a gesture for silence.

"I beg of you," he cried, fingering his *rosette rouge* lovingly, "no speeches, no compliments. I know what you are going to say, my dear Abel, but your friendship exaggerates my merits. . . . You have already done enough in procuring me this honor which we are here to celebrate. You have earned my gratitude and my undying friendship, what more is there to say? You and I know each other so well. . . . Thank you! Thank you!"

He left his place and rushed to embrace his childhood friend. After which accolade Abel Blondeau sank back into his chair crushed by his irreparable failure.

Monte Carlo Beach

BY D. S. FAIRCHILD

Her costume consisted of green satin pajamas widely trimmed with lace, on her head she wore a small white beret, and both her arms clanked with an excessive armor of silver bracelets. Spreading her inanimate companions about her under the big umbrella beside the pool, she hurriedly regained the breath she had lost walking from her motor, and began talking:

"Now, Captain, go and dive for us. Show them your high one with the flip. The one you did for me at Capri. And then do your backwards one, the hard one. He's the *best* diver! I'm sure you'll all love it. He's so straight, isn't he? So haughty, I think, like a Russian. There he goes up the ladder.

"Hasn't he the straightest legs? You know I *do* admire his legs! Now, he's going to plunge. . . . Oh, waiter. Bring me another Martini. Just like the last. . . .

"Why, the Captain dove while I wasn't watching! Do it over for me Captain! Wasn't he graceful? I'm sure he must have been. He always is. He holds himself so straight, just like a Russian.

"Isn't he staying under an awfully long time? I think you boys ought to do something about it. I know he swims under water, but I do worry. Go get him out, Captain, come up! I'm *sure* he's drowning. Go get him out! Waiter, throw him a life belt or something. Do something, you fool! Captain! Captain! Come up at once, do you hear? He's drowned, I'm sure! Oh God, please save him somebody, save my dear Captain for me. . . .

"There he is! Now, isn't he a lovely swimmer?"

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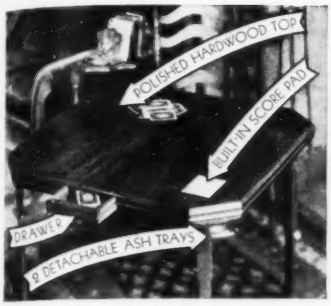

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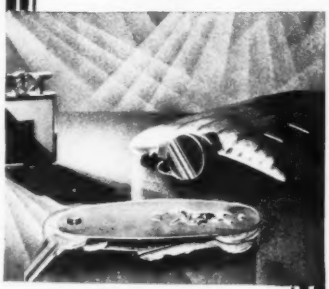

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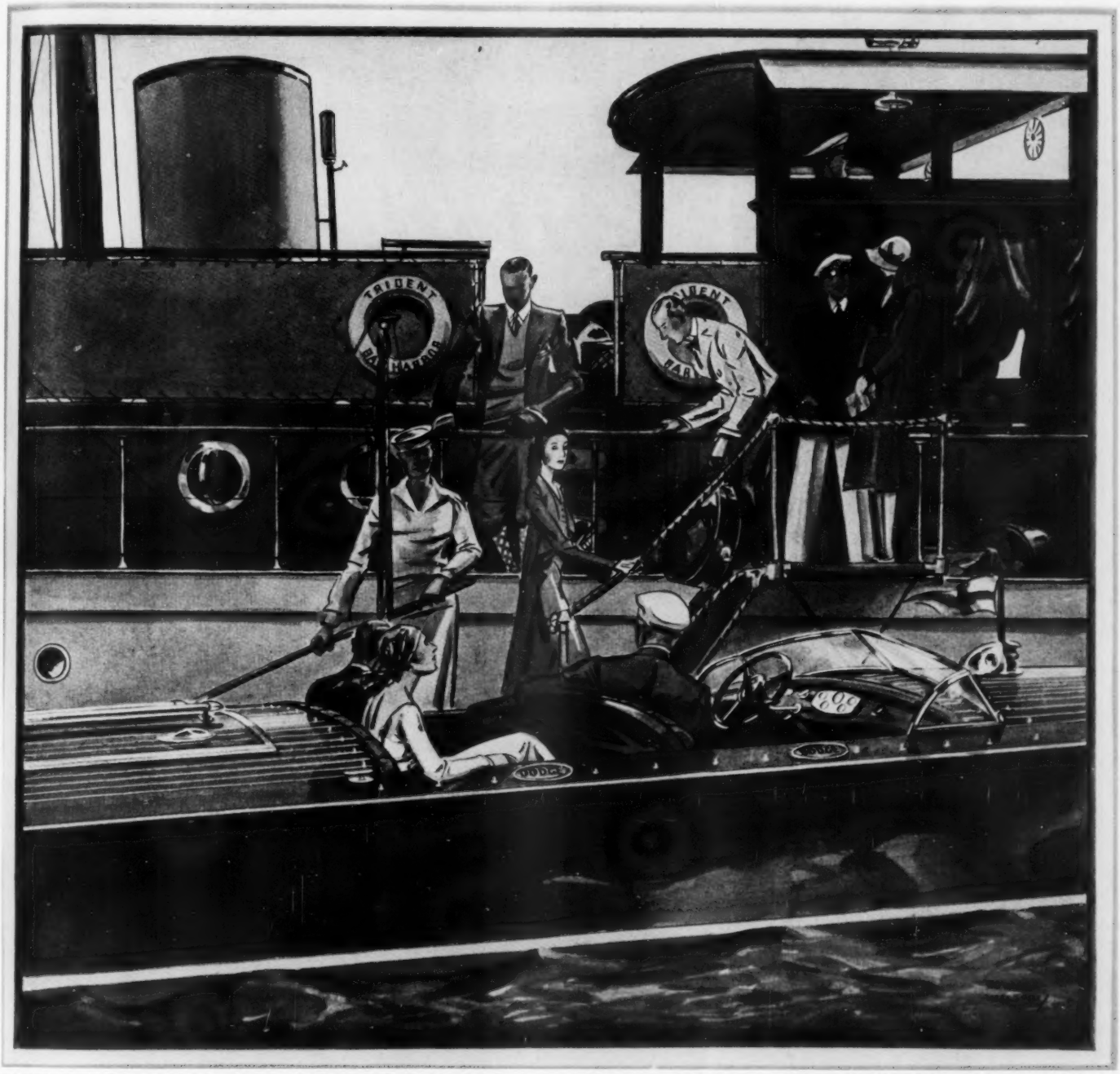

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